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The
CAROLINA MAGAZINE

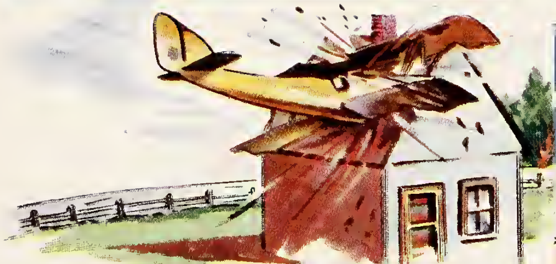
October, 1938

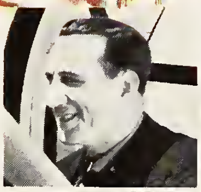
IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

"CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES"

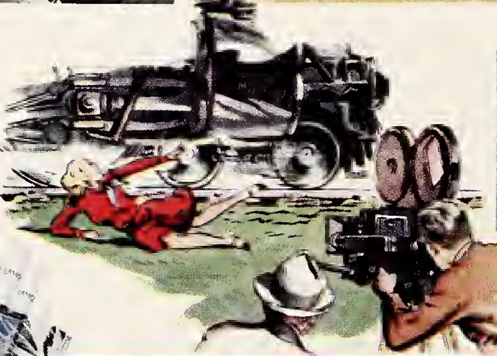
MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (*left*) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel *knows!* He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are *milder*—the natural mildness that's *grown* right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick to Camels!"





(*Right*) CRASHING A PLANE through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it *53 times*—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh; never a bit jittery or upset."

(*Above*) THREE TIMES Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for *mildness!*"



(*Left*) THRILLING STUNTS for the movies! Ione Reed *needs healthy nerves!* Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing—and note the cigarette they smoke

"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"

Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture . . . the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."

"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."

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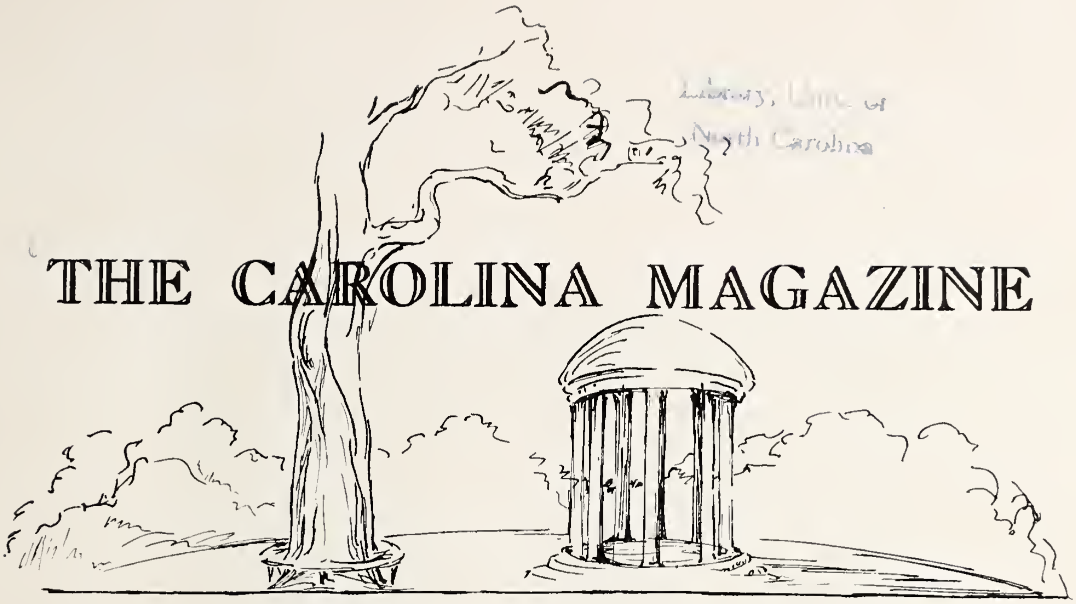

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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Thomas Wolfe Commemorative Issue

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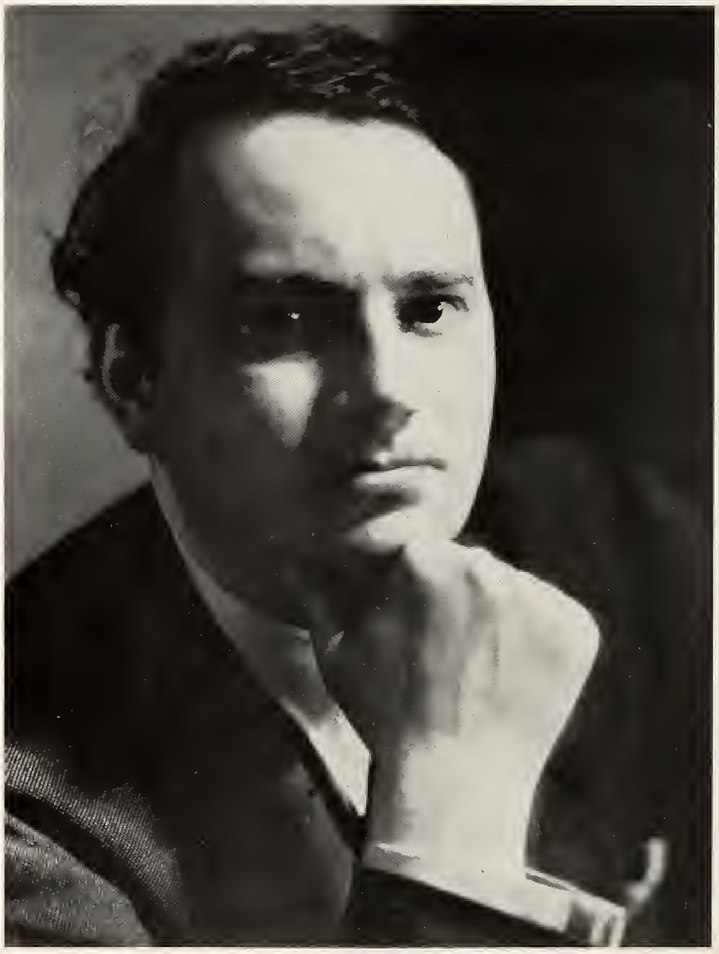


Ossip Garber

Thomas Wolfe

The Meaning of Tom Wolfe

What is the mission of men such as Thomas Wolfe? We hear that a writer should aim at self-expression. Yet if he has nothing better to express than a self—perhaps a narrow, enclosed, cheap or small-eyed self—it were better for him to be silent. What we need are men who can express us *as well as themselves—who can speak for a people as well as a self—who can enlarge and expand us—who can invest our daily common places, our habitual routine, our petty labors, with something significant and universal.*

Consider our present situation in North Carolina. Until lately we have had no men of letters of major caliber. Though our state is as large as England we have never produced a major painter, a major musician, a major sculptor, a major architect, a major poet.

On this campus today we still have hostility to the Playmakers, to our musicians, to our budding painters and sculptors, to our baffled poets and writers, to our thinkers—while to the unorthodox, the queer, the odd, the non-conformists among us we are merciless.

Thus we help to perpetuate the barren spiritual wilderness which Wolfe so fiercely assailed and which so often has forced our young vigor and genius to wander away into a wide world—restless, harmless and unanchored like Wolfe himself, and asserting that loneliness in that cry that so often echoes from Wolfe's books—lost, lost, lost.

We must learn to make place for the strange, the odd, the queer, the visionary and the dreamer, or we shall find our life condemned to be barren, bare, unfertile.

Wolfe made his contribution to a warmer and richer life. He shed a glow over the homely beauty of our red hills, our sandy wastes, over the somewhat grim and hard-beaten North Carolina visage. To the little, the obscure, the commonplace, even the vicious, he gave significance and meaning. He invested things with tenderness and grace. We can warm our cynical hearts at his great glow, unfreeze our wary and skeptical natures in his vast, warm beams.

—PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

William Polk

Thomas Wolfe

"And is it so hard a thing to see
That the spirit of God, whate'er it be,
The law that abides and changes not, ages long,
The Eternal and Nature-born, these things be strong?"
—Euripides.

It is certainly not easy, perhaps not possible, to say anything new or valuable about Thomas Wolfe, who, in his own books, revealed his life more accurately, thoroughly, deeply, fearlessly, innocently and nakedly than any other life that we know of.

He was "nature-born." Nothing was alien to him except the artificial. His strength, vitality and prodigality were those of nature, which creates and destroys, joyfully and terribly, but never thriftily.

The more I reread his *Look Homeward, Angel*, the more I am convinced of, and amazed at, its greatness. For a first work of art that can compare with it in power and beauty we would have to go back to Brahms' First Symphony.

Look Homeward, Angel is, I think, his best work. But all his work is packed with the infinite richness of life, with all its variety and contrariety, its lusts, hopes, fears, shames, joys and glories.

Tom Wolfe had in the highest degree the three essentials of an artist in any medium: sensitivity, imagination and concentration.

His mind was like a sensitized plate, on which time seemed to have no effect except to make the image clearer. I know of no other writer, not even Keats or Proust, who could more effectively present a fact in the integrity of its sensuousness. His scenes, landscapes, streets and people are full-bodied, three-dimensional, marvelously clear in color, form and perspective. We hear, feel, see, touch, taste and smell them as we read. His prose is the richest of our country, glowing, resonant and odorous with life.

With his rare power to see a thing was combined the still rarer power to see through it to its secret center. Whatever we may call it—thought, imagination, insight, intuition—the ability was there to see the significance in the fact, the general in the particular, the real in the appearance, and to catch as much of the truth of life as may be caught, in the amber of his written words. This combination of faculties is of course the test of greatness in any artist. Tom Wolfe's writings are permeated with the power of mind, sometimes "laboring on the thought unwon," sometimes flying like an arrow to its mark, but always present.

With these two qualities, fortunately, he had that concentration of effort, that utter singleness of purpose, that constant will to expression—the expression of truth in terms of beauty—without which his other qualities would have been useless. Such concentration is not easy. Civilization seems to be in open and continual conspiracy to defeat or divert the thinker, the saint and the artist, as Madame Curie and others have found out. This is natural. Their way is not the way of "normalcy." It is a hard and lonely way, uphill and mostly mist-bound. The artist may be a gentleman, and so may a criminal lawyer, but it is not necessary for him to be one, and the time may come when the qualities of a gentleman constitute an interference with the work in progress. If so, the artist must throw the gentleman out of the window, or the gentleman will throw out the artist. In Tom Wolfe's case, when he wrote his first book, the artist threw the gentleman out. It was necessary eviction, but it took fortitude. Society of course could not approve. Beauty we may love at first sight but not truth. His book was banned by the public libraries of his home town; harsh things were said and written to and about him, and they hurt. But he was justified. His work lives after him.

Nor did the success of his first work deflect him. The three temptations in the wilderness are not only for the saint but also for the artist. The writer must face the temptation to write words that will turn into money for him, the temptation to dazzle his readers by the tricks of his trade, and, last and subtlest, the temptation to take the rostrum and reform the world. Few writers in this country—or any other—withstand them all. Tom Wolfe did. Neither money nor fame nor reform, nor principalities nor powers, nor height nor depth nor

WILLIAM POLK *was a roommate of Wolfe's at Harvard and is an author in his own right, having published a number of short stories. He is partner in a law firm in Warrenton, N. C.*

any other creature could separate him from that love of capturing life in a web of words which had become his passion.

II

The South had been waiting for such a writer quite a while. It was a rich newground, a virgin forest, a fountain sealed. Under the conflicting spells of the Thomas Nelson Page and William Faulkner schools, the South had become a country from whose bourne no traveler returned (and no native writer emerged, more than once or twice a century) with any picture of it which bore much closer resemblance to it than it did to Mount Yaanek or Xanadu. Mark Twain was the exception of last century; Tom Wolfe of this. *Look Homeward, Angel* gives a truer picture of life in a town in the South—believe and like it or not—than has ever, before or since, been put between the covers of a book—truer than we asked for or would stand for, and more beautiful than we deserved.

This book, I am convinced, both from itself and from what its author told me, was written mainly out of love for his country and his people. This may sound strange. The book has in it much of anger, bitterness, hatred and disgust, but the dominant note is one of love. Only out of love could such a living thing have emerged. He wrote of those he knew best and loved most, and they were those in whom the sap of life ran too strongly for them to be moulded into lay figures of gentility and conventionality. He loved them most because they were that way. "Dull people," as he says of Eugene Gant, "filled him with terror."

His feeling toward the world was a queer mixture of love and disgust. The sensualist and mystic, Keats and Blake, were strangely mingled in him. His baptism was of earth—a total immersion—yet he was not of the earth, felt himself a stranger and exile on it, was forever seeking the way, through "a leaf, a stone, a door," to that bright country of the spirit, which his angel or daemon looked on as home—

"To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
The Apple tree, the singing and the gold;
Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,
And the red wave is tranquil as of old."

There is little need to try to add to what he had to say in his books any explanation of his work. It was influenced both in style and substance by many writers, not the least of whom were Swift, Joyce, and the Greeks with their thought-hook symbols. Chapel Hill and particularly Horace Williams, who was one of his rare heroes, must have played an important part in that integrity and continuity of thought that raise his books to the first rank. And another factor that should not be overlooked is that his novels were in large measure the result of a reaction against the limitations which the medium of the drama had placed upon him as a struggling playwright.

III

He was the most delightful of friends, delightful in his simplicity, his vitality, his mighty laughter turned most often upon himself, and his quickness to recognize and welcome whatever was most human and genuine in you. But he has already given us the best portrait of himself.

"He was a child when he went away: he was a child who had looked much on pain and evil, and remained a fantasist of the Ideal. Walled up in his great city of visions, his tongue had learned to mock, his lips to sneer, but the harsh rasp of the world had worn no grooving in his secret life. Again and again he had been bogged in the gray slough of actuality. His cruel eyes had missed the meaning of no gesture, his packed and bitter heart had sweltered in him like a hot ingot, but all his hard wisdom melted at the glow of his imagination. He was not a child when he reflected, but when he dreamt, he was; and it was the child and dreamer that governed his belief. He belonged, perhaps, to an older and simpler race of men: he belonged with the Mythmakers. For him, the sun was a lordly lamp to light him on his grand adventuring. He believed in brave heroic lives. He believed in the fine flowers of gentleness and tenderness he had little known. He believed in beauty and order, and that he would wreak out their mighty forms upon the distressful chaos of his life. He believed in love, and in the goodness and glory of women. He believed in valiance, and he hoped that, like Socrates, he would do nothing mean or common in the hour of danger. He exulted in his youth, and he believed that he could never die."

❧

Mary Johnson MacMillan

Tom Wolfe Returns

Chapel Hill Student Goes to the Funeral

> *September came, full of departing wings. The world was full of departures.... Summer died upon the hills. There was a hue, barely guessed, on the foliage, of red rust. The streets at night were filled with sad lispings. . . the strange noise of autumn. And all the people who had given the town its light thronging gaiety were vanished strangely overnight . . . the town was thinned and saddened by departures.*

On Sunday morning Mrs. Wolfe's boarding house seemed, like the rest of the town, to be a sad and useless place. There was some animation—funeral directors worked busily, proud of their art. Friends of the family, relatives, and a few curious people prowled around, looking out of place and fitting into the picture all at once. A huge sheath of madonna lilies, tied with a droopy lavender ribbon, graced the front door.

Death was not new; sickness had never been a stranger; but years of pain had not made it a sympathetic house. There was only an immense weariness. It was an ugly house. It had been painted years ago an unhappy yellow, and seemed to have been regretting it ever since. The cornices and gingerbread trimming, once a vicious green, were now faded to a shade comparable to the yellow of the clapboards. The narrow yard, cement walk curving through it, was covered with grass and a thick green vine. The three or four trees were beginning, with a quiet rustling, to make way for autumn. The yard was strewn with bits of florist paper, wilted flowers, and dry leaves.

There was a creaking swing on the porch and a few ornate chairs. A straw rug partially covered the floor boards. A door led into a bare hallway. A rug and hat rack were visible, but a heavy curtain, held with large wooden rings, screened the back hall from view. To the left was the "parlor." It was here that the long, once-powerful body lay. A green shade tapped listlessly at the French window. Pictures of Grover, Ben, Fred, and W. O., Jr., taken when they were boys, were hung on the walls. Covering the mantel and piano were pictures of Thomas Wolfe himself.

To the left was a glassed-in sun parlor. There were ferns inside, a few chairs and a table. Several people were talking. They hoped it wouldn't rain. The weather had been unsettled that day, but maybe it would hold off till night. Fred came to the door and spoke to one of the undertakers. "Y-y-you can c-c-come right on through the French window. It'll b-b-be easier, yes."

Lunch was quickly dispensed with. The family, except for Fred, stayed in the rear of the house. The day had grown warm. A row of pines in the back yard stood sentinel over the thing that had been.

At the church men were busy unloading wreathes and taking them to the auditorium. There seemed to be a sort of grisly delight in their system—from hearse to ground, from ground down the walk, from walk to steps, from steps into the cool,wine-colored interior. It was so well organized it took no time at all.

At the house, by two o'clock, the pall bearers had begun to arrive. There were some of Wolfe's friends from the State University. There were some of his friends from New York. A publisher, a playwright. There were a few young people who had never met him, had never seen him, but who had loved his books and had their right to be there. A few more people were coming from the little parlor. The family was assembling in the narrow hallway, preparing to leave for the church. Everything was very quiet.

Across the street, in a tourist home, a saxophone was playing "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart." The boy must have been learning. He had not perfected the line "I know I lost heaven, for you were the song"—and he kept practicing it. Except for the shuffle of feet and the squeak of the little

Mary Johnson MacMillan, *one of the great host of Wolfe admirers, rode the night train to Asheville—stayed up all night re-reading parts of his books as she went up—to be in time for his funeral.*

wheels upon which the casket was being rolled, that was the only sound as Tom Wolfe left his home. It accentuated the quietness in a way he would have liked to write about.

The Largo of the New World Symphony, quiet like . . . some still day, I'm a-going home . . . I am the Resurrection and the Life . . . fear not, I am with you always . . . This is neither the time or place to discuss Wolfe's literary merits . . . We hope, and we feel sure that he is at peace today . . . *This was the Scotch minister speaking . . . the same nasal voice* . . . he undoubtedly had the flame of genius burning . . . unfortunate that . . . no chance to develop to all its greatness . . . *this was the church . . . there are saints in all of the stained glass windows . . . sacred to the memory of . . . all the forgotten faces* . . . It is according to the eternal fitness of things that he should come home so . . . *but in October, in October . . . it should have been then . . . all things on earth point home in old October* . . . to his own church . . . *Whoever You are, be good to Ben tonight . . . Show him the way . . . Whoever you are, be good to Ben tonight . . . Show him the way* . . . How firm a foundation . . . I knew him as a boy . . . twilight and evening star, and after that the Dark . . . Abide with me . . . *For now October has come back again, the strange and lonely month has come back again and you will not return* . . . Interment will follow at Riverside Cemetery.

The service there was short. The grey casket was not lowered to the grave till later. The metal gleamed darkly as the sun sank lower behind the hill. Flowers covered his father's grave, and Grover's. Ben's was partially covered, but the legend on the low stone was clearly visible. The crowds drifted back to the city, and the sun dropped out of sight. Tom, Grover, and Ben were left up on the hillside.

Up on the mountains, down in the valley, deep, deep, in the hill, Ben, cold, cold, cold.

Paul Green

Appreciation

I feel so helpless in trying to write about Tom Wolfe. For he has already written better than any American living on this same subject of pain and woe, and tragedy and death. Whatever I might say would be so pitiful and trite beside him. But even if he felt now what he feels not he would in his fine magnanimity forgive me for this humble repetition of what he knew in life—that I admired him, honored him, and loved him. And between those two great darknesses—the one that precedes our birth, the one that succeeds our death—let me among thousands pay obedience to the shining body of his work. For just as its brightness heightens the intense darkness that encompasses us about just so does that same darkness make more melodious and brave the soaring song he sang, make more refulgent and splendid the spirited temple that he built.

Tom Wolfe is dead, his great beating heart is still. But because he lived we too shall live and live the more, and die with less of that darkness in our souls. He was a gifted genius.

Thomas Wolfe

October

Oh, return, return!

"October is the richest of the seasons: the fields are cut, the granaries are full, the bins are loaded to the brim with fatness, and from the cider-press the rich brown oozings of the York Imperials run. The bee bores to the belly of the yellowed grape, the fly gets old and fat and blue, he buzzes loud, crawls slow, creeps heavily to death on sill and ceiling, the sun goes down in blood and pollen across the bronzed and mown fields of old October.

"The corn is shocked: it sticks out in hard yellow rows upon dried ears, fit now for the great red barns in Pennsylvania, and the big stained teeth of crunching horses. The indolent hooves kick swiftly at the boards, the barn is sweet with hay and leather, wood and apples—this, and the clean dry crunching of the teeth is all: the sweat, the labor and the plow is over. The late pears mellow on a sunny shelf; smoked hams hang to the warped barn rafters; the pantry shelves are loaded with 300 jars of fruit. Meanwhile the leaves are turning, turning, up in Maine, the chestnut burrs plop thickly to the earth in gusts of wind, and in Virginia the chinkapins are falling.

"There is a smell of burning in the small towns in afternoon, and men with buckles on their arms are raking leaves in yards as boys come by, the straps slung back across their shoulders. The oak leaves, big and brown, are bedded deep in yard and gutter: they make deep wadings to the knee for children in the streets. The fire will snap and crackle like a whip, sharp acrid smoke will sting the eyes, in mown fields the little vipers of the flame eat past the black coarse edges of burned stubble like a line of locusts. Fire drives a thorn of memory in the heart.

"The bladed grass, a forest of small spears of ice, is thawed by noon: summer is over but the sun is warm again, and there are days throughout the land of gold and russet. But summer is dead and gone, the earth is waiting, suspense and ecstasy are gnawing at the hearts of men, the brooding prescience of frost is there. The sun flames red and bloody as it sets, there are old red glintings on the battered pails, the great barn gets the ancient light as the boy slops homeward with the warm foaming milk. Great shadows lengthen in the fields, the old redlight dies swiftly, and the sunset barking of the hounds is faint and far and full of frost: there are shrewd whistles to the dogs, and frost and silence —that is all. Wind stirs and scuffs and rattles up the old brown leaves, and through the night the great oak leaves keep falling.

"Trains cross the continent in a swirl of dust and thunder, the leaves fly down the tracks behind them: the great trains cleave through gulch and gully, they rumble with spoked thunder on the bridges over the powerful brown wash of mighty rivers, they toil through hills, they skirt the rough brown stubble of shorn fields, they whip past empty stations in the little towns and their giant stride pounds its every pulse across America. Field and hill and lift and gulch and hollow, mountain and plain and river, a wilderness with fallen trees across it, a thicket of bedded brown and twisted undergrowth, a plain, a desert, and a plantation, a mighty landscape with no fenced niceness, an immensity of fold and convolution that can never be remembered, that can never be forgotten, that has never been described—weary with harvest, potent with every fruit and ore, the immeasurable richness embrowned with autumn, rank, crude, unharnessed, careless of scars or beauty, everlasting and magnificent, a cry, a space, an ecstasy!—American earth in old October.

"And the great winds howl and swoop across the land: they make a distant roaring in great trees, and boys in bed will stir in ecstasy, thinking of demons and vast swoopings through the earth. All through the night there is the clean, the bitter rain of acorns, and the chestnut burrs are plopping to the ground.

"And often in the night there is only the living silence, the distant frosty barking of a dog, the small clumsy stir and feathery stumble of the chickens on limed roosts, and the moon, the low and heavy moon of autumn, now barred behind the leafless poles of pines, now at the pinewoods'

THIS PASSAGE *from* Of Time and the River, *reprinted by special permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, illustrates well how Wolfe extended the bounds of the novel by including purely lyrical and descriptive material that had little or no functional relation to the plot.*

brooding edge and summit, now falling with the ghost's dawn of milky light upon rimed clods of fields and on frosty scurf on pumpkins, now whiter, smaller, brighter, hanging against the steeple's slope, hanging the same way in a million streets, steeping all the earth in frost and silence.

"Then a chime of frost-cold bells may peal out on the brooding air and people lying in their beds will listen. They will not speak or stir, silence will gnaw the darkness like a rat, but will whisper in their hearts:

" 'Summer has come and gone, has come and gone And now—?' But they will say no more, they will have no more to say: they will wait listening, silent and brooding as the frost, to time, strange ticking time, dark time that haunts us with the briefness of our days. They will think of men long dead, of men now buried in the earth, of frost and silence long ago, of a forgotten face and moment of lost time, and they will think of things they have no words to utter.

"And in the night, in the dark, in the living sleeping silence of the towns, the million streets, they will hear the thunder of the fast express, the whistles of great ships upon the river.

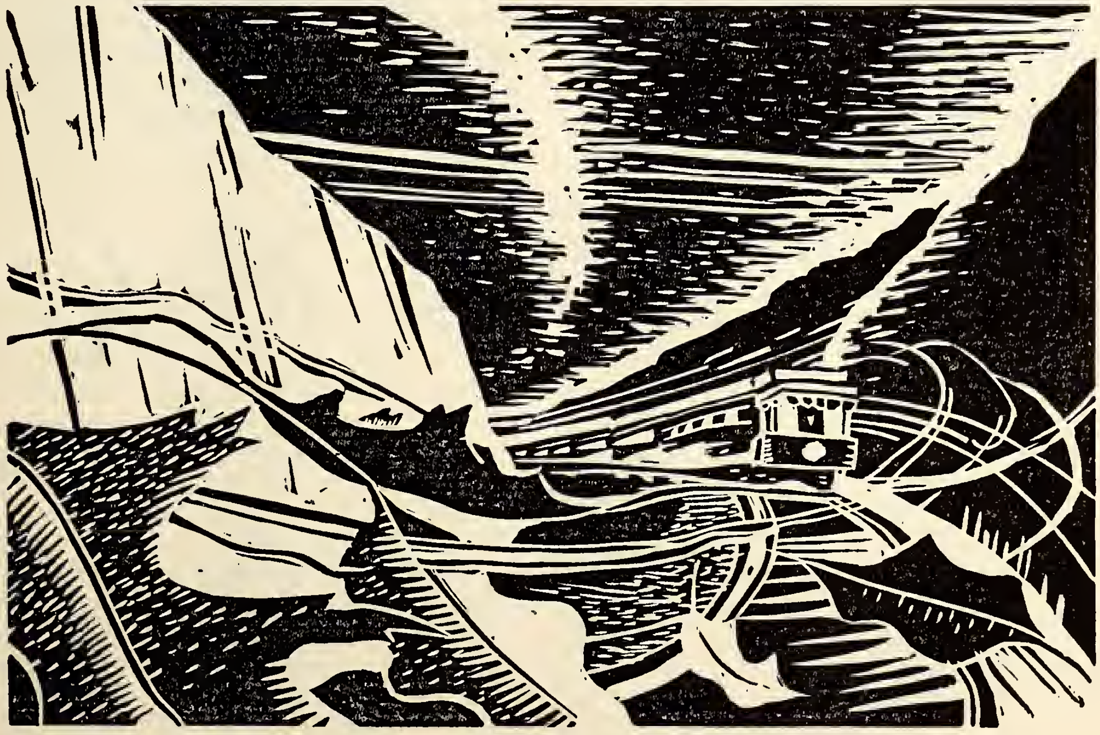
"What will they say then? What will they say?"

Only the darkness moved about him as he lay there thinking, feeling in the darkness: a door creaked softly in the house.

"October is the season for returning: the bowels of youth are yearning with lost love. Their mouths are dry and bitter with desire: their hearts are torn with the thorns of spring. For lovely April, cruel and flowerful, will tear them with sharp joy and wordless lust. Spring has no language but a cry; but crueller than April is the asp of time.

"October is the season for returning: even the town is born anew, he thought. The tide of life is at the full again, the rich return to business or to fashion, and the bodies of the poor are rescued out of heat and weariness. The ruin and the horror of the summer is forgotten—a memory of hot cells and humid walls, a hell of ugly sweat and labor and distress and hopelessness, a limbo of pale greasy faces. Now joy and hope have revived again in the hearts of millions of people, they breathe the air again with hunger, their movements are full of life and energy. The mark of their summer's suffering is still legible upon their flesh, there is something starved and patient in their eyes, and a look that has a child's hope and expectation in it.

"All things on earth point home in old October:



sailors to sea, travellers to walls and fences, hunters to field and hollow and the long voice of the hounds, the lover to the love he has forsaken—all things that live upon this earth return, return: Father, will you not, too, come back again?

"Where are you now, when all things on the earth come back again? For have not all these things been here before, have we not seen them, heard them, known them, and will they not live again for us as they did once, if only you come back again?

"Father, in the night time, in the dark, I have heard the thunder of the fast express. In the night, in the dark, I have heard the howling of the winds among great trees, and the sharp and windy raining of the acorns. In the night, in the dark, I have heard the feet of rain upon the roofs, the glut and gurgle of the gutter spouts, and the soaking gulping throat of all the mighty earth, drinking its thirst out in the month of May—and heard the sorrowful silence of the river in October. The hill-streams foam and welter in a steady plunge, the mined clay drops and melts and eddies in the night, the snake coils cool and glistening under dripping ferns, the water roars down past the mill in one sheer sheet-like plunge, making a steady noise like wind, and in the night, in the dark, the river flows by us to the sea.

"The great maw slowly drinks the land as we lie sleeping: the mined banks cave and crumble in the dark, the earth melts and drops into its tide, great horns are baying in the gulf of night, great boats are baying in the river's mouth. Thus, darkened by our dumpings, thickened by our stains, rich, rank, beautiful, and unending as all life, all living, the river, the dark immortal river, full of strange tragic time is flowing by us,—by us—by us—to the sea.

"All this has been upon the earth, and will abide forever. But you are gone; our lives are ruined and broken in the night, our lives are mined below us by the river, our lives are whirled away into the sea and darkness, and we are lost unless you come to give us life again.

"Come to us, Father, in the watches of the night, come to us as you always came, bringing to us the invincible sustenance of your strength, the limitless treasure of your bounty, the tremendous structure of your life that will shape all lost and broken things on earth again into a golden pattern of exultancy and joy. Come to us, Father, while the winds howl in the darkness, for October has come again bringing with it huge prophecies of death and life and the great cargo of the men who will return. For we are ruined, lost, and broken if you do not come, and our lives, like rotten chips, are whirled about us onward in darkness to the sea."

So, thinking, feeling, speaking, he lay there in his mother's house, but there was nothing in the house but silence and the moving darkness: storm shook the house and huge winds rushed upon them, and he knew then that his father would not come again, and that all the life that he had known was now lost and broken as a dream.

Thomas Wolfe

George Stoney

Eugene Returns to Pulpit Hill

Reminiscences of a "Wolverine"

I once knew a boy who never left home for a single night without his copy of *Look Homeward, Angel.* Even when he went camping he would wrap it carefully in a flannel scarf and put it in the bottom of his knapsack. I was almost as bad myself. From the day a high school English teacher read aloud "The Death of Ben" I kept the volumes of the master close beside my bed and read a bit each night.

A couple of years ago there was a group of us Wolfe enthusiasts at the Hill; "Wolverines" we called ourselves. We searched the town for things he had alluded to; took courses under professors because he happened to have mentioned them; pumped every one who had ever seen him for stories. We were no formal group. Each worked out his theories about Wolfe's "literary development," his "trends," his "influences," by himself. We noted down our friends and professors—material for *our* "Look Homeward's." We wrote of "the thousand faces, the ten thousand mouths . . ." in foolish effort to approximate his style. We tried to taste, smell, see with his catholicity and acuteness. We stretched our puny powers out until they ached in futile mummery of him—giant that he was, all-absorbing filter for sensations. At least one disciple, a gifted linguistic scholar and poet, nearly wrecked his slight frame trying to copy, in realistic detail, the eating, drinking and whoring habits of our master.

Then Eugene came back to Pulpit Hill. Tremendous, flabby, stuttering, homesick, still a boy at thirty-six, his warm brown eyes pleaded forgiveness; his stumbling heavy lips blubbered sentimentalities about how good it was to be back. I met him first back of the library. He pushed his shoulders through the narrow car door and wrapped my hand in his soft, sweaty paw as in a blanket. My heart was in my throat, clogging every word of that hundred-times-rehearsed sentence of greeting. Then Wolfe stood erect beside Dean "Shorty" Spruill, who was his host, and I laughed. This great-jawed, misshapen giant whose clothes and flesh hung down in formless ugliness, whose meaty mouth fell open to emit a spluttering, high-keyed greeting, stood matched with the Dean's trim midget figure, with its tight-skinned face and narrow, blinking eyes. Oh what master of grotesque could have planned that combination!

Wolfe looked at me, then down a foot or more to where the top of "Shorty's" hair began, and laughed too. I forgot my prepared greeting. (And I can't recall it now, except that it said something about a "master builder of the world-soul" and it rimed). Instead I said I hoped he would let us boys get together with him some time for a talk.

"Yeahhh," he stuttered out eagerly, "I'd c-c-certainly like to. M-m-mister Phillips Russell has asked me to s-s-say s-s-something to his class in writing this morning. Ah-ah-g-gosh, I don't know w-w-what I can tell 'em. I-I-I t-told him I couldn't make a speech, but he seemed to think it was all right anyway. I-I-I just hope th-they will keep asking questions so I can keep going somehow . . ."

II

It was a restless, eager hundred students waiting in the Archeology theatre of Murphey hall, the Wolverines, the curious, and that year's "intellectuals," who tried to hide their excitement under superior disdain. Half a period long we waited before he came. Mr. Russell's usual provocativeness seemed dull, impotent. The "intellectuals" talked among themselves of Wolfe's "verbosity," his "lack of literary discipline." We Wolverines smirked at them and chewed our pencils.

He came at last, stumbling down the stairs, a flushed, sweaty face and a hoarse mutter of apology. He fumbled with his coat button, whispered almost pleadingly to Mr. Russell and then turned toward the class. He stretched his heavy frame, photographed the assemblage in one long stare and then dropped his head and drew circles on the floor with his feet. "I-I-I th-thought I was c-c-coming to sit in on a class-ss," he said. "I-I-I didn't . . .

George Stoney, *former student of the University, writes from a depth of appreciation for Wolfe unusual for its sincerity and insight.*

Wh-when I was here t-there weren't any more than th-th-this in school." He stumbled on a few sentences longer in this same fashion, as though some physical disorder was inhibiting the flow of words.

He was scared. The great devourer of ten thousand nights was cowed by a hundred undergraduates. But somehow the restlessness, the squirming embarrassment that usually comes over an audience when someone is tongue-tied with fright did not come. Perhaps it was because he never started with assurance and then faltered. Or perhaps it was because Wolfe was so homely-humble, yet so enormous that it was impossible to feel sorry for him. Instead a kind of warm kindredship spread all around. The "intellectuals" dropped their haughtiness and began to smile. The tenseness went out of the rest of us. A quiet friendly laugh arose. He looked up smiling, grateful, warming every face with his eyes' glow.

"It's s-s-s-soo good to be back," he said naively, his words beginning to flow more freely now. "I was just telling Shorty here how much of it all I had forgotten. The color of our Carolina clay. I never remembered it was so red before. And the dog wood and the broom sage, I-I-I-I . . ." He walked up and down in front of the class, three strides and back, coursing his plentiful hair with hands that seemed never to be still.

"I was j-just telling Shorty here this morning how things have changed. Why when we were here all this part down below old South was nothing but blackberry thicket. Why God-a-mighty ... ." His voice was thick and Southern still. On he talked then, of the old days, of how good it was to be in one's home state again—sentimentalities full of wordless pleadings for forgiveness. And this pleading was in every gesture, every movement. Somehow he felt he had personally put a great curse upon this state he loved and now he was humiliating himself, truly penitent. He disdained the city folk. "They argue long and loud but they can't really talk like people in the South." He said he was going back to Asheville to offer up his humility as an appeasement for the blight he had put on that place. Then—for he knew he could never be accepted in Asheville again, holy of holies that it might be—he planned to move with his mother out into the hills of Yancey County and write of the homely wisdom he found there.

("Did you really mean that, about going back to live in Yancey County?" I asked Wolfe a year later as we cracked pecans together in his barn-like rooms at Hotel Chelsea in New York. He smiled a little bitterly.

"I did then. But going back taught me this one thing. A man can't go back home again. He is like a fledgling gull that leaves his warm, familiar nest to try his wings. When he flies back he finds what he had left is but sticks and mud. I want to visit North Carolina often. I want to do another book on Asheville . . . But I could never go back there to live, back there or any other place for long. I have to move. My home is in my work, now, and if I'm still too long the words get knotted up inside. That's why I love this city. It's always moving, shaking, never still. Oh yes it's ugly, cruel, raw but still I like it . . .")

From his words that January morning no one would have guessed he ever wanted to see another subway. "E-everybody's been so kind. Why l-last night Mises Spruill p-put a steak in front of me at least a foot square and then said 'I'm sorry but it's the biggest one the butcher had.' Well, God, I like to eat but . . ."

III

The class was eager now for other things. We peppered him with questions: How did he write? Did he take notes? . . .

Yes, he did take notes, he said; not very elaborate ones, often nothing more than a sentence on an envelope. He never used the note-book-in-hand method his friend Sinclair Lewis did, who copied down even the notations a man made on his date calendar. Wolfe himself did not take notes until his experience had "aged" a bit, and the incident stood out with its essential details uncluttered by irrelevances. Every writer, he said, had a certain ageing period, a certain length of time it took him to shape things in his mind. "Generally I have to wait about a year before I can write about a thing."

"And do you mean that you write directly about the things you do and see?" asked one of the "intellectuals" in mock astonishment. Wolfe flushed. The bottom of the sin he was trying to absolve had been bared most cruelly. He squirmed, and sent a pleading look toward the questioner. But that acid little boy was heartless. "Do you," he insisted, turning the knife in the wound, "use actual people and events for your material?" Wolfe faced the questioned squarely now, his eyebrows bristling and his heavy lower lip thrust forward almost in anger. In his voice, however, there was not so much of defiance as of pleading.

"A writer has to use what he has to use! Every writer writes more or less out of his own experience. Where else could he go for his material? Unless he gets it out of books, and that is just copying the experience of other people." He did not parry the point, however. He knew where it pointed. "I made the same mistake at first that so many young writers make. I thought that when I wrote a story about a grocer's wife from Kannapolis, say, who was the mistress of a banker I had to say she came from Kannapolis and that she was a grocer's wife or it was not real . . ." And then he went on to give that magnificent defence of himself and his writing methods that appeared in *The Story of a Novel,* and he told it in almost the same phrases.

This repeating of things he had written was customary with him, I learned from later talks. He had three ways of talking. The first was that haltering, almost unintelligible stutter with which he spoke to people at literary teas (and how he hated them!) haughty servants, and strangers and which filled the first ten minutes of almost every conversation. If he was comfortable in a conversation, the second way of speaking would soon replace the first; heavy, swift, full of the gurgle of rich laughter, the enthusiasm for life; manly and full of confidence, almost a swagger. The third was his literary voice. It often interrupted his second voice when he was in the mood. Great torrents of words flowed out in a passion. It was lyric often, supple to the every mood that passed through his being. Or it was dramatic, catching the banter and cadence of street speech and tossing it about with scornful agility. Or it was epic and marked in elephantine stresses those sentences that swept whole continents into a single concept.

These three voices were as distinct and fuseless as the two which an adolescent struggles with, and the change from one to another came with the same grotesque suddenness. That day we felt them when his self-defence flowed out. Warmed by this torrent, we were eager for more.

"And how do you cut?" I asked, knowing this was another sore point with him but willing to risk his anger if this prick would start another such flowing. He flushed again and stammered.

"I-I-I . . . well-ll I guess that's my weak point there," he blurted out. Then he told of some of the heartrendings he had felt when hundreds of thousands of words had to be discarded from the manuscript of *Look Homeward, Angel.* "It's not that I want people to spend time reading what I write . . . why God I wish I could splatter a hundred thousand words on that wall there so people could read them all at once!" His arm shot out in a sweeping arc and he nearly shouted the words.

"But I've learned now," he went on more quietly, "that you never really lose anything. It's all your experience and they can't cut that. What they throw away one time you can use again." His voice caressed those bereavements he had just recalled and was full of soothing for us who would suffer as he had. We Wolverines were entranced. Hanging on every word we would not let him rest. "What do you read? What plan do you write by? Who influenced you most?" He spoke of Milton, Keats, the Bible and then more directly James Joyce.

"What about Walt Whitman?" we asked. He laughed.

"After I found so many critics saying I was rewriting his stuff I decided I had better go back and read up on him, to see what I had missed. I found a great poet and now perhaps I am influenced by him. . . . Of course I don't think any young writer ought to copy anyone's style directly, but I do think he ought to read. After all that is where he finds words. And he is bound to be influenced to some degree in his writings by what he reads, first by one author and then another. Gradually they will help shape his own style. I don't believe two men can use the same style because no two men think exactly the same way. A man can't consciously shape his own style either. He must write as he feels and thinks; his style will shape itself, whatever is necessary for that man."

"And do critics and reviewers affect your writing?" came another question, though the bell for lunch had long since rung.

"Not directly I don't think, but indirectly I guess they do. I guess I care too much what people think and write about me. I remember talking once with Ernest Hemingway, the novelist, when we were at a dinner of prominent writers. 'Why you don't read reviews, do you!' he said." Wolfe's voice rose in feigned scorn, then broke out loudly, "You just bet I do! And if I knew Miss Suzy Stross was writing a piece about me in the Skunkstown, Ohio, Busy Bee I'd stay up all night to get the first copy off the press."

IV

Late into the lunch hour we stood around him with our questions and it was obvious that he was just warming up. He rested his fat haunches on the desk, his feet still flat on the floor, and answered without hesitation. He was eager to be liked; there was no reserve of feeling of importance in his manner, no effort to inspire respect. (Physically large men can dispense with such.) At thirty-six he was our eager boy companion. Circled around him we Wolverines found the man whose spirit had fed our lives no great Apollo but an image of ourselves—multiplied by two in size, by ten in appetites and passions and by a thousand in expressiveness.

Yet he was ourselves. His warm eyes told us that. Enormous and complex, as supple and revealing as his voice, they, too, had a triple nature. I watched them once when he was looking about the manuscript-littered room at Hotel Chelsea where he spent a year and a half of the hardest working period of his life. They shrank to tiny sparks and with quick darting movements they picked out each corner and shadow in the room. Again, as that day when we crowded around him, they could take on a general focus—a general focus to look at a person or a group and to draw them around him as to an open fire, bathed in their soft amber light. Then at times, as once or twice that day I recalled them doing, they would lose their focus and, dilating, would, like two great yellow floodlights, seem to cover the whole room at once. One felt engulfed, as in a great bear hug.

It took the autograph hunters to break the spell of this companion circle. At their pink-ribboned books he was the stuttering, fumbling giant again. After them I too, embarrassed and apologizing over much, held up my treasured volumes, well preserved in dust jackets but obviously well read. He fondled them and wrote: "For George Stoney, Thomas Wolfe"—a bold, straight scrawl.

V

For two more days Wolfe was in Chapel Hill. Mrs. Spruill had one of those literary teas that he cursed so much in private. Only Faculty members and their wives were invited. They took him to see "Buck Bensen" and he passed the evening with the "old philosopher." One night some of his college mates, now faculty members and business men, gathered around the bottle out at Phillips Russell's. At four A. M. he was talking impetuously, when the rest of them called for the calf rope.

Of all this we Wolverines only heard rumors. We ached to be in on all of it. Yet at heart we were content with what we had experienced. How rare a privilege it had been. We, as youths, had seen our hero, known him and he still remained a man.

Two Days in Autumn

I catch my breath to think of you!—that day
in autumn, chilled by summer-hastened breeze,
when you, beneath a flaming maple tree,
held out your hands, and raised your face, to stay
the brush of bursting glory. With the ease
of vibrant youth, you paused and knelt to free
the golden sedge, and smiled in pleasure when
a wedge of whistling swans came in our ken.

That day!—I went back later to the place,
and stared.... Oh, all was gone, the trees were bare,
the grass was brown, the sky was slate: no trace
of beauty lingered, nothing worth a tear,
and silent shadows fell, and day grew wan.
I gasped for breath—chill wind—you, too, were
gone.

—SIMONS LUCAS ROOF.

Maxwell Perkins

Scribner's and Tom Wolfe

When I knew that Tom Wolfe had died, as I knew he must after the day of his operation at Johns Hopkins—and before that it had seemed inconceivable that one so vibrant with life could die young—a line kept recurring in my mind as a kind of consolation: "He hates him that would upon the rack of this tough world stretch him out longer." For he was on the rack almost always, and almost always would have been—and for one reason. He was wrestling as no artist in Europe would have to do, with the material of literature—a great country not yet revealed to its own people. It was not as with English artists who revealed England to Englishmen through generations, each one accepting what was true from his predecessors, in a gradual accretion, through centuries. Tom knew to the uttermost meaning the literatures of other lands and that they were not the literature of America. He knew that the light and color of America were different; that the smells and sounds, its peoples, and all the structure and dimensions of our continent were unlike anything before. It was with this that he was struggling, and it was that struggle alone that, in a large sense, governed all he did. How long his books may last as such, no one can say, but the trail he has blazed is now open forever. American artists will follow, and widen it to express the things Americans only unconsciously know, to reveal America and Americans to Americans. That was at the heart of Tom's fierce life.

It was a gigantic task, and Tom was a giant in energy and in power of feeling as well as in physique. His too great dimensions seemed to represent the difficulties that almost drove him mad: he could not fit a book to the conventional length, nor produce one in the usual space of time. He was not proportioned to these requirements, but neither was his subject, the vast, sprawling, lonely, unruly land.

It is said his books are formless, but I do not think he lacked a sense of form. Is it wanting, for instance, in "The Web of Earth"? In a large way he knew where he was going, and given twenty years and many volumes, I often thought, he might have fully achieved a proper form. But as he had to fit his body to the doorways, vehicles, and furniture of smaller men, so he had to fit his expression to the conventional requirements of a space and time that were as surely too small for his nature as they were for his subject.

Four years after the publication of "Look Homeward, Angel" about Christmas time in 1933, he brought me the huge manuscript, two feet high, of "Of Time and the River." And he was desperate. Time, his old enemy, the vastness and toughness of his material, the frequent and not always sympathetic inquiries of people about his progress toward another book, and financial pressure too—all were closing in on him. I thought, "this book has to be done," and we set to work. I, who thought Tom a man of genius, and loved him too, and could not bear to see him fail, was almost as desperate as he, so much there was to do. But the truth is that if I did him a real service—and in this I did—it was in keeping him from losing his belief in himself by believing in him. What he most needed was comradeship and understanding in a long crisis, and those things I could give him then.

After I had read the manuscript and marked it up, we began a year of nights of work. The book was far from finished. It was in great fragments, and they were not in order. Large parts were missing. It was all disproportioned. Tom, who knew all this, would come in at eight or so, and I would point these things out, part by part. But I could tell Tom nothing, if it were right, that he did not easily see, and perhaps had already seen. But his whole natural impulse was outward, not inward—to express, not compress, or organize—and even though he realized that something had to be cut, as extrinsic, or otherwise superfluous, he could not easily bear to have it done. So every night we worked and argued in my boxstall of an office over Fifth Avenue, often accomplishing nothing, and strewed the floor with cigarettes and papers. The

To MAXWELL EVARTS PERKINS, *of Charles Scribner's Sons, goes the credit for having discovered Thomas Wolfe. It was he, when other publishers had turned it down, who first saw the possibilities in the manuscript which finally became* Look Homeward, Angel.

night-watchman and the scrubwoman forgave us, because there was that in Tom that established a fellowship with all good sound people. And there was his humor too, always, except in the mortal struggle with his material.

Once I argued for a big deletion, late on a hot night, and then sat in silence. I knew he must agree to it for the reasons were strong. Tom tossed his head about, and swayed in his chair, and his eyes roved over the office. I went on reading in the manuscript for not less than fifteen minutes, but I was aware of Tom's movements—aware at last that he was looking fixedly at one corner of the office. In that corner hung a winter hat and overcoat, and down from under the hat, along the coat hung a sinister rattlesnake skin with seven rattles—a present from Marjorie Rawlings. I looked at Tom. He was eyeing that group of objects, and the rattlesnake stood out. He waved his hand at them: "Aha," said Tom, "the portrait of an editor." We worked no more that night. After the laughter we went to the Chatham Garden which Tom loved—and where the waiters all knew him as a brother—and talked and argued for an hour under the summer stars.

II

Such cutting was one thing, but there were the gaps, and Tom filled some of them in there and then, writing in his huge, heavy scrawl, on the corner of my desk. When we came to the point where Eugene's father died, I said that it must be written about, but that since Eugene was away at Harvard, Tom need only tell of the shock of the news, and of Eugene's return for the funeral—a matter of perhaps five thousand words. And Tom agreed.

The next night he came in with some thousands of words about the life of the doctor who attended Gant. I said, "This is good, Tom, but what has it to do with the book? You are telling the story of Eugene, of what *he* saw and experienced. We can't waste time with all this that is outside it." Tom fully accepted this, but still, the next night, he brought in a long passage about Eugene's sister Helen, and her thoughts while shopping in Altamont, and then at night in bed when she heard the whistle of the train. I said, "How in God's name will you get this book done this way, Tom? You have wasted two days already, and instead of reducing the length and doing what is essential, you are increasing it and adding what doesn't belong here."

Tom was penitent. He did not argue back as he almost always had done. He promised he would write only what was needed,—and yet the next night he brought in thousands of words about Gant's illness, all outside of what I thought was wanted. But it was too good to let go. I said so. It was wrong, but it was right, and Tom went on, and the death of Gant is one of the finest things he ever wrote. Thank God I had sense enough to see it that early, even though it seemed to me to violate the principle of form. But I do not think I could have stopped Tom anyhow. He had agreed that I was right, but underneath he knew what he was doing and had to do it.

III

All this perhaps sounds grim and desperate—and it should, for that it often was—but it gives no picture of Tom. It presents him as he was in the heat of struggle. After "Look Homeward, Angel" was published he was happy, and after the great success of "Of Time and the River," when he came home from Europe, and before he began the next long battle that ended last May when he set out on the tour of the Northwest that ended in his fatal illness, he was happy too. In that last interval he lived on First Avenue off Forty-ninth Street, and we had a house two blocks away, on Forty-ninth. Then we had many happy times before the struggle with his new book grew too fierce. The block between us and First Avenue was almost slum like. Boys played some exciting adaptation of baseball, and then of football, in the street, and the sidewalks were crowded with children. They all knew Tom. When he went by in his long, slow, country stride, looking at everything, they would call out, "Hello Mr. Wolfe." And the police all knew him too. Once my wife said, "A flower-pot has disappeared from one of our window boxes. I can't understand how it happened." The window box was too high for anyone to reach, you would think, and who would want a geranium? Long afterward, one night Tom said: "I meant to tell you, I took one of your geraniums. I was coming in but the house was dark so I just took a flower pot, and a cop saw me and said, 'What are you doing?' I said, 'I'm taking it home to water it.' He just laughed." This was New York. Was the cop afraid of Tom and his great size? No, he knew him, and understood him: that human quality in Tom had made him friends with everyone around, and they knew he was one of them.

Tom was always one of them, the regular people, and he liked them most. His talk was beyond any I ever heard when he was not in the torment of his work. He would tell you of the river Cam in Cambridge, England, and the mist over it so that you knew the magic Tennyson felt; or of the tulip fields in Holland; or the paintings he liked in the galleries of Europe so that if you knew them you saw them again and afresh; or of that ruined monastery, Fountain Abbey near York, in its old forest—and you knew it as it was when it was all alive. He could have talked to anyone about anything he had touched at all, but what he wanted, or thought he did, was to be one of the regular people. He was lonely. He inspired fellow feeling, but it could not embrace him enough. He wanted the simple, hearty life of Gant in his best times, the wife and children, and coming home for lunch, and the fire roaring up the chimney. (No door!)

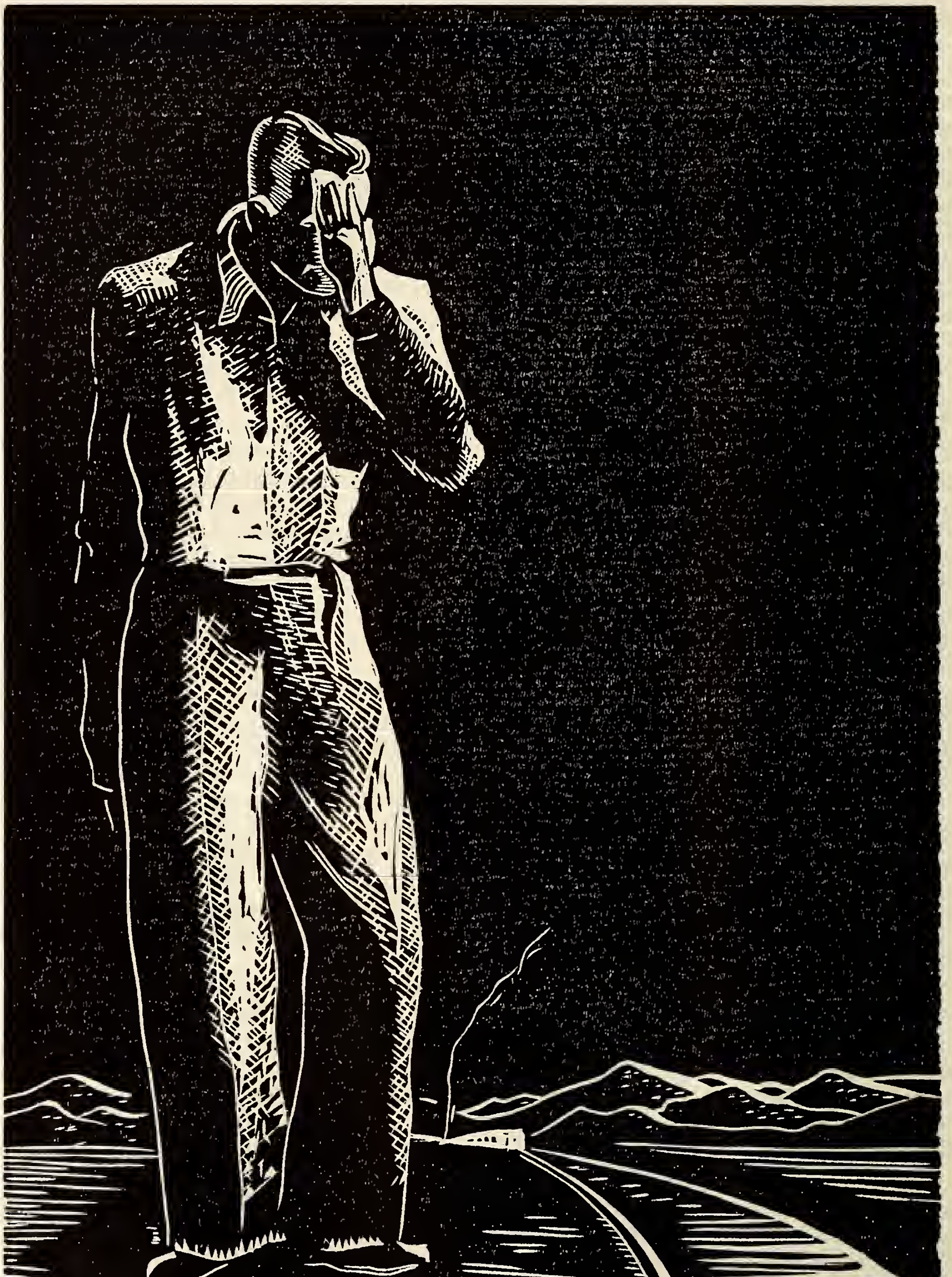
He could not be like other people. He was not built on their scale. Everyone important to him in his life seemed to know that. His was not the conventional story of neglected, unrecognized genius at all. His school teachers, the Robertses in Asheville, knew, apparently, when he was a child, that he was different from the others, and so did all his family, there in the mountains, and they enabled him to go to college—I think Americans can be proud of that. Only the inescapable slings and arrows of life betrayed him, the petty obligations and duties, and the lawsuits. They maddened him because they kept him from his work. All that infuriated him in its injustice. The one important thing in the universe to him was his work, and this was so simply because it was so. It was not due to ambition in the cheap sense, and it was not what is generally meant by egotism. He was under the compulsion of genius, and all the accidents of life that got in the way of its expression seemed to Tom to be outrages and insults. He knew in his mind that man was born to trouble—that everyone was beset with anxieties and thwarted by obstacles—but that this work which he was bound to do should be interfered with by trivialities, was maddening. And so was the struggle with the work itself.

IV

From this came the dualism in Tom that made him the one man I ever knew of whom extreme opposites were true. He was proud as Lucifer and yet utterly humble. He was full of kindness and the most gentle consideration, and yet ruthless. He was totally without a sense of humor, many said, but there never was a more humorous man. And how could this be? Because there was the man Tom and this dreadful *and* beautiful obligation in him. He was not proud of anything he had ever done—not of much he had written—but the consciousness of this great thing in him that he had to do made him so. He was ruthless, as in writing about real people not because he did not realize as Tom, the pain he might give but because this obligation in him made him feel that the pain was relatively trifling and brief, and was caused by conventional standards, and that what he was about was beyond all that. He was without humor often in his writing about Eugene—though a magnificent humor pervades his writings otherwise—because Eugene, being Tom, was engaged in the same deadly serious business, was obsessed with the mortal struggle to master material.

And Tom was always harassed by time. He had always "thoughts that he must cease to be before his pen had gleaned his teeming brain." It was this that made him strive to read all the books in the Harvard library in a year or so, and sent him on his wild odysseys of Europe and the South and the Pacific Coast, and New England, and then the Northwest. And this largely it was that gave him his love of quantity, for its own sake as it seemed. He didn't have time enough, and somehow seemed to know it. One early morning when 49th Street was silent and empty, Nancy Hale who lived there heard a deep and distant chant. It grew louder, and she went to the window. A great, loose figure of a man in a black slouch hat and a swaying raincoat was swinging along in Tom's slow stride and he was chanting over and over: "I wrote ten thousand words today. I wrote ten thousand words today." Old Time was riding him, but that day Tom had won.

When I first saw Tom with his wild black hair and bright countenance as he stood in my doorway hesitating to enter—in those days Tom had more respect for editors—I thought of Shelley (who was so different in most ways) because of that brightness of his face and the relative smallness of his head and the unruly hair. Just before his illness took its fatal turn he scribbled me a letter in pencil, though he should not have done it. The last of it suggests how things sometimes seemed and looked to Tom. He recalls a good happy time we had on the day he returned from Europe several years ago, a hot Fourth of July when just before sunset we "went on top of the tall building, and all the strangeness and the glory and the power of life, and the city was below."



—*Henry Moll*

Edward C. Aswell

Thomas Wolfe's Unpublished Works

Harper's Editor Tells of Two-Foot Manuscript

One evening last spring Thomas Wolfe spoke to me about his fear of dying. It was not a personal fear of death, annihilation, and nothingness. Tom had been talking about his work and the many books he wanted to write. He scoffed at those writers who go about hunting for subjects and material to put in their books. The living stuff out of which his own books were written came to him faster than he could use it, and, as he phrased it, was backed up in him "like water behind a dam." "What I am afraid of," he said, "is that I may die before I get it all out of me."

At the time it seemed an absurd fear. He was then in the best of health, and full of that driving, restless energy which had always characterized him. But now, October 3rd (Thomas Wolfe would have been thirty-eight today), that torrent of vitality has been stilled more than two weeks. The fact seems monstrous and incredible. In all American literature I think there is no tragedy to match it. The many great books which were in him to write, which he wanted to write, and which he would surely have written had he lived, are forever lost to the world.

He had published two novels, a book of short stories, and a slender but very revealing little volume called *The Story of a Novel.* But these do not complete the works of Thomas Wolfe. At his death he also left the finished draft of his new novel and a veritable mountain of other unpublished manuscript. About this vast reservoir of material it is still too early for anyone to speak. No one yet knows just what is in it. An enormous labor remains to be done merely to read it, to sort it, and to see what is there. In volume alone it at least equals the mass of his published work. I dare say that much, if not all, of it will eventually be published. When, and how, are questions that cannot be answered at this time.

As for the new novel, Tom had worked steadily on it for more than two years. Last spring his ideas about it took firmer form and the work went better than ever before. He wrote furiously, turning out 5,000 or 6,000 words a day, and kept his secretary busy just typing what he was able to turn out in longhand. By May the end was in sight. He planned to complete the draft and take a vacation. He wanted to go to the Pacific Northwest, partly because it was the only section of the country he had never seen, and partly because he wanted to ride on a stream-lined train. He made his plans and set the date for his departure.

On the evening he was to leave I went to his room in the old Chelsea Hotel on 23rd Street to get the manuscript. The writing was done, and when I arrived Tom was sorting and arranging the pages. He sat at a table in his shirt-sleeves with a pile of manuscript a foot high in front of him. He had already sorted at least twice as much more. Rapidly he went through the remaining sections to make sure that everything was in order. His train was to leave at 9 o'clock and he hadn't yet begun to pack, but, even so, he could not resist pausing from time to time to read to himself with evident enjoyment some favorite passage that caught his eye as he ran through the pages. Now and then he would decide that a chapter or section didn't belong in the book and he would discard it, throwing it on the floor. All around him the floor was littered with these discards.

Finally the job was done. Half an hour before train time Tom turned the manuscript over to me done up in two enormous packages almost too heavy to lift. It was probably one of the longest manuscripts ever delivered to a publisher; it runs easily to one million words. Tom did not know at the time, and I do not know now, whether it should be published as one book or as several books. That is a mechanical problem which still remains to be solved. But when it appears I believe the world will be able to see in it evidence of the new direction towards which Tom had been thinking and working during the last few years.

EDWARD C. ASWELL *is one of the editors of Harper & Brothers, publishers. He is in charge of the editing of the mountainous material Thomas Wolfe left behind him. He tells here something about that material.*

As Thomas Wolfe's editor, I saw him very frequently and talked with him interminably about whatever interested him—and that was a range as wide as the universe. From what he told me I saw that his artistic efforts were gradually turning into new and wider and deeper channels. Just where that development would have led him, no man can say. But anyone who knew him at all well during his last phase will, I think, be able to attest to the change that was taking place in him, and to feel, too, as Tom himself felt, that his new direction was inevitable and right. I can best underscore my own conviction about this by quoting from a letter Tom wrote me last December:

"As you know, I began life as a lyrical writer. Like other men, I began to write with an intense and passionate concern with the designs and purposes of my own youth, and, like many other men, that preoccupation has now changed to an intense and passionate concern with the designs and purposes of all life.

"For two years now, since I began to work on my new book, I have felt as if I were standing on the shore of a new land. I can only tell you that it is a kind of fable, constructed out of the materials of experience and reality, and permitting me, I hope, a more whole and thorough use of them than I have had before. The book belongs in kind with those books which have described the adventures of the average man—by this I mean the naturally innocent man, every mother's son of us—through life."

That Thomas Wolfe did not live to follow this road down the years to the shining new vision which I believe he would have found at the end of it—this is the world's tragedy.

One of his friends who knew and loved him, in a letter written two days after he died, voiced this sincere tribute in which all who knew and loved and understood him must join: "The world could better have lost any other living American. Sometimes it seems much better not to believe that we are governed by any kind of intelligent power, for to create a masterpiece such as Tom was, and then to cut him off before he had done more than just to indicate what he had in him, would be to argue that our precious little world was in the power of a madman. I had the feeling that in Tom perhaps our time had at last produced a major Prophet. Now that is gone, and there is precious little chance that anyone will come up to take his place, at least in my time."

•

Song for an Autumn Dusk

Let the river flow alone
And the river breezes blow,
With the same old monotone
Of a million years ago.

Keep it far away, like pains
Of a dream-grey yesteryear:
Unimpassioned silence reigns
Long as there is none to hear.

To abide here, wearied, lean,
Seeking somehow yet to know
Why the river is serene—
This is better than to go.

—William Michaux.

Editorial Comment

There are two different schools of thought about Thomas Wolfe at Chapel Hill. There are those who sneer at him and consider him only as he hurt his mother and family by writing about them; and those who admire him and his works. The Baltimore *Sun,* in an editorial the day after Wolfe's death, said that Wolfe was a cult at Chapel Hill. If he is, that cult is little noticed and crops up but seldom in students and teachers of the type of George Stoney whose article "Eugene Returns to Pulpit Hill" is printed herewith. But that Wolfe is largely admired at Chapel Hill is undeniable.

From those who sneer at Wolfe come legends of Wolfe's peculiarities at the University when he was here in the four years before 1920. We are told how Wolfe was asked to leave his fraternity because he never washed; we hear whispered stories of his wildness and immorality.

The other school likes to dwell on Wolfe's accomplishments—on what he did when he was here. We favor the latter school.

For Wolfe was a great man on the campus. Assistant editor of the Carolina Magazine, managing editor of the *Tar Heel* (later editor) he was a member of the Amphoterothen and a Golden Fleece. These honors seem small in comparison to those he was later to attain. But at the time he plunged exultantly into the life of the campus.

Chapel Hill was a different place when Wolfe was here 18 years ago. Then it was poor and "its great poverty, its century-long struggle in the forest, had given the university a sweetness and a beauty it was later to forfeit. It had a fine authority of provincialism of an older South. Nothing mattered but the State: the state was a mighty empire, a rich kingdom—there was, beyond, a remote and semi-barbaric land."

How different things are today. A huge university of 3500 students, ever growing in the materialistic wealth of new buildings and equipment, emphasizes the loss of the provincialism Wolfe writes of. Teachers and students come from many states. No longer is the State all that matters, no longer perhaps is the State even the most important consideration. The "South" is more often mentioned in our classrooms and more often thought about than is North Carolina. And more and more the "Nation" is superseding even the "South."

But in Wolfe's day the University, the students, almost everything was different. He writes of the students: "The yokels, of course, were in the saddle—they composed nine-tenths of the student body: the proud titles were in their gift; and they took good care that their world should be kept safe for the yokelry and the homespun virtues . . . for some industrious hack who had shown satisfactory mediocrity in all directions."

Wolfe tells how "in this strange place he flourished amazingly. He was outside the pale of popular jealousies: it was quite obvious that he was not safe, that he was not sound, that decidedly he was an irregular person. He could never be an all-round man. Obviously he would never be governor. . . . He was a man for curious enterprise." And as such he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

While Chapel Hill has lost much since the time of Thomas Wolfe, it has gained perhaps more, but of a different substance. W. S. Bernard, whose teachings influenced some 30 student generations, died last year. Horace Williams, the old philosopher—the "Hegel of the Cotton Belt"—retired now but still living, and many another figure of the old school, have gone. Some are still left; but on the whole the University has given way—as it must—to the new schools of thought. The new so-called sciences of sociology and economics have developed until their ramifications obscure and cast into discard the old "philosophy" from which they both originally sprang.

It is a different Chapel Hill.

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Requiem

October has come again—once more
The air is charged with autumn, and the trees
Gaudy with color, dance the requiem
Of the long summer. Latent beauty springs
To life with quickened vigor, all the world
Now breathing deep and stepping quickly by.
Harvest time is here and deep fruition
Of the abundant body of the earth
Displays its charms with wantonness to all.
The full month, the pageant of the year,
All color, brightness and the spurt of life
Is here once more—October come again.
But he who loved October had to die.

—Evalyn Schäffle.

Thomas Meder

Notes on Wolfe and the American Spirit

The death of an author of some prominence is inevitably followed, first, by extravagant eulogies and, a little later, by more or less calm attempts at appraisal. But the opinions of an author's contemporaries are little more than gestures in the dark, and literary reputations are seldom passed on to the succeeding generations with the same degree of lustre or dullness. A critical evaluation of the writings of Thomas Wolfe at this time faces the added difficulty of the incompleteness of his published material. We are denied even a complete, though blurred, perspective for the moment. However, there are certain materials, techniques, and attitudes that appear often enough in the two published volumes to warrant mention and analysis in a brief critical sketch.

One of the outstanding characteristics of Wolfe's content is his all-pervading Americanism. With the possible exceptions of Mark Twain and Walt Whitman there are no other authors who so well express the totality of the American spirit. His very verbosity, his overwhelming desire to tell all, his lapses into incoherence are typically American in their painful reaching toward some unity of purpose in a broad, almost rootless, heterogeneously-peopled land. "What is it that we know so well and cannot speak? What is it that we want to say and cannot tell?"

There is no "typical" town in America; there is no "typical" city. There is New York; there is Boston, Sauk Center, Chicago, Altamont, St. Louis, Pulpit Hill, New Orleans. . . . Despite the fact that Wolfe came from the South he was not a sectional writer. More, perhaps, than any contemporary writer he realized the implications ot America's vastness, its tremendous man-belittling spaces, and its inhabitants united only in disunity, in loneliness.

Most acutely of all, and in this lies his nearest approach to universality, he realized the loneliness. Through both of the published volumes we feel the existence of an underground fire of this loneliness that shows itself often enough on the surface to make us believe in the continuity of its flame. "Which of us has not remained forever prisonpent? Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone?" There is something awesome in the furious insistence on this theme. It flashes out in characterizations; it smoulders smokily beneath narrations; it casts a sad glow over descriptions; it flares up in despairing, unquenchable word-flames—"because we are so lost, so naked, and so lonely in America. Immense and cruel skies bend over us, and all of us are driven on forever and we have no home."

II

Parallel to this theme, and complementing it, is Wolfe's bitterness at the disparity between the changelessness of earth and the life, death, and decay of man. There is a never-ending war between the elements of permanence and transient man, and man, fighting throughout a brief lifetime, inevitably loses because he carries his death in him from his very birth. The reconciliation of the permanent and the impermanent is the solution to loneliness, the infusion of meaning and purpose into life. But the reconciliation is always beyond the reach of Eugene Gant.

If Eugene is not real to us after a reading of the fifteen hundred pages that make up *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River*, it is not due to any careless skimping in the characterization. There is painstaking detail of Eugene Gant walking, Eugene Gant eating, Eugene Gant talking, dreaming, thinking, writing, playing, drinking, loving, crying, laughing. And yet, somehow Gene is less sharply drawn that his father, less clear than his mother, his sister and brothers. Perhaps, assuming the autobiographical authenticity of the novels, Wolfe caught the blurred flux of his own character, its ceaseless change, growth, and transformation and missed much of the dynamic quality in the characters of others. Certainly there is an element of caricature in the depiction of most of those who people the books, and it is just this element that sharpens the focus. But, whether unchanging in character or not, there can be no doubt

THOMAS MEDER, *an English major doing honors work in the field of the short story, attempts here a detached critical judgment of Wolfe as a novelist.*

—*Margaret Munch.*

"Sure he's dead. The man's dead." The quiet and certain voice continued. "I knew all the time that he was dead."

"And they ask us, f'r Christ's sake, to save for the future!" he cried, at the same time laughing with jeering and derisive contempt. "For the future!" He paused to laugh scornfully again. "When you see a guy like that you ask what for? Am I right?"

—DEATH THE PROUD BROTHER.

of their tremendous vitality and plentiful action within their frames.

The narrative of the work, for all its digressions and flash-backs, has a remarkable effect of continuity. And for all its digressions it is never leisurely. These are not the windings of a meandering river; these are the turbulent overflows of a flood. There is no embellishment, no embroidery. The words, digressions and all, were written because they *had* to be written. The descriptions do not decorate the story; they are, patchwork-quilt or no, part of the fabric as it was wrought.

It is in the descriptive and reflective passages that Wolfe showed his strongest stylistic traits. He is gifted with the ability to write poetic prose that, more often than not, is closer to free verse than to true prose. In fact, even further embedded in some of the purple passages there are lines with perfect iambic scansions. Little wonder that poetic devices abound. Not only did he make lavish use of similes and metaphors, but also brought forth a liberal number of freshly-minted compound words, such as *plum-dropping*, *mellow-dropping*, *brittle-bladed*, and *fire-sheen.* The strain of sensuous imagery dominates much of the work, sometimes piped softly and sometimes rising to a mad, exultant pitch of heedless glory.

Repetition is the rhetorical keystone which Wolfe used in his poetic passages, A word, a phrase, a sentence is thrown before our eyes, hidden, brought to light again, rehidden, and once again brought to light as if it were ever in the background, sung softly by the chorus. "Oh lost . . ."—"a stone, a leaf, a door," "Oh lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again." And, as for an old friend, we watch for the return of each of these recurrent musical phrases.

III

However, far over and above these important techniques, the one unmistakable characteristic of Wolfe's writing is his own type of impetuous verbosity, his magnificent attempt to cover extensive fields in an intensive manner. With a gargantuan memory for faces, emotions, sights, smells, sounds, with a memory that consumed all things, important and unimportant according to everyday standards, with a memory that retained its heavy cargo effortlessly but painfully, how else could a man write? Furthermore, again assuming the autobiographical accuracy of *Of Time and the River*, an author who had read 20,000 books in ten years must have discovered many things to say and many ways to say them. Then too, he felt deeply his desires and responsibilities as an artist. "He is the tongue of his unuttered brothers . . . he is what all men are and what not one man in a million ever is; he has all, knows all, sees all that any man on earth can see and hear and know."

Thomas Wolfe chronicled the Lost Generation, but he felt the loneliness of life to be an American phenomenon, and, to some extent, universal, rather than one derived from the ashes of the war. Perhaps we of the Tired Generation understand only imperfectly.

Simons Lucas Roof

Seven Days—Vignettes

And the evening and the morning were the first day.

The sunset had spread across the low western sky like an enormous autumn leaf when Ryan Walters had left his work. Now night had come, and as Ryan entered his driveway he smiled suavely, and relapsed into pensiveness. And something happened each time he became pensive while driving. This time he ploughed up his wife's prize flower bed.

He was aware for a moment of the damage he had done, then he again thought of Sylva and Lennel, and of the choice he had made. Today it was ten years ago. Sylva and Lennel had loved him, and he could have had either of them: he had been good-looking too, and had been the actor selected from their theatre group for the movie tryout. Of course that had impressed both women.

He thought of Sylva and Lennel, and of the circumstances that had surrounded his decision. Money had been a primary element. And Sylva had been the wealthiest woman in town: at the time of his choice gossips whispered her grandfather, who owned the mill, would leave her ten or fifteen thousand dollars. Lennel too was from the upper strata of the town's tedious social life, but when money was talked, Lennel was silent; all she had been able to offer was a good name. Yellow lights flashed on in the kitchen: Ryan knew his wife was coming.

He sighed. Lennel had had such lovely green eyes and chestnut hair. Sylva had had yellow eyes and auburn hair. He sighed again. They had been lovely and charming, and for days he had pondered over the problem of which he had loved the most: then his choice. He knew Lennel had caught his love, and he had rushed around to her home that night to tell her how he would marry her, and make her a fortune. But as he had started up Lennel's steps, he had halted, wondering, then descended to the street, to think the thing through again. Then his mind was made. Ryan started up from his slumped position in the automobile: his wife peered through its window. Even while she kissed him he thought of his choice. . . .

"Ryan," she said determinedly, "you are very sweet, but about the most careless man I know! I wish you would learn to drive."

"Yes," he replied dreamily, thinking how the small part in the film had led to his stardom. "Money isn't the total of existence, is it? I wish I had realized that."

"What nonsense are you talking now?"

"Thinking about money."

"Oh," she said suddenly, "that reminds me. Grandfather's will was decided finally yesterday. He left me five thousand dollars, which we really don't need with what you are making." Her yellow eyes gleamed, like a snake's he thought sickeningly. He stepped from the automobile into God's gracious night, which hid his remorse.

II

And the evening and the morning were the second day.

Old Tony pushed his cart wearily. It was the same thing for him every day. Sometimes he wished he were in heaven, where he thought all days ran together and were one. Every day: beans he sold to the Troliskis, two apples to the poor married couple, and corn to the Welshman: he reflected the Welshman was too stout, and should diet. Then there was the artist, Bob Vincent, who was a cheerful chap, and hard-working. Old Tony slipped in extra potatoes when Bob turned his head: the thin fellow was weak-looking. And Old Tony could sympathize—once he had been an artist.

Around the corner he pushed his cart, but Bob was not in sight. Usually he waited at the curb for Old Tony. Old Tony decided to go in, for he had promised the boy to see some of his recent paintings, and this was the opportunity. Old Tony entered the building, and winding up a flight of

Simons Lucas Roof, *besides being interested in fiction, has tried his hand at poetry and is a regular columnist for the* Charlotte Observer.

dirty steps, came to the boy's room. He found Bob sick on a scanty couch.

"Bob, my boy, I'm sorry for to see you so sick," he said simply. He felt the boy's forehead. "Why, you something to matter have. You have fever!"

"Yes, Tony," the artist smiled weakly. "I have fever, but no money. Why couldn't I have money instead of fever?"

Old Tony looked around the room, and espying a dusty painting in a corner, seized it.

"I take this to Art Store," he cried. "It has a look old enough to pass it for an antique. I be right back, my boy!"

He ran clumsily out of the room, and up the street, and disregarded Bob's voice calling him back. Two hours later Old Tony returned with $17.50 and a doctor.

"They say at Art Store you paint like Rembrandt!" exulted the old man.

"Oh, Tony," sighed the sick artist, "that painting wasn't mine. It was a $300 Sully I was cleaning for Mrs. Angervest."

III

And the evening and the morning were the third day.

From the appearance of the first delicate green sprouts in spring, Peter had watched the revelation of his wheat. On wet cold days he was restless, for to him, if a man could not be in his fields working and coaxing them, he might as well be dead. So Peter marvelled day after day over his growing green fields.

Peter was greyish, but his stride was the swiftest in the hills. And the unbridled energy that characterized his walk filled everything he did. He was a quick talker. He ate in great gulps. He swore hurriedly. He was a man who hated to sleep at night, for the time he spent he thought could be used for other things. Actually he did stay up late many nights. He washed his dishes then, and mended his clothes and shoes: not that Peter's clothes were meticulously cared for, as he never worried about any clothes that were fairly clean and patched. In Peter's community people only wore good clothes to church anyhow, and Peter never attended church. He lacked the time.

Every day he worried over the fields. If he were not examining the wheat stalks, or noting the growth of the sticky heads, he was in his shack reading *Wheat Culture*. He had read it dozens of times, but insisted on reviewing it often.

Peter watched the wheat turn dark beautiful green, and he worshipped before it when the summer sun parched it to golden. The neighbors said Peter would lie down among the stalks, and, fascinated by the strong stems rustling about him, he would shriek like a madman for joy. He even brought the stalks he crumpled from the field into his shack, where he placed them in vases. Anyone would say old Peter worshipped his wheat.

Then the reaping, and the fields were bare of the bowing stems, and soon the wheat was threshed, and stored temporarily in Peter's barn. Peter almost lived at the barn. He would stand by his plucked crop, and puff on his corncob like a man with everything in the world.

One night while Peter was in the barn he fell asleep. The lantern he carried was placed on a barrel at his elbow. In the course of his restless sleep, he knocked the lantern from the barrel into a pile of straw. When Peter awoke, everything around him was afire, and when he realized his crop was going up in red flames, he ran to the bell beside his kitchen door, and pulled it fiercely. The neighbors were coming before he finished ringing.

The bucket brigade they formed was useless. All night the fire ate up the new seed, and Peter knew next year's wheat crop would not be good. And this year's was gone.

The following day Peter sat on the ruins of his barn, and picked at a few parched wheat grains. Then he went to his shack, put on his best overalls, and went to town. He bought himself a cheap store-suit. That Sunday he found time to go to church.

IV

And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

He paused with the paint brush in his hand, and regarded the thing he had just painted: a vertcial line with two curves on the right side. Not so bad, he was thinking. Now to get the next figure.

Harry Jiggers loved his work, and his love was no infatuation. It was a lasting love. Ever since Harry could remember he had wanted to be an artist. A modernistic painter!

Harry spoke to the fat man watching him. "You know, ever since I was a kid I've had a taste for this kind of stuff. Why, I never did draw dogs and rabbits and jack-o'-lanterns like other kids. No, siree! Mine were always odd-looking, with straight lines and curves used in a sort of advanced way for a kid." He paused a second to attach three straight horizontal lines to a slender vertical line.

"You see how I make those lines run together, just like they were glued? Well, I picked that up in the fourth grade." He scratched an ear, and continued talking to the man. "Practice is what counts in this kind of work. I practice all the time!" He made a figure that was the outline of a wigwam, and ran a bar across it half way up. He smiled rapturously at the indigo paint.

"Now watch how I carry this line straight up, bring it down to the right on a slant, and carry it straight back up. I like that one: it's awfully pretty, don't you think?" And this one that starts high on the right, curves outward coming left, and makes the same curve backwards below." Harry looked adoringly at his nearly completed composition. Expertly he finished it with a straight line, a circle, a half-circle open on the right side, and a line through it.

"There!" he smiled contentedly, wiping his hands on his white apron. "Look at that!"

The fat man read: BEANS 10c.

V

And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

George Larsons looked tiredly at the winding deep river below him. He wondered if the hundreds of feet he would fall would cause his body to split very much: if he began as if he were diving, the force of the fall might be somewhat alleviated.

The world, he thought, was not worth having. And at the thousand times thought of idea, he grimaced, his restless brown eyes unsmiling, and too tired. His part in the world had not been much appreciated, he thought, not even by the woman he loved. Though he wrote prose and poetry incessantly, he changed nothing with his works.

Cyprienne had been the final bit to prompt his decision to jump, for she had just married a greasy fat Russian, and acquired a title. George hated titled foreigners. But Cyprienne leaving—that was all, just her leaving. She had been the burning Muse that dwelt within his soul, and was the inspiration for his poetry. He had liked to think of her as someone sent to him by God, so that he might perceive some day Truth. Before, he had thought Cyprienne was Truth. But she slept with a piggish title now, he thought. Idly he wondered if they had single beds—he wished he knew . . . .

He looked at the cold dark river, and a light that began in a home on the far side and succeeded in rippling across the swishing waves. The river looked dreary. Cyprienne was always cheery, and made him smile.

He wondered about a divorce. Divorce maybe . . . and get Cyprienne from the fat fool . . . would she come . . . she might laugh at him . . . and the river looked warmer now . . . so warm . . . would he be doing wrong . . . should he jump . . . .

He tottered for a while on the railing, then decided, and jumped.

VI

And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

The man dressed neatly in white turned to his friend, and murmured, "If I thought nobody would discover me, I would kill the mayor, and turn the city government over to a couple of my friends!" He smiled smugly, and leaned forward eagerly to watch the effect of his words. The words meant nothing to the other man. He was slim and stooped, with a very long nose. He spoke.

"You mean you want to just overthrow the city government, and just kill the mayor. That isn't enough, comrade!"

The other man, leaning luxuriously far back in his chair, sighed, then hunched his stocky body forward, rubbed his cropped mustache, and whispered confidentially,

"But that would be only the beginning! My country has a million men who would listen. If anything happened here, I could get more help. My friends know *how* to work!"

"I have a comrade who would kill anybody for me. Suppose I get him to kill the mayor you don't like?"

The stocky man grinned devilishly, and said, "Yes. Do!"

"And if you want anything bombed, let me know. I know another fellow who - - -"

"Oh, comrade, but peacefully we will proceed —if possible. If we kill too many then there will be none to rule or be ruled. And I want subjects under me. I shall be a dictator here!" He puffed his chest.

"So *you* are going to be the dictator! Well, I have the same plan!"

The men glared at each other, and finally the stocky man spoke.

"I am going to be the dictator!"

"Liar!"

"You low-down - - -"

The thin man hit him. They began a clumsy fight, and tore up each other's clothes. After a while, an attendant came along, and took them to separate cells.

VII

And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made.

He visioned that day, for it was the most vivid thing in his mind. He always thought of it in his less hurried moments. The day of the hunting trip. The panther had sprung from the ledge, and Martha was below it. He had thrown Martha from the path of the animal, and turning quickly, had placed a pistol shot between the eyes of the animal. Martha had sobbed, and caught him to her breasts, and burying her face in his shoulder, had tried to thank him.

And then the wedding day. He had wanted to snatch Martha from the crowds and run away before the ceremony was done. She had been so lovely and soft-looking. He wanted her terribly. He had loved her so much. Martha with the gentle hands, the musical voice, the kind heart. Martha of the yellow hair and grey eyes. Martha with the beautiful soul.

They had taken their honeymoon in Cuba, and Martha had delighted in the ways of the natives: she bought little trinkets to take back to her friends. But he had liked the Cuban tobacco and sugar cane —the things you heard about and wished you had. Cuban tobacco and sugar cane: they were good.

And the low rambling home on the hill, and Paul, named after him, and Martha, named after her mother. Wonderful children—kind, sympathetic, soft-spoken, and congenial—like their mother. Tears spilled over his ruddy cheeks when he thought of his little family. His dream family. For the church had come first, and Padre Paul lived only with his dreams of Martha, whom he still loved.

Adrian Spies

Zero Means Nothing

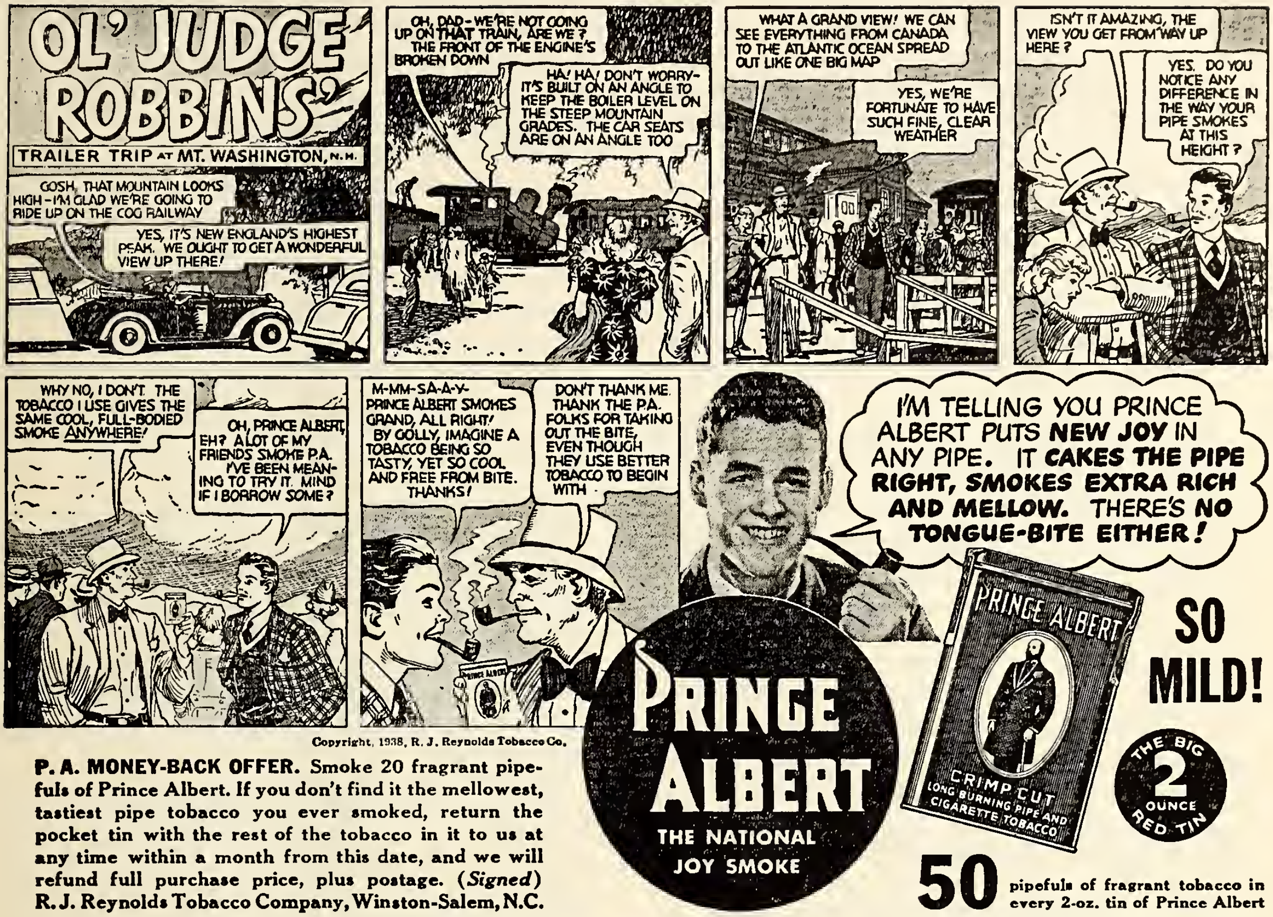
Zero rested the weight of his newspapers upon the sidewalk and pushed his blunt body into the coolness of a jewelry store window. His small eyes bored through the glass and followed the dancing color spreads of diamonds within. Delicate prismed sparkles threw rainbowed speckles over the display. Drops of red and green and blue gushed in tiny geysers from each stone. Then they faded to reform into new combinations. Zero pressed the dirt of his hands upon the window and clutched at the colors. He loved bright things and he loved rings.

For a man of twenty-eight years Zero certainly had his toys and games, and resting the evening's lot of newspapers to stare at rings was his favorite. It rested his eyes from the overwhelming brightness of city lights and made him happy. Along with betting on an occasional horse race or playing a game of pool, these moments of rest were his compensations for lonely nights. They were solace for walking miles and selling papers and having only himself for company. So Zero looked at the color things again; then he picked up his papers and went back to the dirt and flatness of endless even blocks of concrete.

But as he walked Zero forgot his loneliness with regrets for the horse which had lost that afternoon. Then he thought of a ring upon his finger. (The middle one, which wasn't yellow with nicotine or calloused by infinite intercourse with pool cues). If the papers sold well he would have his ring. For jewelry was a relative thing to Zero, and authenticity unimportant. A man could buy himself a fine five-cent cigar, and make a wonderful ring from the band. At least a man could if he only peddled papers, and was so simple that every one called him Zero.

All along the false light of the street Zero saw people hurrying home to sleep. They dozed in passing streetcars and huddled together at bus sta-

Adrian Spies, *still doing feature writing for the* Daily Tar Heel, *demonstrates here that he is as good a story-teller as he is a journalist.*



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
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GOSH, THAT MOUNTAIN LOOKS HIGH - I'M GLAD WE'RE GOING TO RIDE UP ON THE COG RAILWAY
YES, IT'S NEW ENGLAND'S HIGHEST PEAK. WE OUGHT TO GET A WONDERFUL VIEW UP THERE!
OH, DAD - WE'RE NOT GOING UP ON THAT TRAIN, ARE WE? THE FRONT OF THE ENGINE'S BROKEN DOWN
HA! HA! DON'T WORRY- IT'S BUILT ON AN ANGLE TO KEEP THE BOILER LEVEL ON THE STEEP MOUNTAIN GRADES. THE CAR SEATS ARE ON AN ANGLE TOO
WHAT A GRAND VIEW! WE CAN SEE EVERYTHING FROM CANADA TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN SPREAD OUT LIKE ONE BIG MAP
YES, WE'RE FORTUNATE TO HAVE SUCH FINE, CLEAR WEATHER
ISN'T IT AMAZING, THE VIEW YOU GET FROM WAY UP HERE?
YES. DO YOU NOTICE ANY DIFFERENCE IN THE WAY YOUR PIPE SMOKES AT THIS HEIGHT?
WHY NO, I DON'T THE TOBACCO I USE GIVES THE SAME COOL, FULL-BODIED SMOKE ANYWHERE!
OH, PRINCE ALBERT, EH? A LOT OF MY FRIENDS SMOKE P.A. I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TRY IT. MIND IF I BORROW SOME?
M-MM-SA-A-Y- PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES GRAND, ALL RIGHT! BY GOLLY, IMAGINE A TOBACCO BEING SO TASTY, YET SO COOL AND FREE FROM BITE. THANKS!
DON'T THANK ME. THANK THE P.A. FOLKS FOR TAKING OUT THE BITE, EVEN THOUGH THEY USE BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH
I'M TELLING YOU PRINCE ALBERT PUTS NEW JOY IN ANY PIPE. IT CAKES THE PIPE RIGHT, SMOKES EXTRA RICH AND MELLOW. THERE'S NO TONGUE-BITE EITHER!
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tions. The brightness of grand neon lights were wasted on his humble movements. His ill-hung coat and ancient pants moved fastest of all through the flickers of the signs. And when he could, Zero sought the shadows. Lights were too bold and powerful for him. They made all the other men look too strong and rich and smart. So Zero walked in shadows and timidly looked out into the light. Shadows had always been his. They hid the smallness of his eyes and softened the pool-room wizen of his face. They were kind and familiar to Zero, and in them he was almost a man.

II

As he walked and slowly sold papers to yawning men who lounged in shiny automobiles, Zero stepped in for a moment at Louis the Greek's. It was one of those places where older men in uncreased pants crowded each other at a greasy counter and tried to recall their dignity. Factory girls just out of the night shift and still in the confinement of their uniforms met their men friends in barren booths. And sweating Greeks served everyone with unsmiling amiability. Plates chased each other into bug-ridden piles and all food was born of tremendous black pots tended by untidy Negroes. But Zero saw only the whiteness of tables and the promised comfort of seats.

The newsman walked quietly among the tables, mutely offering his wares. And when he spoke, his voice seemed coiled and choked with cigarette smoke. His words were like chipped billiard balls and were as limpid as saliva on a pool-room floor. They never said more than "Paper Mister." They seemed fitted for little else.

One man, who sat alone and played with a heap of dingy cigarette remains, stopped Zero. He mumbled that he was looking for something special in the paper and quickly perused the "Men Wanted" page. As he looked through coldly indexed possibilities the hand continued its wanderings among the cigarette butts. Then he was finished, and his hand fell still. "I didn't find what I was looking for. Here's your paper back. Thank you." His voice was weaker than the ashes, and it fell with them into the untidiness of his soiled suit. It was tired and worn out, like the suit.

Zero's feet were sore. He fumbled into a seat opposite the man. "You can have the paper Mister. It's ripped and no one will buy it." He watched the other timidly. "Go and read it. I'll just sit and rest my carcass." The man looked up quickly, and there was amazement in his bulbous brow. Then he looked at the night-stain of Zero. All that he saw was dirt.

"Do I look like I haven't got a nickel for a paper?"

There might have been menace in his voice had it not been so weary. But Zero was too simple to lie. He answered yes, and both of them knew that he was right.

The man pulled his hand from the ashes and slowly wiped it upon his coat. He offered it, weak and white, to the hard dirt of Zero's. The dirty hand shyly attempted to pull away, but the clean one smothered it with friendly fastness. "I don't know what your name is, friend, but mine is Miller. I see you have a business . . . well so have I. It's helping people. The starving millions that reporters grow bellies on by writing about in those papers of yours. I've done a lot of work with people of your kind. You're a credit to them. You make them worth saving. Thank you for your newspaper." Miller talked like some of the men who bought Zero's papers. He wondered why such a man found time to talk to a newsman. But apparently the man wanted to speak further with him. He was asking his name, and about his business.

"They call me Zero. I sell papers six nights a week. Sometimes things is good and I buy a cigar. Then I take off the cigar band and have a ring. Most of the time I have a ring. I like them."

Miller had a notebook on the table, and was recording Zero's case in fleeting short-hand lines. Zero wondered about the odd patches and marks. Miller looked up at the dirt and disarray of cheap food. "I suppose this restaurant is a home to you." Zero thought the other was joking, and laughed in his face. "Yeah, I guess I buy enough coffee to own the place." The man moved his head in compassion. "Coffee sort of keeps you going, doesn't it Zero? Sort of makes you forget hunger." "Hell, laughed the newsman, "when I'm hungry I want more than coffee. That night air really makes a guy want food." There was a sympathy in the deepness of Miller's eyes. He said that he understood, and that he pitied. Zero wondered what he understood, and whom he pitied.

Miller wore heavy glasses over the gentleness of huge brown eyes. The concave lenses pulled them from flaccid sockets and hung them out in front of his face. It was a bulge of soft brown melancholy that rolled over Zero's crudeness in morbid inquiries. But Zero felt only the protruding and terrifying bulge of intelligence. He knew that the man was smart, and that he was dumb. Thus he was silent while the large eyes wept for him.

III

Louis the Greek, who sweated and cursed more profusely than any of his colleagues, walked up to the table. He forced an onion-scented hand into the matted carelessness of Zero's hair and asked him if he wanted some apple pie. Zero was one of Louis' best customers, and he was worth an occasional tribute. But he nodded the proprietor away. It was enough just to sit quietly at the table and rest tired feet.

Miller's eyes were more piteous than ever as he shook Zero's hand gently and whispered at the bowed crown of the newsman's head. "That was rather noble of you Zero. You're noble Zero. You must be wanting food terribly, but you turned down a lousy five-cent appetizer. You refused to sell out your pride, and the pride of your people. There aren't many men like you Zero."

"I wasn't hungry," mumbled Zero. "I just come in here to rest my carcass. I told you that."

Miller was an idealist who thought that he understood men. And like all idealists, he never really saw them. He did not even see Zero cringed meekly before him. Instead he saw a million men, and all of them seemed to be the chains and suppression of Zero. "You're tired, aren't you friend?"

"Sure. I'm Goddamned tired. And when I'm tired I rest. Then I go out and sell papers to guys going to bed. Guys like you . . . except that most of them have a nickel." As he spoke he dropped his red, scarred face into the dish debris. Into the grease-scented relics of countless other patrons, and the waste of food uneaten. For there was an uncomfortable intensity in the other man's sad stare. It was just like the floods of sweat that formed rivulets in the stolid whisker stubs on Louis the Greek's face. But Louis' sweat came from the pots and pans which steamed and smelled into good cheap food. The sadness that overran Miller's eyes and cheeks were thoughts of people without pots and pans and good cheap food. Zero could not understand the pity that starched the softness of his strange friend. He only knew that he was in the light of a cafeteria, and that he was being looked at in the light.

IV

Then the other man began to talk. The words chased each other in the rhythmed lilt of a memorized speech. They rolled in perfect grammar and subtly blended emotions. And they rolled past Zero's inert head and bounced away into the cafeteria. Louis the Greek heard the words, but he was too busy wiping the sweat from his whisker bristles to understand. The black cook heard them, but he was too busy frying ham and eggs. Of all the people there, only Miller heard the words.

But he had heard them before. He had been saying them for five years. Ever since that day when he had found himself out of college . . . and out of a job; when he had had a little money, and had sincerely wanted to help his fellowmen. Miller was an idealist without firmness or method. He had gone to People's Parties, and had offered them his zeal. But his ideas were so vague and his ways so simple that they had ignored him. He had marched into the slums, to help work on "cases." But he found himself untrained and useless. And so Miller had become a sort of humanitarian vagabond, always willing to help and never knowing what to do. His own money, though always unselfishly spent on others, was almost gone. He had been preaching the hopes of homes for the wandering masses and had himself faced eviction from an attic room in a condemned tenement house. His ideals were crowded by clotheslines and stifled by the cooking of a hundred families. But he rallied them and sang them to Zero. And they ricocheted around the room and finally came to resume their rest upon Miller's over-laden brow.

He had spoken of freedom, of the right of men to move about and eat freely and live without fear. Of the tradition of men like Zero, and the power of their number. Of their right to more money and more for their money. Of the folly of battle lines between the classes, and of the folly of men who sustained them. He preached the theory of a thousand men who had preached and died before him. And as he talked he wept over pictures of things he had seen and fancied. And he painted Zero into each picture. But, as I say, he never really bothered to have a look at Zero.

The newsman's weak brain bobbed among the surges of dreams and theory. A few expressions that he had learned to recognize from his newspaper headlines slivered through the muddle of his bluffed sensibilities. "Masses" recalled pictures of parades in the paper blizzards of Broadway. "Society" was those over-stuffed women who gave milk to the children of Zero's pool-room friends. "Poverty" was the obscure menace which made a man sell papers and count his pennies. And strangest of all these words, "Cause" was a vague hope that Zero saw on the faces of parish priests,

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and starving artists, and stocky Fascist organizers, and slim Communist organizers.

They bred their progeny of pictures in Zero's limited fancy. And they left him still seeking the shadows in soiled plates and cringing from the inspired bulge of Miller's eyes. The sweep of the man's voice was exhausting itself into quiet conversation. Zero realized that the long jumble of strange words was ended, and that he was being asked a question.

"Do you understand now Zero, how awful is the trouble that I want to help you fight? Say that you see Zero, say that you see."

"All I know is that some one makes trouble. But if some one didn't, how in hell would I sell papers?"

"But you know how terrible it is to worry about your rent, and worry about your food?"

Zero laughed loudly and waved his hands. It was a good joke. "Say, I won a month's rent in a pool game last night. Tomorrow night I'll win my food. Why should I worry?"

"But you fool that can't last. It's . . . it's uneconomic."

"Yeah, yeah I guess so . . . but I ain't never starved."

The idealist spoke in regretted smiles. "Listen Zero. I can't help you if you take your stinking slavery like a dumb dog. You must help me. Don't you want to be free?"

V

And then something of the friendly shadows of the night reminded Zero of emotions uncrystallized and undefined. Something of the right to stand in front of a jewelry store window and ornament his fancy; of the smell of dark streets and the invitations of poolroom doors; of the delicious moments before he chose his horse; of the right to stop in a cafeteria and rest his feet under nice white tables. These were natural things which he had always felt. Now he tried to give them expression.

"I'm sort of free Mister. You see, I've got things to do, but nobody tells me how to do them. I can even give away a paper if I feel like it. You talk a lot, but you couldn't even buy one. I guess I'm freer than you Mister. I only worry about myself. I don't do what I see people in the street do when they meet. They make pretty faces at each other and walk away. Sometimes they stop and say pretty things to each other. But all they say to me is "paper." So I don't have to have lies on my face and in my mouth. No one even tells me what a nice day it is. So I just go along messing after myself. I'm free I guess."

Miller cast his eyes around the cafeteria. "Zero look at this dirt. Are you free of dirt?"

"I don't see no dirt."

Two young men had been speaking to the other persons in the room. Now they were standing before Zero and Miller. They were well dressed, with glasses and black leather briefcases. Both nodded in familiarity to Zero, and turned to Miller. One of them asked him who he was, and what his business was. When he said that his business was the betterment of man the men looked at each other

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and smiled. They asked him for his connections, and the range of his field. Miller replied that he was an "independent," and that his field was "where people need me." Then they placed long blank forms on the dirty table, and Miller had to write that he was jobless, that he had no money, and almost had no home. He wanted to tell them of other things, of his ideals. But they only wanted simple answers to the items in the officious questionnaire.

Miller saw that it was part of a survey of the vagrant unemployed. He pulled a busy hand from the paper. "But say, there's much more of me more important than that. I've been doing real work."

The men were finished and were strapping their briefcases. One of them turned to Miller. "We're not interested in your biography Buddy. To us you're just Vital Statistic number eight million, six thousand, two hundred and eighty nine." Then he followed his companion out through Louis' swinging door.

Miller sat still. And "Vital Statistic" echoed around the room. And it was louder and sharper than all of his speech.

VI

Zero had seen wilt before. They did it in the pool-room after losing a money game, and they did it in bookie parlors when a horse ran wrong. He knew what their friends always did for them. The newsman rose out of his shadows and looked into Miller's face. His small eyes opened a little wider, and his voice was a little softer.

"Look Mister. I sorta know what you mean by this 'helping others' business. And I'm all for it. I'd like to help a little myself. Seems like you're kinda down in the dumps now, and not set to talk to dumb guys like me. Well I'd like to see you go down to Joe's Bar and get yourself stinko. It helps a man when he's down to get stinko. He comes up slugging. So look mister. Could you take this from me please, and say that I'm helping a little too?"

Zero had thrust a dirty hand into a dirty pocket and he held out three dirty dollar bills.

Miller, who was only a Vital Statistic among the vagabond unemployed, looked at the torn and soiled offering. And because he wanted to, he saw them as tribute from some one who understood. Miller could hardly walk, but he took the three dirty dollars and his ideals and went out to get drunk.

Louis the Greek's cafeteria was invaded now by a last loyal batallion of night walkers. Zero nodded to them all, and sold papers to a policeman just off duty and two lovers together in a booth. And then, rested and warmed, he walked back into loneliness. The shades and shadows breathed at him with clear sweetness, and Zero breathed too. It was fine just to be as still as night air and to walk wherever people seemed to be. For people were strong things that walked in the light and bought his papers. And if a man sold enough papers he could buy a fine cigar for himself. And a man could blow his cigar smoke into the freedom of the night and wear a ring on his finger. That is, if a man was so simple that everyone called him Zero.

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The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

November
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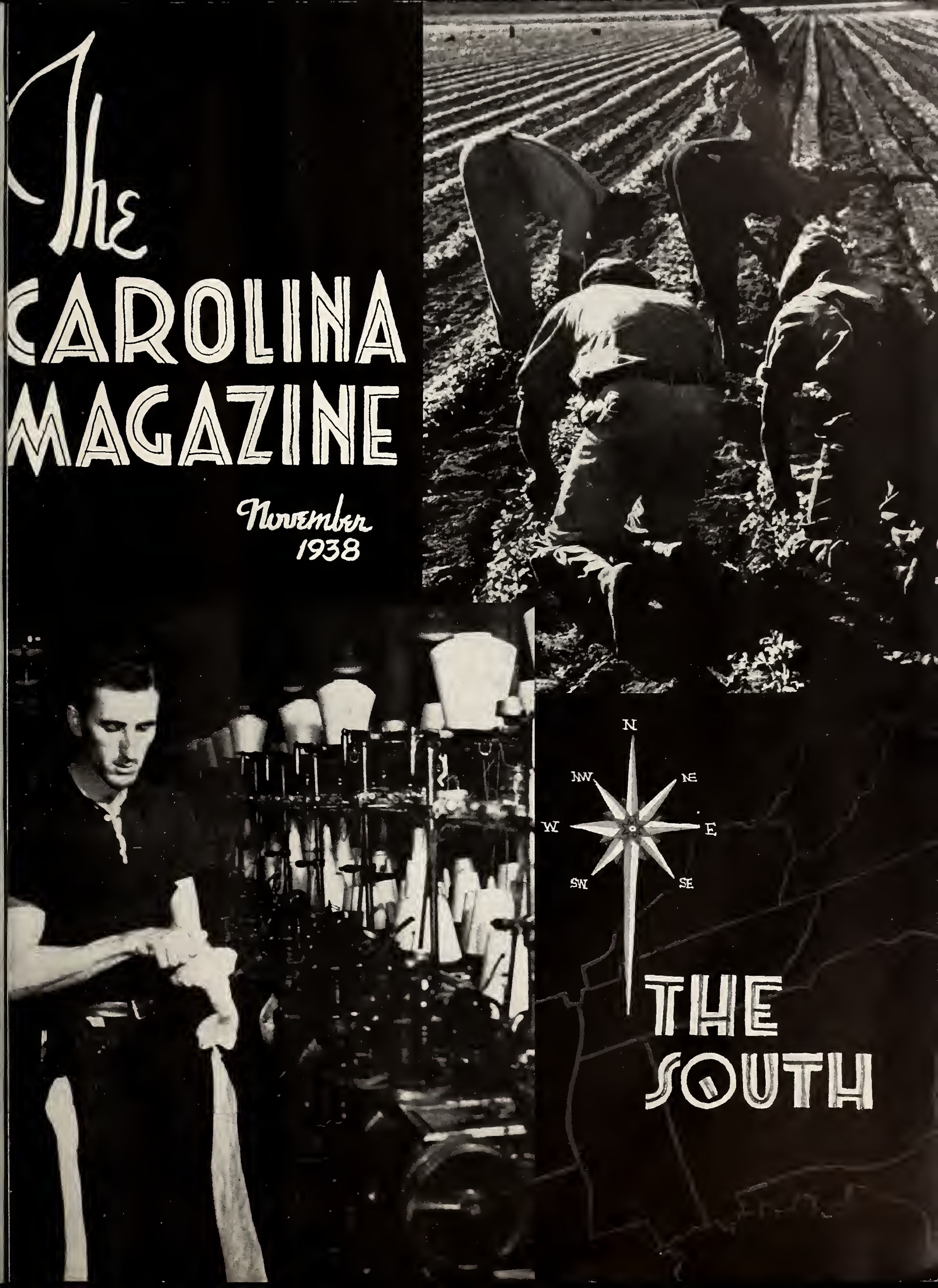

THE SOUTH

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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By Way of Explanation

When the President of the United States comes to the University December 5th, he will probably say something about the South. But if he doesn't, what he has already said makes this issue of the Carolina Magazine highly pertinent and timely.

While there are many ways of looking at the South, we believe that one cannot go far wrong if one considers, first and foremost, the people of the South. We have attempted therefore to emphasize something about the people.

Of course our ideas may be mistaken. Perhaps we should look at the industrial worker, for instance, as did one of the printers at the Orange Printshop. Commenting on the worker on the cover he said, "That fellow's making more per week than most of the instructors at the University."

Anyway, we have tried, under great handicaps, to present something of a picture of the South. Perhaps, if you disagree with every word our authors have written, you will still be inspired to read and think about the South. In preparing this issue, we were able to find all too few students who knew anything about the South. And that, for an institution which is regarded as the center of progressive thought on the South, is a statement tragic in its implications.

About the Cover

There has been, according to the reports we have received, some dissatisfaction on the campus with regard to previous covers. The cover of this issue is definitely an experiment. It was designed by Henry Moll, talented freshman, and owes its original inspiration to a page in *Consumers Guide.* The agricultural scene is by Rothstein of the Farm Security Administration and is reproduced from Clarence Nixon's *Forty Acres and Steel Mules* with the permission of the University of North Carolina Press. The industrial scene, an interior of one of Cone's Greensboro textile mills, was taken by Rudy Faircloth.

The Nation's Big Baby No. 1

A week or so ago a Middlewest college sent word to our own North Carolina State that "out of respect for Southern feeling" their football team would not include a lone Negro on the occasion of the contest between the two colleges. Whereupon, one assumes, the South stopped its sniveling, tearfully proud of the victory its wailing and gnashing had achieved, and confident that the same tactic could be used again.

For the South is the "tantrum child" of America's family. It is a child that whines and stamps to get what he wants, even though it may not be good for him. America is a considerate mother, who has plans for her whole family, but in that family is this one Lord Fauntleroy brat, with curls tangled and blouse begrimed, true enough, but one who, though the least worthy, lords it over the others with a haughtiness and self-concern that ruins many a family outing.

A social security bill is to be passed. Southern congressmen demand that agricultural and domestic workers be exempted from its constructive provisions. Why, they declare, our niggers will be unmanageable, if we have any such nonsense as that! The government makes plans to rid the nation of the blight of tenantry and share-cropping; immediately it encounters opposition from the ruling caste, the mould of whose minds is the plantation psychology of the fifties and sixties. The TVA does its glorious pioneering in a setting of poverty and ignorance, doing more within a year than the whole area has been able to do in a hundred. The response of the Tantrum Child is to carp against the agency as a "fetched-in varmint," disturbing the peace and pellagric calm of the Southern scene.

In less material things it is the same. In literature and art at a time when the Muse elsewhere has shed its bulky and impeding garments and come out as athletic as Diana and as true as the moon-goddess was chaste, the South demands that the picture be that of the old crinoline days, when the fields were white with cotton and the field-hands sang in harmonious male and mixed quartettes, and when a gentleman knew the proper ingredients for a mint julep, by God, Sir! Consequently, for years a novelist writing about our section of the country has had to pose as the Sir Walter Scott of the glorious old South "that used to be and never was." And thus it is that for every "Tobacco Road," which is what we need, there has been a whole shoal of novels like "So Red the Rose," a reminiscently wishful picture, which is what the Tantrum Child demands. Thus it is too that the artists of Tin-Pan Alley have been able to turn out their cacophonic ululations about mammies, fields of snowy cotton, Georgia roses, green fields of Virginia, and midnight choo-choo trains that leave for Alabam'. Now any Northerner who has even glimpsed the South through the window of a rapidly-moving express train knows that the picture is not like that, but it is what the Tantrum Child wants and when he cries for it, America gives it to him.

The Tantrum Child has another advantage. He once nearly died of chicken pox and after that had a bad case of rickets. This was in the period known euphemistically, if ungrammatically, as the War between the States. The rickets came in the Reconstruction Period. America, the mother, so thankful her fair child did not die, made a vow to give him what he wanted, and always to make allowance for his misconduct. The Tantrum Child never forgets his illness. When reminded of his poverty, his illiteracy, and his run-down condition, he never fails to whimper and remind you of his infant sickness.

And so, because of the Tantrum Child, we proceed, as the Dutchman said, "to get no better fast." The intelligent Northerner and Westerner, who might otherwise crystallize the protesting sentiment already in the South, are lucky if the Tantrum Child does not make them take on their own hypocrisy and join in the chorus of these ear-rasping hymns to the *status quo ante.* For that reason let us welcome any publication like this issue of the magazine that makes us face facts, that deromanticizes the South, and that packs the Tantrum Child off to a pediatrician-psychologist in order that he may later become a normal member of the family!

—A SOUTHERNER

Nathaniel Rhynehart

No Discovery, But . . .

Review-Article of "A Southerner Discovers the South" *

When Mr. Daniels returns to Raleigh after finishing his journey around the South, he returns with the same notions of the South as he had conceived in the offices of the *News and Observer.* He has changed nothing, has said very little. But though his journey is no discovery for himself, it does physically cover the entire South in one sweeping kaleidescopic motion and therefore through his lenses we may obtain a sympathetic viewpoint on the South's little idiosyncrasies and oddities as well as on its charms and the ordinary quality of its daily life.

It is a good book, restless, eager, photographic in its impressions. A book to be finished at one sitting and mulled over at leisure. For though it comes to no original conclusions itself, it leaves open many questions of current importance that the intelligent reader will want to know more about.

II

Mr. Daniels finds our own section of the South —North Carolina and Virginia—not truly Southern. To him the long succession of mill villages speaks of the North. He sees restlessness here, restlessness which springs—surprisingly enough—from the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post.* For, says Mr. Daniels, the workers of this section of the South read the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers* and other national magazines and are therefore submitted to the same kind of high-pressure advertising as the workers of the North. The radio advertises the same things in the same way for them as it does for the rest of the nation. Yet they are about thirty percent less able to pay for the things advertised than the Northern workers—and therefore they are restless.

Automobiles parked beside run down company houses, automobiles on the road, automobiles in the possession of almost every mill hand in the district speak to Mr. Daniels of a readiness to move. Not so much a distinct impression of actual dissatisfaction with a specific thing struck Mr. Daniels most. But a general restlessness which, he says, "indicates a faith that there is still somewhere to go. And maybe a determination to go there."

It is an uncertain world that feels the attraction of John L. Lewis as a solution to some of its more pressing problems. And it is more uncertain still because the millowners recognize in the coming of the C. I. O. a force which will make them raise their wages—dictate to them about the way they run their mills. And because of that they too are ready—if more unwilling—to move again, as they moved once before, leaving behind them poverty and desolation in clean New England towns.

And Mr. Daniels links all this up with the automobiles of the workers, seeing in them the soul-terrifying Flying Squadrons of the general textile strike of 1934. Armies of mill workers marching and riding from town to town, from mill to mill, calling out workers and more workers, until the whole countryside ceases to produce. Marching for the American Standard of Living that looks so temptingly out at them from the roadside bill boards.

III

If there is a theme to Mr. Daniels' book it is to be found in the person of David Lilienthal, co-director of the Tennessee Valley Authority and a Democrat after Mr. Daniels' own heart.

Taking as his motto traditional rule no. 5 of TVA: "Don't take yourself too damned seriously" Lilienthal speaks of the recent cleavage in the TVA as a cleavage of two philosophies:

(1) "That the good life, 'the new civilization,' must be imposed *from above* upon people in general and the 2,500,000 people in the 42,000 square miles of the Tennessee Valley in particular, or

(2) "That the people themselves, freed from improper restraints and overwhelming handicaps, are entirely capable of providing the good life for themselves."

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* *Published by the Macmillan Co., 1938. $3.00.*

NATHANIEL RHYNEHART, *senior at the University, major in economics, has read the* News and Observer *with great interest since he came to this part of the South three years ago. He reviews Mr. Daniels' book in rather a controversial but perhaps stimulating way.*

Says David Lilienthal: "These Tennessee Valley people are as capable of taking care of themselves as any on the earth. When we first began work on Norris the contractors did not want to use the mountain people. They were too light, they said; they were not used to working in crews. But it was the TVA policy to use people of the region and after a year those who had opposed them said that they were the best workers they had ever had. They were not only efficient on the job, but they took advantage, too, of the opportunities for learning which were provided. I never saw a people more full of pleasure in what they had learned."

And that to Mr. Daniels was what the Tennessee Valley Authority was all about—people, men, women and children.

IV

There are numbers of experimental solutions for the agricultural problems of the South and one of them Mr. Daniels found in an unlighted hallway in Memphis: The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union.

But they had accomplished only this: "Tenants are able to hold their heads a little higher and look you in the eye a little straighter."

"That's a great deal," said Mr. Daniels thinking that the tenant farmers were probably slowly starving still. Organization had not interrupted that. But if there was one thing that could be laid to the door of the S. T. F. U. it was that the word "tenant farmer" had become known throughout the land. Mr. Mitchell's union might not be the way out but he had made it possible for "tenant farming" to be discussed in the open—instead of in corners and in whispers as had been the case before. And *that* was a great deal.

At Hillhouse Delta Cooperative Plantation Sam Franklin is a Christian and the people that farm the land are "members" of a cooperative not tenants. And out of the land so difficult to farm that two planters had already gone bankrupt trying to farm it before, the Cooperative plantation fixed profits for its members at a figure higher than Sociologist Woofter found the average Southern sharecropper to receive. Says Mr. McDonald, "the one basis of cooperative effort must be economic soundness . . ."

Mr. Daniels is reluctant to praise the efforts of an organization which does not reckon in its costs the free services of Sam Franklin, director, services estimated, by Jonathan Mitchell in the *New Republic*, to be worth $25,000 a year. And, according to Mr. Daniels, as long as cooperatives in the South depend on the one really dependable cash crop they have—rich Yankees with soft hearts—for their success, that success is a mere illusion.

In the Mississippi delta country Mr. Daniels found himself at a far cry from the members of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and the Christian Socialists at Hillhouse. In the Mississippi darkness the sinister quality of white hate seemed all too possible.

" 'I can't understand,' I said, 'such people as those who lynched a Negro up at Duck Hill with a blow torch.' "

" 'That's only a hundred miles from here,' Cohn said. 'There are plenty of people who could do it. You don't know how they hate the Negro. They feel vastly superior but have to compete on the same economic level. That's basis for stinking bitterness—the killing kind. I remember once I went back in the hill country when they were trying to catch a Negro to lynch him. All the people were sitting around talking about what they were going to do if they caught him. One suggested they get the women to pick the Negro's eyeballs out with needles!' "

V

In the office of Governor White of Mississippi, Mr. Daniels finds a believer in industry as a solution to too much agriculture.

" 'I do not ask the people of Mississippi to grow one less bale of cotton . . . Not one less bale. I don't mean to make Mississippi into an Industrial State. But I want some balance.' " Asked if he thought the factories were coming, the Governor said:

" 'They're coming. And I'll tell you why. Down here we've got no disturbing elements in our population they've got up North. No labor racketeering. Don't you worry, the factories are coming. The only question is which Southern States are going to get 'em. I mean for Mississippi too.' "

And in a country where five-cent cotton means starvation on the land something must be done. The Governor's plan is a way of escape. "There may be better plans, but we haven't been able to find them and we can't wait forever for them to be found. Mississippi is too far behind now. And these other Southern States aren't waiting."

VI

Just as there are some who would subject their neighbors to any sort of exploitation merely to get a factory, so are there some young "up-and-comers" who are prepared to admit anything in exchange for a tourist.

On gulf blue paper they have printed: "Mississippians probably spend less time making a living than the people of any other state. The real work year for the farmer is only six months . . . the rest of the time he has for fishing and hunting in the winter, picnicking in the summer and because his life keeps him out in the open he takes full advantage of the pleasures of a country life whose natural attractions men cannot artificially imitate."

"This," says Mr. Daniels, "amounts to an admission of the truth of Samuel Crowther's old slurring statement that the cotton farmer is well paid because he makes a few hundred dollars a year for about four months' work. The actual countable days necessary to the culture of cotton are limited. And some farmers are unemployed too long a time each year. Then they are men lost, not leisured . . . Fortunately, an economist born in Mainz, Germany, has not allowed Crowther's statement to stand when even Southerners, mistaking a sneer for a purr, were ballyhooing it. Erich Walter Zimmermann of Chapel Hill has pointed out that Crowther 'proves a dependable mathematician but a most unsympathetic observer of a human tragedy.' "

"Not in recent years have cotton farmers profited enough to permit them to move for a season to the milk-warm waters of the gulf. More often than not cotton has only seemed a profitable crop—the apparent only profit crop in a land habituated, hoping, ignorant. Flesh and earth are often sold with the staple as gold is sold from the mine. And a breeze-cooled leisure is less often seen than August-tempered anger between tenant and landlord . . . Cotton is not king, cotton is cheat."

VII

Much faith has been placed in possibilities of the lumbering industry in the South being established on a "farming" instead of a "mining" basis as had been the trouble with the South's lumbering ventures heretofore. Gould Beech says four fifths of our timber has been cut and has not been replaced; but what we still have left is enough to make us a nice little nest egg if only we exploit it properly.

Reforestation for profit is the best basis for reforestation, according to Dr. Charles H. Herty. Teach the Southern landowners, that there is profit in trees and they will grow trees as they have grown cotton. Little regulation to protect the forests will be necessary then. Education, not regulation, he insists, is the way to the protection of the remaining forest resources of the South.

"The Forest Service is not so sure. Its members agree on education. They hope for good results from self-interest. But the problem is faced in the middle of the race between those who are grabbing what is left of the forest and those who are educating. It is not at all certain that the educators are leading—or even that they can catch up before the remnants of the vast forest heritage are destroyed."

VIII

At the end of his book Mr. Daniels reaches, as he says, no definite destination. He agrees with the philosophers at Chapel Hill, that there will be no escape for the South without a plan.

"All people are planners.

" 'I aim to plant lespedeza in that field if I ever get around to it. But it just seems natural somehow to put it in cotton.'

"All people are regionalists.

"Indeed in one section of North Carolina, plan and region are combined.

" 'Well, I guess we'll do like the folks across the river do.'

" 'How's that?'

" 'Do without.'

"In more ways than one that has been the regional plan of the American South, and I for one Southerner, speaking also without fear of contradiction for 25,000,000 others, am ready to find another."

Janet Seville

Let's Drop the Labels

The Negro as a Simple Human Problem

It hits you first in the signs, "White," "Colored," at railroad stations and bus waiting rooms. Here is Jim Crow. Here is the American caste system in action. Instead of just seeing people on the streets, you find yourself beginning to count them off like beads—white, colored, white, colored, white—

That is the effect the system of labeling has on consciousness. You begin to notice the rôle of these labels in reactions and attitudes, to see how they reduce awareness of other personalities to a perception of skin color, how this perception is accompanied by a reaction in thought and attitude based on whether the skin matches or contrasts. In a series of incidents, the significance of these reactions becomes clear.

As the bus from Durham slowed down to make the turn from Franklin into Church Street, a refined looking Negro woman of around fifty went forward to get off. Her dress and manner spoke of gentle breeding and a gracious personality. The driver spoke over his shoulder, "Have to take you up to the station," and stepped on the gas for a dash to Rosemary. In a natural move to save herself from falling, the woman sat down abruptly on the front seat. The driver brought the bus to a short stop and turned a furious face. "Take a back seat," he rasped. The woman got up in confusion and groped her way.

A colored delivery boy started up the front steps of the house. The mistress, seated in her car ready to drive over to the curb market, honked angrily at him. "That just burns me up! He knows to go to the back."

A colored janitor is sweeping up the room as the student stacks her books. "Off for the holiday week-end?" he asks.

"Not me! I'm broke."

"Oh, *you* have plenty of money."

"What makes you think so?"

"You're white, and all white folks have money. If I were a white man, I'd have plenty, I'm telling you."

A college boy reports for his routine at Swain Hall and goes out to wipe tables with a groan. "What are *you* tired for," asks a colored waiter smiling, "*You* don't have to work hard."

A colored crew is digging a ditch by a campus road. Two working side by side are talking, and scraps float out before approaching footsteps put a stop to the conversation. "Oh, sure, I told you. A white man can get a job any time. All you got to be is white."

A Negro nurse was relating her experiences as a pioneer in public health work in the deep South. "I discovered that my people were afraid of doctors and nurses. When they'd see my car coming along the road, they'd just drop their hoes in the fields, cut and run to cover. I had to win my way inch by inch. Now when they see me coming, they run *to* me. In a clinic at a school one day, I found what part of the trouble was. I had to give an injection to a little fellow about eight years old. He shrank from me with such terror in his eyes that I could not continue. I took a quarter from my purse and put it on the table. 'Now I'm not going to hurt you,' I said, 'but if I do, that quarter is yours. If I don't, you give it back to me.' While he was pondering this turn of affairs, I proceeded to prepare his arm and was soon inserting the needle gently but firmly at the proper place. As I did his face turned to me in surprise.

" 'Hurt, sonny?'

" 'No ma'am!'

"The teacher talked it over with me afterwards. 'You see,' she said, 'that isn't how the white nurses who had this work before were doing it. They just picked up arms and jabbed any old where—it was only a black arm!' "

A colored girl driving home from a state conference in the evening looks to see what town she is approaching. "Oh, X——! I'd better creep along here. This is a reb town."

JANET SEVILLE, *graduate student in Sociology, is doing her work under Dr. Guy B. Johnson, and intends to specialize in the study of the Negro.*

"A what?"

"A reb town. You know, a place where the white folks have the reputation of going out of their way to be mean. They'll push colored people off sidewalks, anything to rub it in that this is their white world and you've got no rights in it, much less any respect coming to you as a human being. Somebody might take a notion not to like the sight of me at this wheel and make trouble about my driving. I haven't any spare money to throw away in fat fines!"

A colored man drove up to the filling station and had his tank filled. As he paid the bill, he asked for water in his radiator. "We don't fill up any nigger's radiator," said the attendant bluntly.

The class was proceeding with a discussion on the needs of the Negro citizens of the South, when a student came forth with this point: "But colored people don't worry over these things. They just take life as it comes, happy-go-lucky."

II

So the labeling goes on and on. Each group sees itself in terms of individuals as people, sees the other in terms of the label. If you live in a white skin, the consequences are not so obvious or directly felt. When you live under the colord label, you can never be free of the squeeze of it. Every step of the way, every activity of the day is molded by its pressure. Albon L. Holsey, holder of a Harmon Award for achievement in Negro business, points out that while the Negro child makes the same steps in growth and development as a white child, "somewhere between weaning and puberty it discovers that it is a Negro and shoulders its burden of inferiority," its automatic consignment to peanut galleries and back doors, to the least desirable and poorly serviced living sections of the community, to twice as hard effort for half the results, to lower wage scales for the same work, the same skill, and often more hours, to crumbs from the loaf of life which will become his only through the fancy of the white man. "At fifteen," continues Mr. Holsey, "I was fully conscious of racial difference, and while I was sullen and resentful in my soul, I was beaten . . . I had bumped into the color line and knew that so far as the white people were concerned, I was just another nigger."

Not a farmer struggling to work land without capital and yet feed his family; not a worker pouring concrete that is to build for the whole community; not a woman trudging back and forth between the two homes that it is her responsibility to make comfortable; not a child, a bundle of potential assets for society—not people—just "niggers."

But the consequences of this labeling are just as drastic for the white people. The system was first planned not only to keep white people on top of the pile, but to insure their progress. The present position of the South in the national spotlight as Economic Problem No. 1 indicates the inadequacy of this method to the latter purpose and the dubious nature of its success in the first. Dr. Guy B. Johnson pointed that out in an article in *Social Forces,* October, 1934: "The South pays dearly for the economic bondage and the political impotence of its black folk. For, in one way or another—in inefficiency, in waste, in poor health, in low moral standards, in excessive rates of dependency and delinquency—the Negro has levied a tax on the South just as surely as if the states themselves had levied it . . . It should be apparent to any thinking person that the South has been so pre-occupied with keeping the Negro in the ditch that she has had neither the time nor the strength to pull herself out of the ditch."

Eight million colored citizens of the South represent a great source of value to our states—if they can be viewed as people whose capacity is worth developing as a strength to the region and not beating back until it becomes leaden weights. It is the difference between a constructive and a destructive point of view, the difference between expression and repression. "Once this attitude is adopted," says Gerald Johnson in *The Wasted Land,* "a good many Southern theories as to race become untenable immediately. A society that proposes to develop all the potentialities of any population group obviously must open to that group every opportunity that is capable of improving . . . It involves a realization that every cultural, economic, or social advance made by the Negro involves, not something lost to the whites, but something gained for the entire region, white and black alike." It involves removing prejudicial restrictions on Negro ballots, doing away with differentials in Negro pay and working conditions, improving housing areas where Negro homes are built, opening up the doors of hospitals and graduate training schools and libraries and trade unions to Negroes, making provision for Negro recreation and cultural development.

It sounds like an impossible upheaval of existing relationships, but if we get at the matter of changing mental attitudes by dropping labels, we have a point from which to begin. The problem resolves itself from the complex explosive Negro problem to the relatively simple human problem of how to obtain the most out of life by cultivating all the people who live it to their maximum capacity.

The story of a colored bootblack in Chapel Hill might give us a lead. He was getting a high polish on the customer's shoes when he ventured to ask what the customer was doing over at the colored school yesterday.

"Carrying on a study to test musical talent in the students, the Seashore Test. Would you like me to try it on you?"

The bootblack assented politely, and that night appeared at his customer's office. After listening to the explanation of what he was to do, he took up his pencil at the proper cue and made an attempt to function. Soon he laid the pencil down.

"I can't do this, and you know I can't. A nigger ain't got no grey matter anyhow."

"Who told you that?"

"Oh, everybody knows that, they all say so."

The white man put aside the test and took time to tell that boy a little about the achievements of colored men, of things he could be proud of in his race, of history made by black men, of gains to the South made through Negro leaders, professional men, and skilled workers. The boy's eyes popped. He looked at magazines and newspapers put out by Negroes and tried to realize that the grey matter of an author with his skin color had produced the book the white man was holding in his hand.

"You go home," said the white man, "and think over what I've told you, then come back and we'll try it again tomorrow."

The next night, the boy appeared promptly at the appointed time with a new air of assurance about him. The scores he made proved to be the highest in the three thousand of that study.

Every human being must have self respect and receive respect from others before he can stand in the social group ready to contribute in the building of a strong and healthy society. Encouragement is what makes personalities expand and thrive and give the best of their energies into their social environment.

Right at this point we can begin, by putting aside labels and considering each person in our society as a human being with rights and needs. Only as the labels are dropped and men come to know each other as men will we be able to achieve a cooperation that will bring into being a real and functioning democracy.

◆

Vision of Man

The night is starless, but the lightning shows
Close-gathered countenances, whereon lines
Have patterned (by what lesion?) life-old throes
And secret longings . . . and they watch for signs.
They are a people who have planted trees
Close by their homes . . . and often by the glimmer
Of scanty lights, not knowing why, they read . . .
And they desire the strangenesses of women.
The ways they travel in are narrow, rough,
And unintelligible to the heart;
For weary bodies move not fast enough
Down through the chasms that the heart has leapt.
Alone the body lives, lonely the heart—
Like him who stood upon the hills and wept.

—William Michaux

Simons Lucas Roof

Laughing Soil

"What y'all figurin' on livin' on? Y'all workin' yore cotton like snails! Dang, I'm most through, an' y'all jus' startin' at it!"

Miriam turned to see what effect Jake Rankin's bragging was producing on the men. But the men sat still. They had been listening to Jake boast for years; they were used to him. Miriam turned again to watch Jake, and Jake, from a sprawling position across a meal sack, winked at her boldly. Miriam tilted her head a little higher, and wrinkled her nose.

Jake droned on, and bragged of his new chickens, his new coops, his new cow, his new stable: Jake, all of his life, had seen his neighbors without property and in debt, and from the hopelessness of the situation, Jake, in his stubborn way, had found somewhere a determination to acquire things. Acquiring property was his obsession, and whether or not he was always fair in his dealings, was a thing aside. Jake wanted to own things. Anything. If he could gain on his neighbors in a tight business deal, he did, and bragged about it for months. Jake had saved the little money he made: he was the only man in the community not in debt.

Miriam turned to watch the dull men and women who sat near her. Miriam had come to the community from a small town, and had been to college a year. She had learned enough to sympathize with her neighbors—pitifully poor, wretched, stupid, beaten creatures. Every Saturday night they gathered at the cross-roads store. Every Saturday night they sat in the same places, talked of the same things, chewed the same kind of tobacco, and swore wearily they hoped by next Saturday night they would be dead.

"Dang, if y'all had any sense a-tall, we'd have some good cock-fights 'round here!"

A stir among the farmers showed their interest. A cock-fight was entertainment, and entertainment was something that made a tired soul forget the intense southern sun on the fields, and the hum of mosquitoes in a shack that was stuffy for lack of cool air. Entertainment was something that helped to pass time from birth to death, that filled in the scarce gaps between labors, and entertainment was something that was rare, for usually it cost money, and money was used for other things. But a cock-fight: some of the tenant-farmers owned gamecocks, and they could be persuaded to match their fighters.

"We oughta have cock-fights," Jake was saying persuasively. "Hell, I got a cock that could eat a mule up! For five bucks I'll sic him on anything 'round here."

Miriam caught Jake's glance, and gave him a look of fierce dislike. The farmers and their wives leaned back drearily, and turned to their tobacco. Miriam frowned, for Jake had known the farmers were unable to bet, and Jake was impressing his importance on the farmers by his talk of money. The money Jake made at farming, and raising chickens, went to the support of no one but Jake: no wife, no children, no parents, to care for. Miriam frowned again: Jake was such a braggart.

Outside steps sounded across the porch, and Miriam raised her head in time to see Dave Shokes enter the doorway. Dave nodded shyly to the men and women, then glanced self-consciously at the book under his arm, and walked swiftly to the window Miriam was seated beside. He spoke warmly to her, and she answered as warmly, and moved her chair a bit to face his.

Miriam smiled at Dave, and he smiled back. Dave was brilliant: he had completed high school by the end of his sixteenth year, but with no money for college, he had been forced to content himself with books. He read nearly everything. Dave read stories of people who lived in beautiful homes in beautiful cities, and to Miriam, he confided his desire to someday take her and leave the community. Miriam loved him deeply: the clumsy snatches of poetry he wrote her she cherished. Training was what Dave needed, training. The city gave people training.

Miriam and Dave spoke together softly for a

Simons Lucas Roof, *interested in all literary forms, has written here a short story which evolved out of a series of vignettes with which he was experimenting.*

few moments, then Jake, winking at the men and women, walked to the window: Miriam looked up at Jake with hatred, and Dave turned his head aside. Miriam knew what was coming. Dave knew.

"Looka here now, wouldja? He's got a purty new book! Say, it ain't got nothin' in it about hog-raisin', has it? Haw, haw!"

Dave smiled a little. Dave disliked the noise about Jake, his tremendous size, his strength, and bullying words. But the people wanted entertainment to fill one of the scarce gaps between labors, and entertainment was something rare.

"What's the name of the book, Davey dear?"

"Jake, why don'tcha lay off me? Honest, this is a good book! Written by a man named Plato. It's sorta hard to understand, but it's a book, an' it's good."

"Written by Pluto! Dang, ain't that a name for you! Haw, haw!"

Dave blushed, and lowered his head, and attempted to find his place in the book. Jake sidled beside him, then grabbed the book. With a coarse laugh, he walked to the center of the store, and tried to imitate Dave reading.

The farmers and their wives chuckled, and relaxed. Jake bragged too much, but if you gave him time, he would give you some entertainment. Every Saturday night Jake did something. Most of the time he did nothing but brag, but other times, as now, he found something funny to do, and he would make you laugh hard, forget the pain in your hip, and the ache in your back.

"Haw, haw! His name ain't Pluto neither. It's Plate-o!"

Dave slipped from his seat, but Miriam caught his hand, and begged him not to go for the book. Jake was only bragging, but he could be made mad easily: Jake disliked Dave, anyhow. Dave tore from Miriam's grasp, and walked across the floor, and asked for the book,

"Come on, Jake. Give me the book. I got somethin' in it I wanta read to Miriam."

"Wanta read to Miriam! Haw, haw!"

"Jake, it ain't so nice to talk like that!"

"Aw, dang you an' yore old books an' gals. I got a new barn. That's wuth a lot more to a man."

"That's yore way of thinkin'. Let me have the book now, please."

"No, I ain't."

Dave shot a hand forward and snatched the book from out Jake's hand. The farmers laughed, and Jake turned crimson in the face. Dave was smiling palely. Jake moved forward.

"Come on, Dave. Let me see the book some more. I wanta see if it's got pictures. Whatcha wanta be so dang stingy for, huh?"

"Go on, Jake. Ain't no use in yore gettin' mad."

The farmers and their wives tittered weakly. Any time you wanted entertainment, wanted to forget the bills for the seed, and the bills for the shingles for the barn, and the bills for the medicine for the baby, well, let Jake Rankin entertain you, because nobody around was as witty as Jake. He bragged a lot, but he could entertain you.

"Dave you're a dang sissy. You know what? I got another reason for seein' the book," Jake grinned evilly, and winked again to the men and women. "I'd like to see it specially to see if it's got somethin' about the kind of carryin' on you an' Miriam been doin'."

"Dang you, shut up, Jake!"

"Wanta ask you when y'all goin' to have a baby. Oughta be soon, oughtn't it?"

"Dang you, I'll - - -"

"Y'all really oughta be married before it comes, hadn't you?"

Dave struck Jake in his stomach as hard as he could swing. Jake grunted, then sprang at Dave. Dave knocked Jake in the face. Then Jake went wild with rage, and threw Dave to the saw-dust-covered floor. Miriam screamed and struggled through the crowd that was encircling the fighters. Jake thrust a hand deep in his pocket, and came out with a giant bowie knife. While Dave fought to avoid the knife, Jake bellowed furiously, opened the knife, and drew his arm back. The knife blade plunged deep into Dave's stomach. The farmers gasped dumbly, their wives screamed. When Jake lifted himself from the floor, Dave was lying in a tiny puddle of blood, and the blood soaked into the sawdust, and lent a scarlet brightness to the dirty shavings. For a stretched second everyone stared, then a man ran to the telephone. Jake stumbled blindly out of the store.

Miriam forced her way to the fallen body, and from her kneeling position beside Dave, sobbed hysterically,

"If any of you touch Dave, I'll kill you!" And she pressed one hand against his blood-soaked shirt, to keep the blood in his body, and the other hand she used to stroke his pale soft face, to stroke his pale soft face . . . .

II

The cigarette girl gazed tiredly over the room, and wished she were miles from the night-club, and where a slinking summer breeze could cool her. The work was hard on nights like this, when people came in parties, and brought their own liquor, and became so drunk that they either forgot or refused to pay for her cigarettes. And tonight again, she was despondent, and knew if anyone took her cigarettes without paying, she would pay for the cigarettes out of her tips. She was tired, so tired. She wished Chester would send her out with a nice man.

An hour later the nice man came. She lifted her black eyes slowly at a call from a nearby table, and discovered a young man beckoning her. He was probably a merry Westerner, she thought, and owned a ranch, and talked of nothing but horses and women. She smiled for him a little when he spoke.

"Pardon my saying it, but you looked fagged out. I was just talking to my head waiter friend, Chester, and he said I might take you riding if you agreed. You *do* look tired, you know!" He seemed so friendly, and Chester recommended him, and he ought to have a twelve-cylinder automobile with a throw-back top and a radio. And music and wind would be nice tonight. The room was hot and crowded.

"You're a stranger," she mumbled gently. "Want me to go riding with you. I'll trust you since Chester likes you. He never fails me. I'll change and be back in a minute."

"All right," he grinned, "then I'll wait for you."

The cigarette girl slouched in the seat, and gulped in the fresh salt air, and let her mind become a hazy thing full of half-real responses. Tonight she would lose herself again, and forget, forget, forget . . . . And the young Westerner raised his voice above that of the man on the radio, and she smiled at him detachedly as he guided the automobile over the white wastes of sand: he drove seventy-six miles an hour, and shouted songs above all other sounds.

After they had paused to breathe more slowly at the end of the beach, and the merry young man had parked his automobile to face the half-moon, the cigarette girl sighed, and almost whispered,

"You know. I'm still new, but I'll learn if you help me."

"All right."

"Just make me forget everything in the world but this. That's enough." She almost sobbed for a moment, but choked back the tears, and managed a strange smile.

"I don't care if you want to. Go on. I'm safe."

The young man stared at her in astonishment: she had dispensed with the usual preliminaries. He knew she was unhappy. It worried him a little. But he slipped an arm around her waist, and tugged her easily against him. He became fascinated by his task: he found her willing, and when he kissed her hard, she offered no struggle, for she did not care.

And they slipped from the automobile to the beach, and the sand was so soft and warm and white, and the surf so insistent in its rhythm, and the stars were low and dim, and the young man was gentle. The sand felt good against her body, and the friendly young man, and the soft wild wind, and she knew tonight she would forget, and she sighed slightly, and the young man kissed her again. And he tightened his grasp about her, and suddenly, everything was strange, free, and frantically beautiful. She closed her eyes, gasped a little, and lay back. Tomorrow she knew she would be tired and everything would be ugly and dismal again. But now, now! and the pressure of the night over her, and the wind teasing the palmetto fronds, and the rustle of sea oats. And life for the moment was beyond music, beyond reality, beyond everything! And she was forgetting, fast forgetting, and the sand felt good against her body, and the friendly young man, and the soft wild wind . . . .

Later, when a faint rose streak nudged its way across the rim of the eastern sky, the young man smiled, and murmured,

"Do you know we've been here for hours, and I don't even know your name? By the way, what is it?"

"My name?" She thought a while, then answered. "I don't know. Miriam, I think."

Carl Thompson

Labor Faces the South's Problems

The Burden of Forcing Action Falls on the Worker

The most encouraging thing about the South today is that none of its prolific apologists are to be found among labor.

It would be most certainly discouraging if the only reactions to the keen analyses of the South's problems were such *laissez-faire* suggestions as Jonathan Daniels makes in "discovering the South" that if "yankees" would stop noticing the South and southerners would quit their criticisms, the problems would be eventually solved—or at least be less conspicuous; or such reactionary assertions as Josiah William Bailey's that the findings of the Report to the President on the Economic Conditions of the South were merely figments in the imaginations of some of the leading Southern students.

It's true there've been an unprecedented number of criticisms and analyses and reports and studies on the South lately. Too damned many. But what of it? We've our problems just as every other section of the country has. But, instead of trying to do something about them, to speak generally, we sit back and become resentful because people like to write about us. No section of the country has had so many helpful and friendly suggestions about its trouble—and has done so little about them.

The burden of forcing action in correcting social and economic inequalities is going to fall largely on a numerous laboring class, agricultural and industrial. Already overburdened, this group is the least prepared—and is certainly the least used to assuming responsibility and initiative. Agricultural and industrial laborers will therefore find their task difficult and hazardous.

II

The attitude of industrialists and of business men to this movement—naturally linked closely with unionization—has been unfriendly in the past and will not change overnight. Equally true it is that the attitude of workers toward unionization and assumption of responsibilities has been unfavorable. There is a vast background of attitudes on the part of both labor and industry which must be overcome before they can march forward together. Most important of these, perhaps, is a class differentiation which exists in the South more than elsewhere in the nation. I don't mean a class consciousness in a militant sense, although it may develop so, but rather a class distinction which we usually consider typically English. It is a class line which reserves certain tasks in the economic world and certain spheres in the social and political world for the children of certain families. The mill workers' children must become mill workers. The office holders' children must be given the public offices, and so forth.

The whole development of the South resembles greatly the exploitation of colonies by imperialistic governments. The existence of slavery, at first, and large plantation farming, the gradual freeing of the slaves from personal bondage with the entrance of industry, and the control by governing groups of the laborers. This despotism, at times paternalistic, resulted in submerging individual and group initiative on the part of the large masses. The origin and history of the mill and farm worker must be remembered. Workers in industry came down from the hills or in from lonely, worn-out farms to take jobs in mills and establish their homes in mill villages. There, they were given a chance to do little more than work and eat. They could not assume even the household responsibilities of paying the rent, light bills or the food bills. The management looked after all these through company-owned houses and company stores. Workers were not allowed municipal responsibilities. They had little or nothing to say about their schools. They couldn't even select their own church pastors.

Thus, early attempts at unionization not only met firm and united opposition from industrialists

CARL THOMPSON, *graduate of the University, has been connected with the* News and Observer *in Raleigh for some years. He has recently changed his job to assistant director of one of the government agencies in Raleigh.*

and business men, who considered the control of the working groups entirely their business; but union advocates found difficulty in breaking through pre-conceived and indoctrinated ideas of the workers that they should "remain in their places" and that it would be presumptious on their part to attempt to cooperate or even disagree with the "bosses."

On the other hand, industry and its representatives in communities had been accustomed to regarding the growing working class as an inherently inferior group, composed of poor, ignorant brutes who were not capable of thinking for themselves. In the early 1900's, the predecessor of what is now the North Carolina Department of Labor was sending out tempting handbills, emphasizing that North Carolina had no laws restricting working hours or the age of workers. The docility of the working class had been used as a bait for so long that industry and its interests had nearly forgotten that laborers were men and a part of the democracy which promised freedom to all peoples.

In consideration of this attitude, it isn't surprising that the governing groups used violence and bloodshed to combat early attempts at organization. Nor is it any more surprising to find that the middle classes and even the white and Negro workers often leant themselves to vigilante methods and violence against unionism. This wasn't of course the first time in history that fellow man had been turned against fellow man through the indoctrination of ideas that were contrary to their common interests. In fact, although I have used the past tense in speaking of these attitudes, they have not disappeared yet and they are still being manifested.

III

Labor unions, too, have made mistakes. They tried to enter the South without giving proper consideration to these indoctrinated attitudes, to the natural southern inertia, resulting probably more from poor diet and living conditions among workers than an inherent lack in quality. The unions acted without considering properly the problems peculiar to the southern worker and to southern industry.

One factor which, in the earlier days of industrial expansion in the South, resulted in community opposition to organization of workers in many smaller towns, was local ownership of, at least local financial interests in industry. This still exists today, but to a far less extent; and, as whole communities realize that their economic interests are closely allied with better conditions among workers, they become at least passive in regard to unions.

I recently had intimate contact with a particular example of what I mean. An outstanding individual in a small North Carolina town had built up an industry into two large mills. In doing so, it had become necessary for him to seek some financial aid in capitalizing. Like so many other southern industrialists, he was forced to go to New York instead of a local banking concern. It wasn't long before the New York banking house pressed him into selling—or converting to them control of his industry, while allowing him to remain as president. Two years later, he was eased out of his own business and left broke. Thus, the local, home-owned industry had become a part of a large holding company; community interest began to lag; and, when wage cuts were threatened and unions took hold, there was no articulate opposition. The community's interest now was in seeing that the wages of the workers were increased.

Southern communities are beginning more and more—or should be—to recognize that the advantages of locating industries in the South increase with the amount of wages which are paid. I don't think it's necessary to discuss the drainage of wealth from the South because of absentee ownership or absentee control or absentee brokerages, which are nearly as bad. When an industry drains from a community all the wealth it creates, save the wages it pays and perhaps a few taxes, then it is time for the community to awaken to the necessity of retaining as much of the created wealth in the form of wages as is possible.

IV

The Roosevelt administration has done much to revive independent thinking and acting among workers and to build up their morale. Southern labor itself is awakening and its own leaders are coming to the fore. The National Labor Relations Act has helped considerably, although the inbred fear of the "bosses" still exists far more than most people realize, despite legal protection. The Fair Labor Standards Act should prove another impetus for unionization; for the policing of the act's provisions will depend considerably upon the united efforts of workers. One individual worker, complaining about violations, can be removed despite the law; but workers collectively can be effective in obtaining enforcement of federal statutes.

The Fair Labor Standards Act (wages and hours law) will do more. The better industrialists and some business men are beginning to recognize that the setting of minimum wages may be their salvation instead of their destruction. The unfair competition of "run-away" shops and other forms of the sweat shop will be considerably reduced. In this State, many large mill owners have felt the undercutting of mills and factories in the deeper South where wages and hours have been far below North Carolina standards. The Fair Labor Standards Act should result in giving a better break to the better industrialists. As for the business man, who has been laboring under the misapprehension that any industry, no matter what its labor practices, is worth getting, he should find new hope in the wage hour law. The act's provision may affect him some with a slight increase in the cost of his operation; but the effect on mills and factories in his community should counteract any disadvantages he may feel directly. The minimum wage provision in some instances and the entrance into the bargaining scene of unions, in other cases, will have the effect of slowing down the flow of wealth out of a community and returning more of it to the class which will spend it—the underpaid workers. Obviously, this is a need today.

V

There can be and should be cooperation among workers and industry and community. And that means, definitely, that the worker must be allowed to assume a status in the community life. The southern agricultural and industrial worker has been inarticulate. In many cases he has been gagged; and in many others his background has made him naturally reticent and fearful of assuming to presume. But he is beginning to step forward and to assert himself and his desire to help in solving some of the problems of the South.

It is futile to believe that there will be a general, sweeping revolt of labor in the South, unless conditions get worse. It is futile to believe that the workers, with their heredity and background, will overnight be able to assume their full responsibilities as labor or civic leaders. It is futile to hope that overnight these people will swarm into union headquarters, recognizing that through their unions they can begin to improve their economic conditions by collective bargaining, that through their unions they can make their political influence felt, that through their unions they can expand their social, recreational and educational life, that through their unions they can become articulate in the community—and world—in which they are living.

(Those who have not yet recognized the right and need for unions to exist should realize that their attitude toward Business Men's Associations, Manufacturers Associations, medical societies, bar associations, logically lead to the conclusion that labor also is entitled to organize its association to articulate its demands and to represent its views in a community.)

To combat effectively the South's problems, labor must be given the recognition that it is beginning to demand. Fortunately, the *southern* worker is now taking the initiative in union leadership. Union organizers, nowadays mostly southerners, are emphasizing the need for each local to train and select leaders to carry on the functions of the union after it is organized and recognized. What has so often in the past been overlooked is that the union must continue, not so much from year to year, but from week to week, and that each week, the union must have something constructive to offer its members.

Today, in the South, labor is uniting on firm ground. Thanks greatly to the Committee on Industrial Organization, cooperation of Negro and white workers in dealing with their mutual problems is being made possible and labor is on the way toward solving the internal problem of race relationships which before had been a disrupting factor. The new union movement is settling in the South to stay. Organized labor is not merely talking about or denying the economic problems of the South. They are acting toward solving those problems. And they are preparing, day by day, to enter more actively in the fight against unfavorable conditions.

As labor becomes more aware of itself, so will southern industry become more aware of the needs of labor and so will southern leaders become more aware of the need for dealing with the "economic problems of the South."

There can be no cooperation where one group is not integrated. Cooperation of industry and labor where labor is not organized can mean only that labor accedes to industry's suggestions or commands. Labor must develop its own body and mind and its own meaning before labor and industry and the community can cooperate in dealing with and abolishing subsistence wages, sub-standard housing conditions and marginal living.

Allen Green

Night Shift

The night shift had just gone on in the weave-room. Under the pitiless glare of the mercury-vapor lamps, the long lines of looms filled the room with sound. Shuttles banged and crashed across the warps. Picker bars slammed back and forth. The big drive-motors on the ceiling whirred ceaselessly. Belts slapped on their pulley-blocks. Drifting lint floated through the air, covering the floors, the walls, the machines themselves.

John Hellard pushed a hand-truck down the narrow space between two lines of looms, his eyes on the finished cloth forming into a roll behind each loom. He stopped by one. Without shutting the loom off, he bent over and unwound the roll until he found the cut mark, tore the cloth in two, and lifted the roll to his truck. Then he moved on down the line, mentally damning the new man on the shift before him. It would be two hours before he could catch the job up enough to rest.

When he reached the end of the line, his truck was full. He pushed it over to the conveyor. Taking a pencil from his pocket, he counted the rolls and marked the number down on the production sheet. He pulled out his watch. Eleven o'clock. Pushing an empty truck before him, he went back to his looms.

By two o'clock he had caught up. As he pushed the truck-load of cloth to the conveyor, his muscles were aching vaguely. Patches of lint clung to his face and clothes where he had sweated. He went over to a window and got the lunch his mother had fixed for him. It would be fifteen minutes before another roll would be ready to come off. Sitting down on the empty truck he opened the lunch. It contained ham and biscuit sandwiches, a piece of pie, an apple. Same old stuff. He bit into one of the sandwiches, chewed it for a minute, and spat it out. Hell, he didn't feel like eating. His head throbbed insistently, it always did as soon as he started work. He hadn't felt well for the past two months. Thank God, there was the lunch wagon. He went over to it.

The lunch-wagon, a box-like affair on wheels, was pushed by a sleepy-eyed boy in a dirty apron. John pulled a Coca-Cola from the ice.

"Gimme a B. C." he had to yell to be heard above the noise of the machines.

The boy pawed in his apron pocket, pulled out a stack of little blue envelopes and handed him one.

"What's the matter John? Got a headache?"

John did not answer. He paid the boy and went back over to his job. It would be a few minutes yet before another roll would come off. He ripped open the envelope and poured one of the powders it contained on his tongue. It was bitter. He washed it down hastily with the Coca-Cola. The cold drink burned his stomach. He finished it off in long gulps and ran to get his truck.

As the six o'clock whistle blew, John was marking up his tenth truck-load on the production sheet. He ran his eyes down the sheet, he made two more truck-loads than anybody else. Not bad for a night's work. Picking up his untouched lunch, he left the mill.

Once outside the gate, he stopped to light a cigarette and stood there for a minute inhaling slowly. The early-morning sun hurt his eyes, he rubbed them with one hand. God, he was tired. Anyway he wouldn't have many more nights to work. As soon as his brother could get a job, he'd be quitting. Quitting and leaving town.

"Hey John!" He turned and saw Roy Thompson coming out of the gate. Roy was a short, pleasant-faced boy with curly yellow hair. He worked in the spinning room, and lived next door to John.

"Come on Roy, let's be getting up the street to home."

"Can't do it, I gotta wait on Edna. Say John, what's this I hear about you leaving us?"

"That's right. I'm going up north and see if I can't get a job up there. Anything to get out of this place."

"What's your mother gonna do if you leave though?"

"My brother's old enough to get a job. Let him support her awhile. I've been doing it ever

Allen Green, *has worked in a textile mill himself, and is interested in the mill scene as literary material. He here contributes to the* Magazine *for the first time.*

since my old man died five years ago. Hell, I got my own life to live, and I'm gonna do it. Come on let's go up the street and I'll tell you about it."

"Can't do it, here comes Edna now. I'll see you later on."

Edna was a slender, rather pretty girl with long black hair. Two spots of rouge stood out on her pale, almost translucent skin. Lint clung to her hair, and she wore a pair of battered red slippers on her stockingless feet. Roy had been going with her for almost a year now. He walked home with her every morning.

John watched them go up the street together. They'll be getting married pretty soon, he thought. She'll get fat and have a lot of kids and he'll work in the mill all his life. Thank God, I'm getting out of here.

His mother was already up when he got home. She was standing over the kerosene stove in her wrapper, frying the fat-back for breakfast. The oil cloth-covered table in the center of the kitchen was set for four. John pulled out a chair and sprawled wearily in it.

"Where's Tom?"

"Gone down to the mill. Old man Bingham told him maybe he could put him on in the cloth room."

"Well, it's time he was getting a job. I've done my share of supporting the family."

His mother stirred the bacon aimlessly. She had learned not to argue with him once his mind was set.

"Still set on going up North, John?"

"I'm leaving as soon as Tom can get a job."

"Well, I don't see why you want to run off from a perfectly good job just to go up North to work. Even if you can find a job once you get there."

"Think I want to stay in this town all my life? Working down there in the mill on the same job, doing the same thing over and over again. I've worked down there and supported the family ever since Dad died. It's Tom's turn now. I'm getting away from here. Bill Cowan went up North and he's making fifty and sixty dollars a week now. I'd be a fool to stay here and work for eighteen. No, I'm leaving soon as Tom gets a job."

"Just as you say, John, I'm not objecting. If you want to leave, I won't stop you." She took the last of the fat-back out of the skillet. "Want an egg for breakfast?"

"Just give me a cup of coffee."

Despite her protests that he ought to eat more, he drank only a cup of coffee. Then he went to his room and sat down on the bed. Outside he could hear the children playing next door. Tired as he was, they shouldn't keep him from sleeping. He pulled off his clothes and crawled under the covers.

It was almost dark when he woke up. He got up, searched through his clothes until he found a cigarette. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed to smoke it. He was still tired, although he'd slept almost nine hours. He looked at the alarm clock on the bureau, it was six o'clock. Four more hours before he had to go to work. He began dressing slowly.

As he pulled on his shoes, his pillow caught his eye. There was a tiny spot of blood on it. He turned it over so his mother wouldn't see it. That was the third time there had been one there in a month. He ought to see a doctor. Hell, the doctor would just tell him to quit work, he couldn't afford to do it right now. Not until he'd saved up enough money to go North on. He began lacing up his shoes.

The rest of the family had eaten by the time he got to the kitchen. His mother was washing up the dishes. He sat down at his place, and she brought his supper from the stove. John began to eat half-heartedly.

"Did Tom get a job today?"

"Old man Bingham told him to come in Monday. Said he'd put him to layin' up filling then."

Well, that was a step forward. He'd be able to leave in a couple of weeks then. Soon as Tom began getting regular pay. He pushed his half-eaten plate away from him.

"My lunch ready? Think I'll go to the show before I go to work tonight."

The little business street was almost deserted when John came out of the one moving picture theatre the village boasted. It was almost ten o'clock. A few of the mill hands were still in the lunch-room, seated at the counter gulping down hot dogs and coffee. Over in one corner a crowd was clustered around the slot-machine. John began to walk down to the mill.

His job was in a mess when he came in. Several of the looms were standing idle, the rolls of cloth on them double their accustomed size. He began work at once.

By twelve o'clock he began to feel bad. Not only did his head hurt him, but his chest was bothering him. He was having trouble breathing. But he worked on doggedly, going from loom to loom, lifting roll after roll. He couldn't stand to lose a night's work. He pushed the truck down to the next loom. As he stooped to lift the roll, a sudden burst of pain knifed across his chest, doubling him up in agony. He staggered over to the window, gasping for breath. Finally he was able to call the foreman and tell him he had to leave.

The walk home seemed endless. Every movement of his lungs was agony. He had to stop several times and rest. Finally he reached home.

His mother met him in the sitting-room.

"John! You're sick. What's the matter?"

He pushed on past her, staggered to his room.

"I'm all right Mother. Just a little trouble with my chest. You go on to bed."

He coughed raspingly. Something seemed to snap in his chest, and he collapsed across the bed, blood spewing from his nostrils. His mother ran to send for the doctor.

By the time the doctor came he was unconscious. His face was black with his efforts to breathe. Blood gurgled in his throat, ran from his mouth. His mother crouched by the bedside. It was four o'clock.

He died as the six o'clock whistle boomed across the village.

●

Spring Rain

My feet were bruised with climbing,
My hands were cut and numb,
My eyes were blind with wind burn,
My lips were parched and dumb.
So being very sensible and being very kind
You felt that it was best for us, for me to stay behind.

Now that my wounds are heeling,
Our learned friends all say
"My, he was noble, wise and good
To leave her by the way."

And I can only turn aside
And whisper very low,
"Healed are my hands, my feet, my lips,
But my heart is bleeding so."

—Jean Brabham

Lament

Old love came knocking at my door
With knuckles bare and thin,
He begged and moaned from the cold outside
For me to let him in.

We wanted no intruder there—
My new love and I—
And so I shook my head at him,
And sent him back to die.

When winter waned and Spring slipped in
Green leaves and soft blue skies,
I saw the wanderlust that shone
Within my new love's eyes

And when he left me lonely there,
I knew my throbbing pain
Was not for him but for the love
Lost in a winter's rain.

—Jean Brabham

●

Nostalgia

I sit here in a landlocked valley
Lonely for the salt and sound
Of storm swept seas;
Here within this bowl of hills
That brim to the horizon
I watch the stars,
Silent sages of uncounted years,
Binnacles of uncharted seas,
That swing aloft;
I listen for the wind
Blowing down the valley clouds
Like great white ghosts of galleons
Flying thru the trees;
While in the earth I wait to feel
The tides incessant melody
A counterpoint of sea and wind and stars
That does not sing.

Hills congealed to stone, dissolve;
How can you silent stand
Motionless against the moon;
Tideless, truly stone,
Release me.

—Albert Rouslin.

Gould Beech

What Price Waste

The Importance of Soil in the Southern Economy

A year ago Dr. Odum was quoted to the effect that millions of Southerners were "working on the richest lands in the world and living on standards close to the margin of slow starvation and deterioration." The editor of the "leading" Mississippi newspaper reacted thus: "We dwellers in the South, white and Negroes, would be a darned sight better off if all of you (Odum and the other 'so-called' scientists) were taken out into the middle of the Atlantic ocean and dumped overboard during some dark and stormy night without life-rafts or life preservers."

Without mentioning the fact that his and other Southern newspapers have been pleading for diversification of agriculture for a generation, the editor proceeds to tell Odum that he can take him to almost any Negro cabin in Mississippi and fill his "belly with fried ham, broiled ham and baked ham; sweet potatoes popping open with sweetness; corn pone or fat biscuits, as you prefer, soaked in ham gravy; fried chicken, deliciously brown, cooked to suit your taste; flour gravy; collards, cabbage or turnips; a possum or coon in the middle of the table, all ready to be carved; a big pitcher of newly-made sorghum molasses right at your plate; bowls of cowpeas, corn peas, black-eyed peas and butterbeans; stalks of ribbon cane if the corners of your teeth are still strong enough for chewing; all the sweetmilk and buttermilk your tummy can hold; a slab of pie—quarter-section of a piece of pie, and plenty of well-made coffee to wash it down with."

Thus there are some of us who are convinced that the millenium has already been reached. Our opinions become convictions on the support of the slightest evidence—or no evidence; and our opinions can be changed only by volumes of counter-evidence; and what is more, we reserve the right to refuse to consider them at all.

II

Of essential importance is the fact that the eleven states of the Southeast comprise a definite region, an entity based on far more than geography. Its agricultural and industrial economy, its people, its culture, its resources, its potentialities—and above all its outlook—vary but little from one state to another. What we have spoken of vaguely in the past as "the South" is in reality two distinct regions, a Southeast and a Southwest, while some states along the Northern border, formerly included in the family, are cousins in name only.

We have thrown away twenty-two million acres of land which erosion has rendered useless for agricultural purposes. This acreage, equal to the total area of South Carolina, does not include land seriously damaged.

In less than a generation, we have thrown away three million people, a number equal to the total population of North Carolina. This has been the net loss through migration.

About one-third of our people are Negroes; and because of our insistence upon treating them as a "problem" to be relegated to some undefined "place," we have thrown away much of the contribution they might have made. Many solutions have been offered, ranging "from murder to enthronement." There is the prospect, however, that we will come to the realization "that every cultural, economic or social advance made by the Negro involves, not something lost to the whites, but sometimes gained for the entire region, white and black alike."

In education, what "Open Sesame" which is supposed to solve all problems, our eleven states rank, with few exceptions, monotonously at the bottom. Here, however, it should be noted that, as in other things, we have made valiant efforts. In comparative amounts of money spent per capita we may be at the bottom, but in the percentage of total income devoted to this purpose we rank near the top.

Despite our meagre resources we indulge our-

Gould Beech, *whose article above is reprinted from an earlier issue of the* Magazine, *thinks that Gerald Johnson's* The Wasted Land *ought to have the same wide appeal as did Harriet Beecher Stowe's* Uncle Tom's Cabin.

selves in what Odum calls the "expensive dichotomies," that is, duplications of effort. We maintain separate educational systems for black and white, and sometimes a third system for Indian, Cajan or Mexican. Each state has attempted to maintain, in addition to teacher-training institutions, at least two major colleges. Nor do we stop here, but insist upon separate institutions for women.

Despite an over-supply of colleges and an under-supply of universities, the region "does have a number of institutions capable of doing, and actually doing, excellent field work in the social sciences. But here, again, the work is unsystematic and disorganized for lack of recognized central direction. With one really first-rate university correlating their efforts, a dozen Southeastern institutions of lesser rank would immediately become many times as effective as they are now."

While outright waste of the land has been costly enough, loss through misuse has brought even greater handicaps. We have saddled ourselves, or have been saddled, as you wish, with a one-crop economy, cotton, and a system, tenancy, that are heavy and relentless riders. Soil depletion has run its course to such a point that in the Southeast the average cost of fertilizer per acre is $2.71, while in such a productive area as the Middle States, the cost is only thirty cents per acre.

Florida imports milk from Wisconsin and Missouri, while the uplands of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, which might be developed into productive dairying areas, are devoted to the production of cotton. Alabama, an agricultural state, imports more than half the food its population requires, and buys corn and wheat products to feed its livestock, whereas it could produce soy beans, peanuts, sweet potatoes, sorghum and kudzu in abundance.

Meanwhile even the beggarly existence the farm population wrests from cotton is threatened. Mechanization is accelerating the movement of cotton production toward the Southwest, a trend that will result in displacing thousands of people. The increasing and improving quality of synthetic products carries the threat of additional inroads from this source. The balcony-strutting dictators have decided that trade between nations is an abomination; and as international trade is throttled, consumption of our cotton suffers. And if that is not enough of evil, there is the inexplicably crazy condition whereby the Southeast's total income from cotton last year, with an indicated yield of over 18,000,000 bales and a price of 7.8 cents, was less than if it had produced only 9,000,000 bales!

Six out of ten of our farmers are tenants, and their plight should need no emphasis. It should be kept in mind, however, that poverty, ignorance and disease among so large a segment of the population is not only an economic problem, but a threat to social and political life as well.

The one factor that gives hopes to any attempt to find a way out of the region's difficulties is that "while her needs are immense, her resources are enormous." Four-fifths of the region's timber supply, for instance, has been stripped from its hills, yet in comparison to other regions it still has an ample supply. Sufficient land to take care of many more people remains, and there is no crop that cannot be raised profitably somewhere in the region.

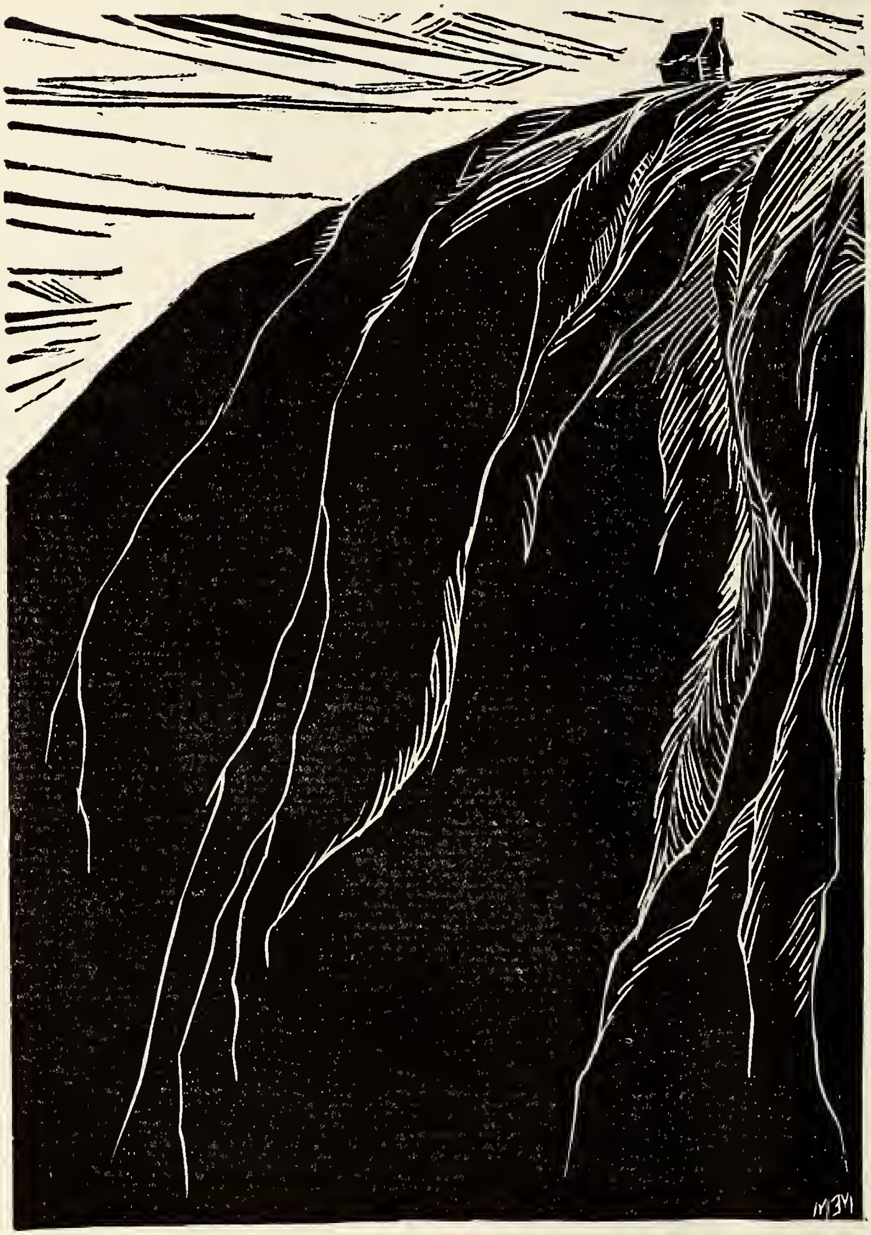
III

Concerning the direction in which the answer to all these problems lies, Gerald Johnson, author of *The Wasted Land*, has the following to say:

"What are the forces that the Southeast has available to attack these problems? There are states, counties, cities, towns; churches, colleges, schools, lodges; Federal grants, philanthropists' gifts, foundations' allocations. All of them are active now, all of them more or less effective, but their efforts are headed up nowhere, they frequently pull against each other, overlap, duplicate effort and expenditure. The same amounts of energy and money, if properly organized and directed, would get far greater results; and if results began to show, it would be easier to get more money and more labor.

"The logical first step for the Southeast, therefore, is to collect the forces it has already in the field and set them all pulling in the same direction. This obviously cannot be accomplished without some sort of headquarters, somewhere . . . call it anything you like . . . the name is of no consequence. The point is, the Southeast needs some central authority from which it may obtain exact and comprehensive information supplemented by intelligent direction."

If such a central agency is to be established and is to become effective, there must be developed along with it a considerable group of people who are aware of what the Southeast *is*—who can see it objectively, uncolored by dreams of the past and



—*Margaret Munch.*

the wishful thinking of the present. The region must be seen in its entirety, not as individuals see it on the well-beaten paths from downtown to home to the country club and to Cousin Bob's.

"There is nothing unreasonable or unfair," says Johnson, "in calling upon the leadership of the South, first, to acquaint itself with the facts, and, second to act intelligently upon the information." If on some Saturday afternoon late this fall after football season is over, the Southeast would set aside two hours during which usual routines would be interrupted while all literate persons read *The Wasted Land*, we might start off on Monday morning in a different direction. Such miracles, alas, do not happen. Enlightenment and stimulation to action will be a slow process. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* sold into the millions—more than three hundred thousand copies the first year. But that was something which people wanted to read, wanted to believe. It is different in the case of a book which might disturb our individual and collective equilibrium and which would mean work when rest is more pleasant. But is it too much to hope that 30,000 or even 5,000 copies of *The Wasted Land* will be read?

V

Of the barriers to be overcome, poverty is not the most unyielding. There may be a paucity of some things, but there is a plethora of emotions and notions which had their beginnings in the distant past. To those of our generation these obstacles are particularly discouraging, for we had no part in making them and little do we understand their nature. As a result we are inclined to become impatient, to resent and to scoff—a poor technique. If the impatience and scoffing of H. L. Mencken have not cured the country's ills, it should be accepted that such methods are not among the most effective. Nowhere are sympathy, understanding, and patience more necessary than in the Southeast. A great many more people than we suspect can, with the proper approach, be stimulated to action by a mere presentation of the facts. Others can be won by appeals to selfish instincts (enlightened self-interest). For instance, many business men would be concerned with wage differentials if impressed with the fact that textile mill workers are not the only ones who are burdened by the handicap. As for any hope of converting the more rigid, obstructionists, or even of getting them to remove themselves from the road of progress, the only solace is to be found in the compilations of the insurance actuaries.

There are many problems for which obvious answers have been found, but which cannot be dealt with sufficiently by words. It accomplishes nothing to tell farmers that they are fools for raising cotton; far more can be attained by providing credit and marketing facilities for celery and anchovies and rhubarb. To damn the people of a state for electing a demagogue is easy; to fight the hookworm, prejudice and poverty which nurture demagogues is not easy, but it is a more effective approach.

Ours is the third generation; we are another link removed from contact with The War and with the sins of our fathers. To us the past can become a tradition and an inspiration without being a sedative. For all generations in the South today the final sentence of Clarence Cason's *90° in the Shade* carries a wealth of meaning:

"Those who love the Old South may take their choice of courses: they may either exist in complacent dreams, hoping that they will not too soon be cast from their beds by a sudden rocking of the earth beneath them; or they may resolve to wrestle with substantial problems with all the strength and skill at their command, inspired by another kind of vision—one which leads them to hope that the present and future of the South may yet prove worthy of the glamorous reputation of the antebellum years."

To My Pupil

There are dreams
In your eyes,
Like shadows
On a brown river,
Or laughter
From a wanton moon—
And all the time
I try to teach you to be practical,
And pride myself
On system and technique,
I cannot look
Into your eyes.

—MARY LOUISE BOYLSTON.

John Creedy

Tell Me what Sort of a South You Want

A Functional Appraisal of the Southern Economy

A typical statement on the South by Southerners, by sociologists and by economists—by those who are supposed to know—is that the South is an enormously wealthy region. Few people have the courage to qualify this statement and fewer still have ever taken the trouble to look behind the massed barrage of statistics. The idea that the South is pregnant with all the bounties of nature is too widespread. It looks out at you from the editorials of almost all Southern newspapers; it is written into the pages of that great research book on the South—Dr. Howard W. Odum's *Southern Regions;* it is the subject matter of numerous lectures by those who love "to talk about the South."

But perhaps more significant still is the fact that this idea has become the guiding light of the governors of most of the Southern states. The frantic—at times ridiculous—efforts of such states as Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama to attract industry bespeak an almost religious faith in the existence of untapped and largely unspoiled Southern resources—to be had merely for the asking.

If it is true that the South is one of the richest parts of the nation—as one is led to believe by the advertising of certain sections of it—then we may ask the pertinent question: "Why is it that in the South today there is to be found conditions of living, examples of human misery, that one would find it difficult to duplicate even in such backward countries as India and China?" If there is an abundance of human and natural resources why is it that in the South today we may find on every hand serfdom more real and human slavery more tragic than was true even of the pre-Civil War South—with all that period's lack in civilized social balance?

II

"The trouble with us is," cry the Chambers of Commerce, "that we have concentrated too long on one side of our economy. Bring industry to the South to balance agriculture and we shall see a New South, prosperous, happy and contented."

It is true that the system of Southern economy which bases its continuance on getting each year a cash in hand price for a single commodity such as cotton or tobacco is essentially wrong and the advocates of it misguided. The fact that the region, despite its wealth in suitable grasslands for raising cattle prefers at a high cost to obtain its dairy products from the Middle West; that it also prefers to have its people live on corn meal, molasses and fat back when it could so easily produce a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables; indicates a condition that is, by any ordinary human standard, utterly intolerable.

But industry! Would the further encouragement of industry help solve the problem? True, with or without encouragement the states of North Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia will become more and more predominantly industrialized. One has only to visit a typical industrial town—such as Durham, North Carolina—to be convinced that industry is here to stay. One rather feels that the "agrarians" must be living in a dream world of their own when one watches the highly skilled hosiery workers tending the long rows of knitting machines; or when one attends the crowded meetings of local 246 at the union hall of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. There seems no getting away from the fact that industry in this section at least, is here to stay.

The argument of the Chambers of Commerce is: "Bring in more industries—the more you bring in the better off you will be because these industries will of necessity raise the standards of living of the people of the South by providing work for millions of destitute or near-destitute tenant farmers and sharecroppers."

This is a beautiful theory and would deserve its wide appeal if it were not for the disturbing fact that the coming of industries has often meant the substitution of one sort of economic slavery for another equally undesirable.

THE CENTRAL *idea that in industry* per se *there can be no single solution for Southern problems is taken from Dr. E. W. Zimmermann's "Resources of the South," published in the* South Atlantic Quarterly, *June 1933.*

Certainly one part of the theory is sound. Capital invested in Southern industry is profitable. Government statistics for 1933 and 1934 indicate that capital investments in Southern industries show a much higher rate of return than do similar investments in Northern industries.

The chief reason this is true and the reason those who encourage industry for its own sake encourage a mixed blessing, is that, on the whole, wages in the South are lower than in any other part of the country. Costs of production are proportionately lower and therefore profits are higher. It has been said that lower wages in the South are to be explained by lower living costs. Recent government statistics completely upset this explanation. For while costs of living in the South are only about five per cent below the rest of the country, the industrial earnings of the workers are as much as thirty to fifty per cent below.

Such a situation does not help the South. As we have pointed out above the people who have invested money in Southern industries—and therefore control them—are largely Northerners and therefore the profits accruing to these investments, although made in Southern mills, actually are removed to Northern banks. And since the South is interested in the money that *stays in the South,* it follows that the higher the wages of the workers the more the South benefits.

Neither do low wages in the long run benefit legitimate industry. For low wages—and the possibility of paying still lower wages—bring into existence temporary manufacturing concerns which take advantage of favorable periods of prices to operate with old and inefficient machinery to the detriment of those industries honestly attempting to pay decent wages and work efficient plants.

It is clear that a single solution calling for the introduction of industry regardless of what sort of industry is a mixed blessing that can be—and often is—a positive drag on the Southern economy as a whole.

III

In appraising a program for a balanced economy in the South we must therefore keep in mind one salient thing: that in industry and agriculture *per se* and alone can be found no single solution. And further, to dismiss, without qualification, a program of equal balance between agriculture and industry is misleading.

To obtain a proper understanding of the situation it is necessary to look behind the terms "agriculture" and "industry" and attempt an analysis of what are the component parts of the Southern economy. "What does one mean by the resources of the South?"

Considering industry one speaks naturally of the abundant labor supply and points to it as the principal reason for the location of many of the present industries in the South. On further study, however, one realizes that one cannot leave "abundant labor supply" unqualified. One cannot, ever, talk of a supply of labor merely as a summation of individuals. With all the poverty and destitution on farms and in mill villages to be found in the South one would rather be inclined to say that the Southern population is so large that instead of there being "plenty" of workers, there are actually too many.

When a mill owner can obtain from the mountains a constant stream of individual workers who are eager to work for $10 a week because $10 a week is considerably better than nothing at all, one is convinced that a large population, instead of being an asset is, in reality, a liability.

It is not a question of saying that the South has within its geographical boundaries untold wealth in minerals, excellent conditions for growing tobacco, superior advantages for producing cotton, *therefore* it is wealthy. It must be clearly understood exactly what function these various activities play in the economy. Is the deposit of minerals merely mined in the South and processed up North—and the profits derived from the mining and the processing made over solely to the Northern processor? This is true of bauxite—the raw material of aluminum—which is mined in Arkansas and processed in East St. Louis. And in the case of bauxite one can say with some justification that it is not a truly Southern mineral, in the sense that it does not materially contribute to the Southern economy.

Can it be said that the cash return on the tobacco or cotton crop makes their production an asset to the South when that production depletes the fertility of the soil, undermines the morale of the people and lowers the general standard of living of the entire population?

It cannot even be assumed that the cash returns on investments which do actually stay in the South are a benefit to the Southern economy, if the cash returns are obtained at the expense of the purchasing power of the ultimate consumer—are obtained, in other words, through low wages. For the poverty of the South is in large part due to the maldistribution of the very capital that is concentrated in such places as Atlanta, Richmond, and New York. It is not that the South is *unable* to sustain its huge population, but that, at present, it *refuses* to do so.

And so one finds oneself in hearty agreement with the analysis of Dr. Erich W. Zimmerman that instead of saying: "Tell me what kind of resources—in terms of coal, iron, climate, people—the South has and I will tell you what your future will be." Rather it is a case of saying: "Tell me what kind of a society you want and I will tell you what resources you have."

IV

If there is one thing, above all others, which impresses one about the South it is the emphasis placed in its economy on cash. There are cash crops, cash profits, cash this and cash that. Everything seems to be carried on with a view to getting money instead of goods. The cotton and tobacco are sold for a price, the mills of the South are operated for cash returns to Northern exploiters, the trees in the South Atlantic seaboard are slashed and largely ruined to get cash for their stores of turpentine and other naval materials.

And if there is one thing that would help the South more than another, it is the elimination of this emphasis on cash. We have seen above some of the results of continually depending on cash profits as a guide for policy and it seems now, that during the great depression we have as good a chance as we will ever get to change the whole emphasis of Southern economy from this concentration on production for profit to production for use.

There must be, it seems obvious, a thoroughgoing program for economic and social planning. It is not good enough that the industry of the South should be governed by the profit motive to the detriment of the workers and the ultimate consumers; it is not good enough that the serfs on the land should be ill-housed, ill-fed and ill-clothed.

In the Tennessee Valley Authority, we have perhaps in miniature what the South needs as a whole. For the Tennessee Valley Authority is not only interested in developing the hydro potentialities of the district; it is interested in the people who live in the district. Cheap power to TVA is only the beginning of helping to plan democratically the introduction of schools and education, three meals a day and leisure, the right to work and the ability to work to the 2,500,000 people in the Tennessee Valley.

An organized attempt on the part of Southerners, with the cooperation of the government to plan their region with a view to plenty instead of the scarcity that is implicit in a price economy, is the only feasible way in which any sort of a solution may be arrived at.

And let us here and forever more emphasize that "plenty" does not mean a fat surplus for capitalists. "Plenty" means adequate opportunity for each man and woman, whether Negro or white; plenty means culture and leisure. We can have it only if we will.

Cecil Sanford

Outcast

As he shambled along the beach, hands dug into the remnants of trouser pockets and shoulders sloping drearily forward, Sullivan felt, in the morning air, that vague presage of evil that tells of a passing tropical hurricane. It had missed the island, but somewhere out to sea there had been a roaring devil's brew.

The sun was bright, but not yet burning with its full heat. The sky was blue and clear, and the few clouds deep down on the horizon were white and fleecy; yet about all there was a strong feeling of depression. It was strong enough to penetrate the beachcomber's lethargy.

Sullivan shrugged. He had felt that way before and nothing had come of it. Lazy days had followed; the sun, the beach, the sea, the easy island life had sufficed for him.

He slipped back easily into his usual lazy contentment. He hated to think like that. Thinking made him discontented and restless. Sometimes it made him yearn again after a white man's life; but it was too late for that. He was forty, and in the tropics that was too old for a man to start again. He shaded his eyes and looked out over the grey expanse of sea that would soon be blue.

Beyond the reef, and dangerously close to the rocks, a dark object lay low in the water. It was a small speed boat, apparently empty. But it was still upright, and if it had an occupant chances were he would be stretched out in the bottom.

Sullivan turned toward the rough jetty at the other end of the beach. It was characteristic of the man that he did not run; but he broke into a light jog trot as he neared his goal. In the same listless fashion he lowered himself into the old sloop. Deliberately he hoisted the mainsail and cast off. The boat, on the starboard tack, ploughed slowly across the bay. Sullivan slouched forward from his seat on the gunwale, one hand resting lightly on the tiller, the other loosely holding the sheet. As he drew near the derelict craft, he saw a passenger. It was a girl, sprawled across the padded seat. He let go the sheet and ran alongside to leeward. Gently he turned the unconscious form over, curious to see what she was like.

She was beautiful! With golden hair and blue eyes—an oval face—the kind of a woman a man dreams of when he is young. Staring at her, Sullivan felt the power oozing from his body. And a light seemed to break upon him. He saw himself as he must appear to everyone else, an idler, a beachcomber, riff-raff. He felt uncomfortable in his ragged clothes, ashamed.

When the sloop grounded on the beach with the speed boat in tow, his wife was waiting, curious, excited, and quite voluble. Angrily he shouted at her. "Get back to the house. Heat some water quickly!" The sight of her standing there irritated him. He had begun to dream in the clouds and this native woman, his wife, had dragged him back to earth.

"Go on!" he shouted, as she hesitated, bewildered by his outburst. "Hurry up. I'll follow."

He waited impatiently until she had reached the house. Then he lifted the white girl from the boat and carried her carefully in his arms up the path. She was light, no weight at all. The slim grace of her form took his breath away. He hardly dared look at her face. In the house he laid her gently on the only bed they had, a camp stretcher he used sometimes in the summer.

Again he called to his wife angrily. "Hurry up with the water there, damn you!" Tenderly he bathed the other's sunburnt wrists, her chest and face, forcing a little water between the cracked lips. In the background the native watched them savagely, her uncovered breasts heaving. He called again for fresh water, and she dropped her head suddenly to hide the anger flaming in her eyes; the swift movement was lost on Sullivan.

When the woman returned with the water he snatched it from her, turning quickly to bend again anxiously over the white girl. Once he muttered what sounded like a foolish endearment. His wife

CECIL SANFORD *has done what most of us would like to do—shipped out from New York as an able bodied seaman on a voyage to the South Seas, inadvertantly missing a year of school. He tells here with a certain restraint of a beachcomber he knew on one of the islands of the Low Archipelago.*

rose sharply, her dark eyes blazing with hatred and fear. Sullivan turned and scowled at her. "What are you waiting for?" He lowered his voice so that the white girl would not be disturbed. "Go outside. I'll call you if I want you." He returned to his task without waiting to see if she had left.

Without a backward glance she stole quietly out of the building, across the clearing, and tramped on miserably through the bush. A devil was in her man, the devil she had always been able to smooth away with her cool fingers when the furrows had creased his brow so often in their first early months together. He had turned to her gratefully then, losing his yearning in the strength of his passion for her.

She walked on in utter dejection. On the beach her child, a little brown fellow, was playing. She called him to her. Together they climbed the only hill of the island. At the top there was a shelf of soft green turf, commanding a clear view of the bay. Here, she decided with a stoic fatalism, they would wait, looking out over the blue water all day, watching while it darkened with the shadows of evening until it shimmered again in silver with the rising of the moon. Perhaps the devil would have fled before the charm of her love. Or perhaps her man would have gone from her forever. She would wait until the rising of the moon.

II

Towards evening Sullivan woke from a troubled sleep in an old cane chair that graced the verandah of the hut. He had been dreaming. They were fuddled, flaming dreams of the girl he had saved, and of all she had come to mean to him in the few hours since morning. He thought enviously of the white man's life he had once known, with its codes of honor, refinements, pleasure, business. She was like a troubled phantom in his mind, she, and the things she stood for.

Shortly after his wife had gone the girl had awakened, asking faintly, "Where am I?" In a foolish, breaking voice Sullivan had answered her. She was all right. She was being looked after. Everything would be all right. Almost immediately she had dropped off into a deep sleep that he knew would, probably, last the clock round. Like a fool he had kissed her. Kissed her on the mouth, and then felt foul and profane as though he had violated a goddess. He had hurried out on the verandah to sit alone and think.

Beyond the reef, in the golden magic of the setting sun, as though still a part of his dream, a large white yacht was heading in to the island. With a curse Sullivan rose from the cane chair, clenching his fists. It sailed up to the entrance, white, graceful, birdlike. He knew instinctively why it had come. The opening in the reef was quite wide and safe, but he prayed madly that it would miss it. If it sailed in rapidly it might strike on either side. But the yacht was coming in under her own power. Safely, cautiously, and with tantalizing slowness, she edged her way through the reef. Sullivan watched her as she dropped anchor. Almost immediately a trim speed boat like the one the girl had come in put off for the shore.

He walked slowly down to meet it. His shoulders, which had been braced back since morning with a new determination, sloped forward drearily. Two men in yachting uniforms stepped out onto the beach. Both were rather elderly. The taller spoke first. He had seen the other speed boat on the shore, and was greatly agitated. "My daughter!" he cried. "That boat! She is safe?"

Sullivan barely raised his eyes. He replied in a dead level voice, "She's safe—asleep in the house."

"You saved her?" The tall man could hardly contain himself. "Thank you, thank you, my man! I'll see that you are rewarded." He looked around wildly. "But where is she? Where—?" Already he was halfway up the path.

Sullivan's eyes gleamed at the condescending tone. Without a word he turned and led the way to the hut. He waited outside while the other two went in. "Better not wake her up," he muttered gruffly as they passed him. "She's more than exhausted."

"No, no!" said her father anxiously. He was in a piteous state of excitement. "Thank you, no!"

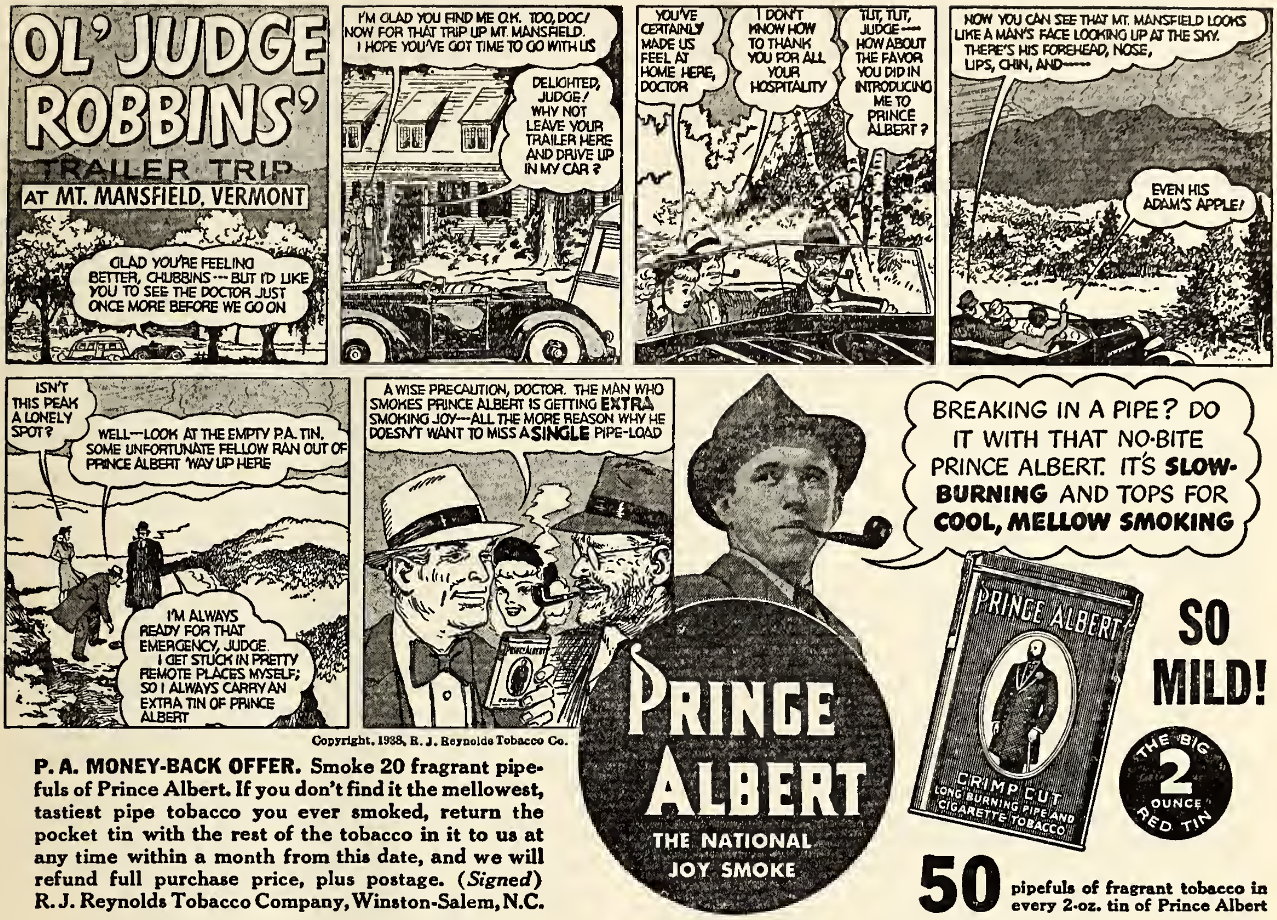
Sullivan turned his back. He felt pity only for himself.

Shortly the two reappeared, carrying the girl on the stretcher. Her flashing hair hung down over the side and she still slept. Sullivan stepped forward. "Let me help," he said, nearly choking.

"Shush!" said the old man. "You'll wake her. We can manage. She's light as a feather."

Sullivan fell back dumbly and wandered along behind.

They reached the boat and lifted her gently in onto some cushions. The old man was about to clamber in when the other tapped him on the shoulder. They both turned back and faced Sullivan.


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP
AT MT. MANSFIELD, VERMONT
GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, CHUBBINS --- BUT I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE THE DOCTOR JUST ONCE MORE BEFORE WE GO ON
I'M GLAD YOU FIND ME O.K. TOO, DOC! NOW FOR THAT TRIP UP MT. MANSFIELD. I HOPE YOU'VE GOT TIME TO GO WITH US
DELIGHTED, JUDGE! WHY NOT LEAVE YOUR TRAILER HERE AND DRIVE UP IN MY CAR?
YOU'VE CERTAINLY MADE US FEEL AT HOME HERE, DOCTOR
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR HOSPITALITY
TUT, TUT, JUDGE --- HOW ABOUT THE FAVOR YOU DID IN INTRODUCING ME TO PRINCE ALBERT?
NOW YOU CAN SEE THAT MT. MANSFIELD LOOKS LIKE A MAN'S FACE LOOKING UP AT THE SKY. THERE'S HIS FOREHEAD, NOSE, LIPS, CHIN, AND -----
EVEN HIS ADAM'S APPLE!
ISN'T THIS PEAK A LONELY SPOT?
WELL---LOOK AT THE EMPTY P.A. TIN. SOME UNFORTUNATE FELLOW RAN OUT OF PRINCE ALBERT 'WAY UP HERE
I'M ALWAYS READY FOR THAT EMERGENCY, JUDGE. I GET STUCK IN PRETTY REMOTE PLACES MYSELF; SO I ALWAYS CARRY AN EXTRA TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
A WISE PRECAUTION, DOCTOR. THE MAN WHO SMOKES PRINCE ALBERT IS GETTING EXTRA SMOKING JOY---ALL THE MORE REASON WHY HE DOESN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE PIPE-LOAD
BREAKING IN A PIPE? DO IT WITH THAT NO-BITE PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S SLOW-BURNING AND TOPS FOR COOL, MELLOW SMOKING
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
SO MILD!
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

"We have to thank you, Mr.—" said the younger.

"Sullivan," responded the beachcomber without eagerness.

"Oh yes. This is Mr. Ashcroft, the young lady's father. I am her uncle. Er-er-" He glanced at the older man significantly. "We don't want to offend you, Mr. Sullivan, but if we could repay your services in any way, er-money. . ." The man was growing uncomfortable under Sullivan's scowling scrutiny. "No sense in being foolish about these things, you know," he hurried on. He fumbled in his inner pocket and produced a wallet.

"No!" said Sullivan sharply.

"Oh, in that case, Mr. Sullivan, we can only thank you."

"Yes," broke in the girl's father hurriedly; he had been peering anxiously into the boat. "Yes indeed. Thank you, Mr. Sullivan, but you must pardon our hurrying away. With my daughter like this we have to get her back to the yacht immediately." He was a rather foolish old man.

"You will not mind our leaving you in such haste, but we must get her back to the yacht, yes, as quickly as possible." He was stepping nervously from one foot to the other, obviously eager to be off.

Sullivan raised his head suddenly and stared at them. They were leaving him, the girl and her father, and this other man, her uncle. "No!" he cried. "No!" His breath labored so that they could not easily understand him. "Wait! Take me with you!" After a pause he added with a soft desperate meaning, "You owe it to me." He pointed to the unconscious figure of the girl. "She owes it to me."

The old man's face hardened. Sullivan's soul was in his eyes. All his terrible, hopeless passion was mirrored there. It could not be. The man was little better than a kanaka! For a moment the

(Continued on page thirty-two)

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

THE TROUBLE WITH TIGERS. William Saroyan. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50. 270 pp.

Give William Saroyan an hour of life and, no matter how he spends it, he will come back ready to write another short story. He has devoted his literary efforts entirely to this form, and has developed a mode of expression that is new and unique. His short story is a potpourri of the curiosity, egotism, naturalness, and nervous astuteness that are himself. *The Trouble with Tigers* is his sixth published collection of these very readable effusions about contemporary life. It represents some distinct progress and a little decadence.

In his earlier writings Saroyan was obsessed with the tragic phases of life. Loneliness, hunger and frustration were his perennial themes. His own hardships were the inspiration and most often the substance of his work. *Inhale and Exhale* is dominated by his brooding, intense, almost mystical melancholy, with very infrequent touches of comic relief. He can only "say this much: Let there be an end to this tragic troubling over nothing. Let evening find a world gone, a space empty, for I am weary of this world and weary of its falsity."

Gradually, as he saw himself becoming well known, Saroyan got less disturbed about everything and even somewhat less introspective. His interest shifted slowly from his own outer and inner struggles to the intimate experiences of other people. Without forgetting that there was much pain in the general system of things, he learned that there were also some chances to laugh, even to laugh freely and happily. The tone of *Love, Here Is My Hat* is tragi-comic. "It's kind of funny," the last story ends, "the way a man can stay alive when everything but his body is dead; when everything but comedy is dead and buried, when the whole world is a cemetery."

In *The Trouble with Tigers* Saroyan's flexible prose is still as simple and straightforward as that of a personal letter, and he is still just as much of an egotist, but his view of things has broadened and become still gayer. The tragedy is not all gone, but Saroyan seems to feel that if life cannot be funny enough to make one happy, if one can find no freedom and no brightness anywhere, there is no meaning at all. "There is always longing in people to do a difficult thing, against great odds, in a fine way, with good humor if possible," he concludes: "This is the thing about people I like most of all." The old wonderful bitterness he used to find in his own soul has dwindled, and he is searching the souls of others, finding littleness and misunderstanding sometimes indeed, but above all, spunk.

In thus becoming less and less subjective, and at the same time growing in self-confidence about his ability to get a story out of anything, he has wandered into externalities that in the end have little meaning. Not that he ever neglects to find a meaning, the meaning that best expresses Mr. William Saroyan himself, but the results are in a few places unconvincing. This artificiality is particularly evident in the stories about Hollywood. These stories are nevertheless of interest, especially for the movie fan, and show that the writer has done some pertinent critical thinking about the cinema as the foremost American art form.

Three characteristics that make this book stand out from its predecessors are its unobtrusive but well defined social message, its sophistication, and its variety.

The social message is never extraneous. It is always a part of Saroyan's interpretation of his material, which in turn is inseparable from the story as he writes it. In the hilarious anecdote about *The Dale Carnegie Friend*, for instance, he comments: "The great tribe of half-wits is not a boring tribe until it gets ambition as it so often does in a country where all anybody needs to do in order to be somebody is read a book and make up his mind to get results." This is Saroyan at his best. He succeeds as well as anyone can succeed in entertaining and edifying simultaneously.

His easy sophistication comes, first, from his more thorough knowledge of the world, the flesh and the devil, and, second, from his literary success. This is all evident in what he says about himself—which is as it should be. He has learned that the story that sells best is the one that best pleases the reader not the writer, and so he has come to concentrate equally as much on appeal as on self-expression, if not more so. The good point about this is that he has never found it necessary to separate the two motives as many writers seem forced to do.

Saroyan has never been monotonous, but in *The Trouble with Tigers* he adds increased variety of mood to variety of subject-matter. And he is an artist because throughout the bright succession of changes he never obscures his essential self; and also because, though he varies little the underlying framework of his stories, there is never a boring moment in action or interpretation. These qualities give promise of his becoming, if indeed he is not already so, recognized as a major spokesman of the American scene.

—WILLIAM MICHAUX.

INVISIBLE STRIPES. By Warden Lewis E. Lawes. 315 pp. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

When Warden Lawes wrote *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*, describing for the most part prisoners and prison conditions, he found that he had started something, but had not finished it . . . he had merely peeled off a veneer, leaving the core untouched. Not so with *Invisible Stripes*. Here he gets to the heart of crime. Using a prisoner's diary as a basis for discussion, the author interestingly and capably analyzes, and suggests remedies for, the distressing conditions conducive to crime existing in the home, the church, and the school. And as might be expected he gives a slashing exposé of national and state laws which should make the reader conscious of the contradictions, inadequacies, and defects of our present laws. This is not a "good in theory, but in reality not practicable" treatise. Case histories of criminals are used as illustrations of the wide scope of problems with which Mr. Lawes deals. Not unusual pictures of criminals, but just run-of-the-mine, everyday cases which one might find in any and every prison. The writer admits that his ideas of improvement cannot be realized overnight. Most important, he wishes to lay before the reading public a dissection of crime which will shock the readers not only into thought, but into a realization of the importance of the gamut of crime, whose deep, widespread roots receive iniquitous nourishment from all institutions of society. He succeeds admirably. The approaches to his subject are almost as diversified as those of Huxley in *Point Counter Point*. His style is masculine, vivid, simple. And his story is well told. On the whole it is a book which should appeal to the criminologist, the sociologist, the psychologist, the lawyer, the doctor, the professor, the merchant, the student . . . the mother, the father . . . the bookworm, the average reader, the browser.

The first part of the book is devoted to the journal of an anonymous prisoner. Besides portraying a poignant view of what takes place "on the inside," the diarist raises a number of stimulating questions. For example, are prisoners fundamentally bad or good. "Why do they come back for second, third, or fourth term?" And " 'Why do they come here in the first place' is probably the most significant of all questions asked by our diarist. The answer to that question points to the very origin of all crime. We shall not understand the question or the answer unless we examine closely the home, the school, the church, and the regulation of youth—all of which have a share in shaping and guiding youth toward maturity . . . Legalism cannot answer that question. Mothers and fathers, educators, churchmen, must provide the answer. Theirs is the real burden."

Within the prison walls, the warden's job consists of moulding the criminal into a person who will later be a beneficial member of society, not by cutting him off from all contacts of the outside world, but by encouraging him to learn a trade, attend church, and educational classes, participate in athletics, and to keep up with all that is going on "beyond the walls." "Prison therefore must be regarded not as punishment only, but chiefly as a means of re-adapting the prisoner to social life."

With adequate training and correction, there would be fewer life-long criminals, and a stronger reason for more paroles. Fewer persons would be serving second, third, and fourth terms, terms which are usually not completed. It has been found that our clumsy legal system unwisely sentences criminals to unnecessarily long terms, since it is possible to re-make the prisoner in less than the actual length of the jail sentence.

Throughout the book "individualization" is stressed. After a man is determined guilty, he should appear before a non-political board consisting of penologists, sociologists, doctors, and psychiatrists who would ferret out the entire case history of the criminal's life. Only then would the length of the criminal's sentence be determined. Mr. Lawes thinks that the same individual treatment should exist in the field of youth education, especially in the "slow" sections of elementary schools, for it is in these classes that one finds children who are most likely criminals-to-be. These children should be given personal attention, to adjust them socially and mentally. Similarly, "The church must reach out among the people to sustain them in their distress, to understand their problems and to aid in solving them . . . The church must conform itself to life so that life may be conformed to religion." Naturally, too, the same holds true in the home . . . providing the child with a wholesome environment, besides teaching him to value the church, the school and the state. Because these institutions of society are so violently interactive, so viciously circular, Warden Lawes is positive that the only ounce of prevention is "individualization."

Those who expect to find a thrilling series of prison episodes . . . drama behind the walls . . . will not be disappointed. Those who expect to find an intelligent, thought-provocative discussion of crime will not be disappointed. This book deserves to be on everyone's "must" list. —ALAN CALHOUN.

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THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE. S. S. Van Dine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00. 227 pp.

The Gracie Allen Murder Case is a very odd book, and contains two sets of antitheses which provide S. S. Van Dine with abundant yet dangerous material. The antitheses exist between real and fictitious characters, and between mystery and humor. But so deftly has Mr. Van Dine blended his book of contrasts that in this eleventh story of master-detective Philo Vance he has achieved his best work yet. His book is so convincing, in fact, that the result of his clever combinations emerges a polished piece of crime and humor fiction that might be recommended to wit-fans as enthusiastically as to mystery-readers. This new book, written in the Van Dine style of sophistication, is a kind of double banana-split. It is exciting and gratifying for its mystery, and vibrant and fresh for its humor.

From the first set of contrasts, that of real and fictitious characters, I am convinced the author realized the delicacy of contrasting his creation, Philo Vance, with the much alive Gracie Allen. Yet Philo and Gracie are so neatly and unobtrusively characterized that from their first encounter they are accepted as logical associates: both might be either real or fictitious. Any author, regardless of his subject matter, who can mix real and unreal effectively in equal proportions, is a superior writer: such a writer is S. S. Van Dine.

In the second set of contrasts, that of mystery and humor, the combination is effective again. Neither mystery nor humor is allowed to assume too dominant a place. Philo Vance and Gracie Allen, both witty, are subdued at the proper moments, and when mystery permeates the situation, humor makes a graceful exit. This particular phase of the story—the contrast between mystery and humor—gives Mr. Van Dine a marvelous chance to demonstrate his capability in handling the spirit of the situation, and he proves expertly his ability to do it.

New York is the scene of the story, which begins when Benny Pellinzi, who has threatened to kill Philo Vance's friend, District Attorney Markham, escapes from the penitentiary. Sergeant Heath suspects that Benny will head for New York to seek aid from his erstwhile friend, Daniel Mirche, who is a partner in the Domdaniel cafe with a philosophical gangster named "Owl" Owen. Gracie Allen then proceeds to entangle herself in the story, and finally, when the murdered man is said to be her brother, Philip, the tale becomes a mixture of baffling clues, incidents, and motives. Out of the mixup, Philo Vance, in his usual gentlemanly fashion, collects the scattered parts, and with his perplexing aid, Gracie Allen, solves the murder case.

The plot of the story is novel, yet I am unable to reconcile myself to one phase of it: many of the motives needed for a reader to attempt his own solution to the case are withheld until almost the last moment. The real motive for the murder, in fact, is not divulged until the last scene with the murderer. However, the secrecy of the motives is logical enough. Then too, by withholding many of the motives until the last of the book, Mr. Van Dine definitely succeeds in erecting a structure of greater mystery. Mr. Van Dine's style of motive-secrecy is nearly unique in modern fiction writing, for the average detective story writer uses much space to build up a set of false motives involving a number of characters who are made to appear suspicious. This idea of motive-secrecy has great potentialities, and S. S. Van Dine is one of the first writers to use it, and with success.

—SIMONS LUCAS ROOF.

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Youth Tell Their Story. Howard M. Bell. Washington: American Council on Education. $1.50. 255 pp.

"We recently heard a distressed person remark, in resounding terms, 'There's something wrong with our social order!' This, we suggest, is not news. Most of us realize that there are quite a few things wrong with our social order. We realize that the ills of society are almost as varied and, in some cases, quite as dangerous as any of 'the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.' What we particularly want is a more definite idea as to what and where these social ills are."

It was precisely to fill this need that the American Youth Commission made a survey of more than 13,000 Maryland youth between the ages of 16 and 24, based on the assumption "that the best source of authentic information about the essential character of this younger generation is the young people themselves." Trained investigators sampled every class of youth in Maryland: white, negro, male, female, employed, unemployed; they probed into homes, pool parlors, cotton fields, drug stores, and all places where the carefully selected victims happened to be, questioning these young people on their problems and opinions. The results, embodied in a graphic volume with a hundred and sixty charts and tables accompanied by explanation and analysis, were so interesting that the editors of "Life" magazine devoted one entire issue to their publication, with suitable photographs.

The Commission chose Maryland as the most diverse and representative state in which to make a survey which would exhibit the characteristics of the national youth population; so that its findings are within certain limits typical of all the more than 20,000,000 young people in the United States. The problem was then divided into six groups of interest, which dealt with the home, education, work, recreation, the church, and the attitudes of youth.

The problem of greatest importance was economic insecurity. The Commission estimates that over 3,000,000 young people looking for work are at present unemployed. Others have to wait an average of two years after leaving school before getting full-time employment. Their average wage is only $12.96 a week. And Dr. Bell concludes of those employed "that if the love of one's work is a part of one's enthusiasm for living, it is clear that about all that can be said for this younger generation is that they are a rather sorry and depressed lot."

Perhaps the most serious implication of the whole study is the growing tendency to social stratification and class fixation. Grade attainment in school is directly proportional to the income of parents, and the economic status of youth is in turn

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proportional to their grade attainment. Only one out of four boys whose father is in a lower income group ever rises into a white collar job. Not lack of ability but lack of opportunity prevents youth from rising economically. The statistics given show how meaningless is the jingle "freedom of opportunity" unless it is made effective by economic security.

"If there is anything in the nature of the present situation for sober adults to view with alarm, it is not that youth will rise in revolt against the programs and policies of antiquated institutions that are intended to serve them, but that they will, with a supine meekness, continue to accept these programs and policies exactly as they inherit them."

—Lee Manning Wiggins.

●

Outcast

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

figure in ragged ducks looked desperate. The two by the speed boat fidgeted uneasily. Sullivan took a step forward. Then the fire died out of his eyes. His lean shoulders drooped forward, and he hurried away.

The others pushed off quickly from the beach. The engine sputtered, and above the din Sullivan heard the old fool, her father, sing out, "Thank you, my man!" He did not even turn around at the call. He wandered stupidly back to the hut, his eyes fixed on the ground.

At the door he remembered the stretcher on the beach. Listlessly he turned back to get it. Once he let his hands hang down by his sides, but they felt like leaden weights. He shoved them far into his pockets.

As he replaced the stretcher in the room a beam of gold caught his eye where her head had lain. The stupor left him. He sent the stretcher crashing wildly to the other side of the room.

He was mad, raging, dangerous, while the sun was sinking below the rim of the sea, and through the short twilight. Then the moon rose and shone with its silver light on the beach and the bowed palms. And when the sea began to glimmer in the moon's light, he was standing by the verandah railing, breathing deeply, but calm again. He looked out over the water. The yacht was still there. White men were on board, and a white woman. Soon they would be leaving, going he knew not, cared not, whither. Sullivan shrugged. Tomorrow, where the moonbeams glittered now, the sun would be shining. The sands of the beach would be golden, and the sea would be blue.

On the hill-top a native woman rose, stretched her cramped limbs wearily and started down.

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The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

December, 1938

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IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."

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Volume LXVIII December, 1938 Number 3

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FOREWORD

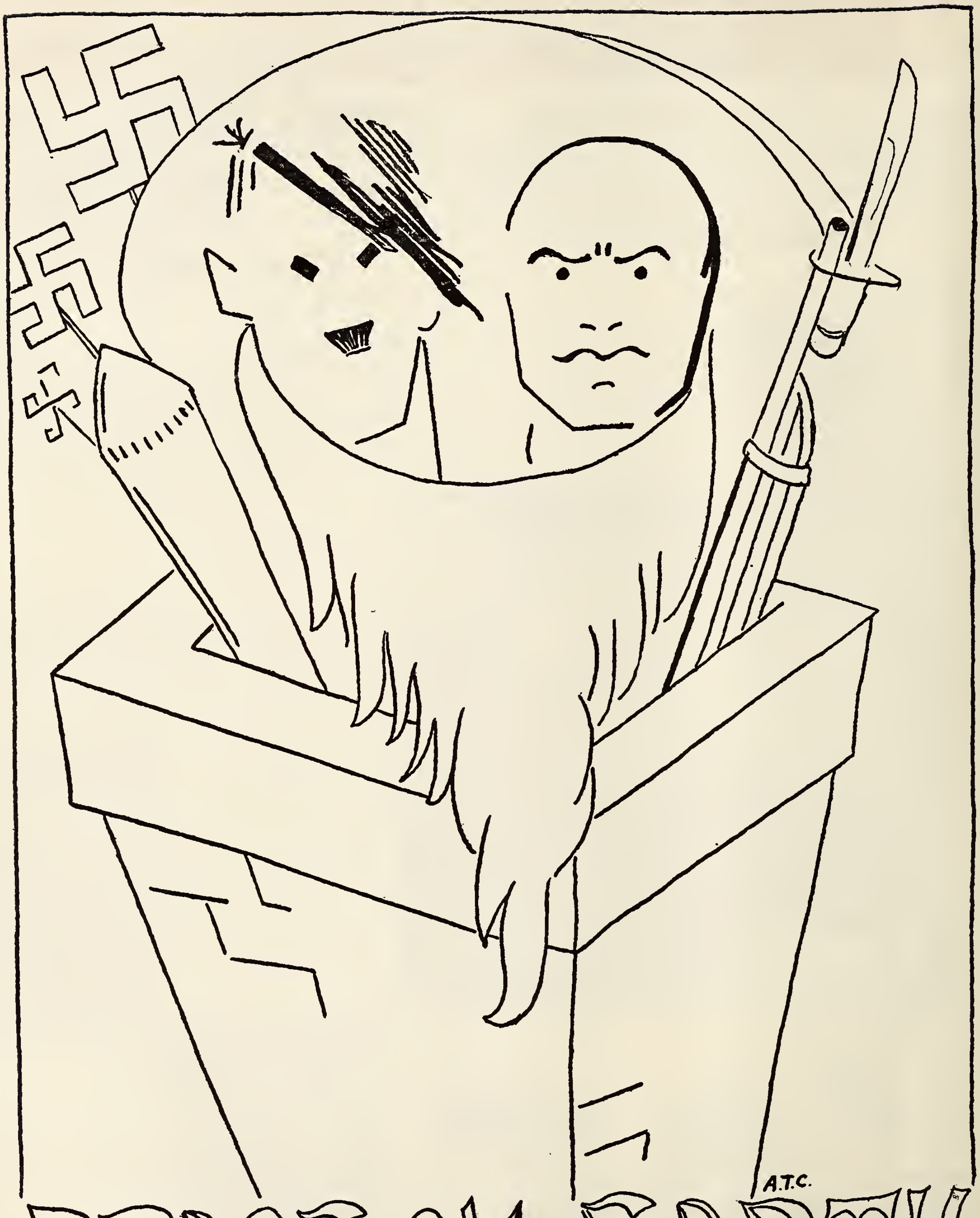
We don't know what sort of an issue this has turned out to be. We know that we *aimed* at variety but whether we got it or not is a question. Certainly Phillips Russell's creative writing class has contributed liberally. And we are glad of it. We hope that even more people will be encouraged to submit material for the January issue.

For and Against

Reactions to our issue on the South have been very interesting indeed. Indignant Southerners have reproved us for cutting across sacred principles by printing such articles as the one about the Negro—*Let's Drop the Labels.* But on the whole, students have been surprisingly willing to agree with the main thesis of Janet Seville's article. Perhaps, after all, the problem is not one of convincing people, by means of the rational process, that the Negro is a human being. Even Southerners seem to admit that readily enough. Rather the problem seems to lie in the direction of eradicating emotional states which lead to un-thinking action at critical times.

From a manufacturer in Greensboro who read the issue comes some pertinent comments on the Southern worker. "We have men in the South," he says, "with as much innate mechanical ability as there is anywhere, but they have never had to use it. All the machinery that our people have worked with in the past hundred years has been rough—most cotton mill machinery is all cast iron and built like a hayrake—and they have not had to work with the fine fits and close tolerances that are used in the machine shops of New England, the Middle West and Detroit."

The particular manufacturer who wrote this knows whereof he speaks. It seems to us that he strikes at the root of one of the South's major problems. For it would be of considerable assistance to the South if the possibilities of skilled workmen in all fields were utilized to their fullest extent.



PEACE ON EARTH

William Lindau

The Underprivileged Third

Reflections on the Impecunity of State College

Some time in the past which is now referred to as history, a man named Dr. Frank P. Graham, newly elected president of the University of North Carolina, dreamed of a greater university for the State of North Carolina. The dream became fact when the board of trustees met and, with some dissension, effected what has become known as Consolidation. N. C. State College at Raleigh, North Carolina College for Women, and the University became one, presumably, till death do them part.

And today, about the only things that the University and State College have in common are a board of trustees and a president. Aside from that, their relations approximate those of Yeshiva University for Hebrews and the Technische Hochschule von Munich. "Farmers!" yell the Carolina men in the general direction of Raleigh. "Snobs!" answer the plowmen from Raleigh. And now and then there is more violent wrist-slapping. Dave Clark, self-appointed State College knight in shining armor, the embodiment of all that is holy in Raleigh, stands up at irregular intervals and hurls his wrath at the University's Frank Graham, who is too busy minding his own—the University's—business to answer him, or refuses to dignify The Clark with personal defense in reply.

In the sources of the rancor which has existed between Chapel Hill and Raleigh we are not interested. We are interested only in the possible outcome of it all. We are not much interested in Clark as a man or as an alumnus of State College. His attacks on Frank Graham in the form of crank letters prove nothing, using as they do the words "radical," "socialist," "communist," with large amounts of indiscrimination. We consider Mr. Clark as neither the ideal nor the typical alumnus of State College—for the ideal alumnus is unselfishly interested in his college and in seeing its progressive development, certainly not in using it as a bugle to attract attention to the blower.

But we do believe that Mr. Clark's feeling about Carolina is representative of State College as a whole. Although we have not looked very hard for any one individual among students or alumni who typifies a reciprocal Carolina attitude, the attitude is there.

II

A State College alumnus who graduated prior to consolidation returned a few years ago to replace his accidentally lost diploma. The new sheepskin contained, according to the new order of things, the words: "North Carolina State College of THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA." The enraged alumnus, who was old enough to know better, promptly tore up the document. His huff arrived, tritely speaking, and he left in it.

"Why didn't Joe ——— play in that last game for State?" queried a large bull during a Carolina bull session.

"Oh," facetiously answered a lesser bovine, "didntcha hear? He flunked Plowing 62."

On a corner of the State College campus, two old grads were discussing what is usually discussed by two old grads. "Well, John," one was saying, "I sent two boys to Carolina, and the other is here at State."

"And why did you send the third to State," queried the other.

"To support the two at Carolina," was the answer.

These stories are illustrative, in the lighter and in the more serious implications as well, of the State-Carolina feeling.

Consolidation has not helped toward the eradication of this sentiment. Rather, it has provided new bones to fight over. The argument over the removal of the engineering school from Chapel Hill to Raleigh is a very large and luscious bone. Many State College men felt that the position of the medical school in Chapel Hill is something to become incensed over. There are hospitals in Raleigh ; there are none in Chapel Hill.

Bill Lindau *writes here from authoritative experience, having transferred back and forth between State and Carolina more times than we can remember.*

III

Carolina students look on State College as a third-rate cow college. Its engineering school they believe is several degrees funnier than the one about the travelling salesman. This attitude is either based on rank ignorance, or is a heritage from the days when the State College engineering school was in the early formative stage, and not exactly the shining criterion of technical education.

The Engineering Experiment Station, housed on the State College campus, run by the engineering school faculty, has been probably the most effective single agent in the tremendous development of North Carolina's natural resources in the past ten years.

The director of the Station, Prof. Harry F. Tucker, has published something like five bulletins on the promotion of highway safety in North Carolina, construction materials from North Carolina minerals, and others on the same theme. Prof. Tucker has been doing this research all on his own time. He gets no extra pay for it.

The record of the Station is amazing when one considers that it has been turning out research of high quality on little over $3,000 a year. This figure becomes niggardly when one considers the fact that the Illinois Engineering Experiment Station receives an appropriation in the vicinity of $300,000 a year to carry on similar work.

Though most of the grievances on the Raleigh side of the fence are without foundation, based on prejudice and childish emotionalism, the feeling concerning this matter of money is very genuine. We will at once agree that, in the matter of appropriations for new dormitories, theaters, cafeterias, and other projects, Chapel Hill has enjoyed the major — even overwhelming — portion of the privileges, while State College has been the underprivileged stepchild.

Our Raleigh brethren needed a new gymnasium far more than we ever did. We had our Bynum and our magnificent Ice-box-Incinerator—the Tin Can. State has only its Thompson gymnasium, which is, in general, half armory and half basketball court. At the rear of the basketball court, the boxers and wrestlers cram themselves, with some rusting gym-apparatus, in a back room just about large enough for a roach to roll over in—provided said roach pull in his neck, his ears are short enough, and he is barren of torsorial vegetation.

More than Carolina needs a new theater or a new cafeteria, State badly needs funds for new engineering equipment, which must be had if the engineering department is ever to raise itself to the level of the best schools in the country. When the Engineers' Council for Professional Development, official agency for accrediting the engineering curricula of the nation's engineering and technical schools, inspected the State College school a year ago, it put the stamp of approval on only four of the departments—the mechanical, electrical, civil, and ceramic engineering departments.

Other departments met every requirement in the standards of the Council—with the exception of that pertaining to equipment. The chemical engineering department, crowded in Winston Hall, badly needs new and additional equipment to carry on its essential research and teaching program.

The Engineering Experiment Station, as mentioned before, is in need of a full time staff to replace the overloaded professors who are spending their spare time on a rather thankless job. It is also in need of funds to send investigators into the field.

Under the present conditions of acute impecunity in Raleigh, the cart must be built to fit the horse. And the horse, at best, is a very anaemic beast, of stunted growth; and being stunted, he is incapable of the labor for which he was originally intended.

The ceramic engineering department has been proving almost constantly, since its birth 14 years ago, that miracles in finance can happen in this day and age of ours. Founded and headed today by a man who never went further than a B.S. at Ohio State, and who apparently needs to go no further, the department has been directly responsible for the growth of North Carolina's brick and hollow tile industry and of the pyrophyllite industry, through its research on the properties of and uses to which North Carolina's vast store of non-metallic minerals can be put. This work has been done on equipment that has been begged, borrowed, stolen, and built by students of the department. The department is rated nationally among the five best. Of its 53 graduates, only two are unemployed. For lessons in how to do something with nothing, see Prof. A. F. Greaves-Walker at State College.

If the mutual resentment were between student bodies only, comment would be unnecessary. But when faculty and alumni are involved, groups which are the making or the breaking of any organization, the situation is not very humorous. If there could only be cooperation between these two dominant groups—if they would only grow up—we might see what would be in truth a Greater University of North Carolina.

Allen Green

Beer on Christmas Eve

The telephone burred insistently. Steve Henry rolled over and buried his face in the pillow. It rang again. Better answer it. He threw back the covers and groped sleepily for his bedroom slippers. Probably for his mother, he thought, annoyed at being awakened. Wouldn't people ever learn she wasn't at home in the afternoons? He shuffled out to the old fashioned wall telephone in the hall.

"Hello."

"Hello, is Stephen there?"

"This is Stephen." The phone was placed too low for him; he had to bend over uncomfortably to reach the mouthpiece.

"Steve, this Mac. Doing anything particular right now?"

"I just got up. Why?"

"Well me and Jim are down here in the drug store with nothing to do, and we thought maybe you'd like to come down to the barber shop and shoot a coupla games of pool."

He thought rapidly. "Mac, I can't. There's some things around the house I gotta do before we go to that party tonight."

"Boy, that's going to be some party. You don't want to miss it. I just saw Fred. Fred James. He's already got the beer on ice, two cases of it. And I think I'll see Duck and get some of the real stuff to take along. Just for variety you know."

"Don't worry about me coming. I've been looking forward to this too long. What time are we going?"

"We'll come by for you about 7:30. See you then."

He hung up the receiver carefully and went back to the bedroom. His clothes, greasy and covered with lint from the cotton mill, were lying in a chair where he had flung them when he came in from work. He picked them up and went through the pockets rapidly, emptying out a pack of cigarettes, a few kitchen matches, some loose change, a watch, and several pieces of colored chalk used for marking cloth in the mill. He stuffed the clothes in a laundry bag. Thank God, he was through with the mill until Monday night. Having lit a cigarette, he threw himself across the bed and gazed aimlessly out the window.

The short winter's day was drawing to a close. It was almost dark. Across the street the Jordan children were busily stringing colored lights on the Christmas tree in the yard. Steve inhaled deeply. Hell, it didn't seem like Christmas Eve, it was just like any other Friday. Christmas had come upon him without any of the joyful anticipation of former years. That came of working in the mill. Working all night and sleeping all day. Looking back on the past six months, he couldn't remember a single outstanding event. Just an endless monotony of working at the same machines, doing the same thing over and over, eight hours a night, five nights a week. College was a bright, far-off dream to be attained in the remote future. The boys he had run around with in high school were already there, and here he was, just a damn mill hand.

Well, he couldn't be lying around like this. He had too much to do if he was going to the party tonight. Getting up, he began laying out his clothes. Suit, shirt, underwear, shoes. Socks. He opened the bureau drawer, began sorting through his socks for a decent pair to wear. If his mother knew what kind of a party it was going to be, she wouldn't let him go. Better not tell her. A real beer party. He would see how it felt to get high. There would be girls there too. Whistling, he went back to the bathroom and began getting out his shaving things.

II

He was eating supper when his mother came in.

"Steve!" She looked at him reproachfully. "You didn't wait for me. And you're all dressed up too. You're not going out tonight?"

"I'm going to that party up at the Jameses. I told you about it."

She sat down across the table from him. "Stephen, I wish you wouldn't."

"Why?"

"It's Christmas Eve, Stephen. I think all the family should be together here tonight. And you

ALLEN GREEN *again uses the mill village as a setting, but turns, in this story, to the psychological viewpoint. The story was originally written for Harry Russell's summer school course in creative writing.*

want to go out and leave me here by myself. On Christmas Eve."

"Tommy will be here."

"Tommy isn't you. And besides, I don't like the idea of you going up to the Jameses' on parties with Jim Laney and Mac Thompson. They aren't the kind of people for you to be associating with."

He pushed back his chair and got up angrily. "Now Mother, Mac and Jim are nice, decent, respectable boys. I work with them and I know. And just because the Jameses live up in the Point is no reason why they can't be as nice as anyone else."

"I still wish you wouldn't go, Steve."

"Oh for God's sake Mother! You sound like I never stay at home."

He pulled on his overcoat angrily and slammed out of the house. Why did she have to be like this every time he wanted to go somewhere? She acted like he was still a child. After all, he was earning his own living. Why couldn't she be reasonable?

III

The Jameses lived on the edge of town on what had once been a prosperous residential street. But with the coming of the new highway, many of the old homes had been torn down and filling stations set up in their places. As he walked along the sidewalk after Mac and Jim, Steve looked about him with interest. He'd never been through the Point on foot before.

The house, when they finally reached it, was set back a little way from the street, and surrounded by a sagging wire fence. Next door was a filling station from which a radio blared loudly. They stepped up on the porch. The house was dark, but lights could be seen filtering through cracks in the window-shades. Mac rapped loudly on the door.

It was opened and a slight, bright-eyed boy ushered them into a narrow hall. Heavy drapes hung from a rod in the rear, dividing the hall from the rest of the house. There was an interchange of hilarious greetings. Then:

"Fred, I want you to meet Steve Henry."

They shook hands. Fred was about his own age he guessed.

"Come here Mac, I want to talk to you a minute. You boys just put your coats on that table. We'll be back in a jiffy." Taking Mac's arm, Fred led him through the curtains.

Steve slipped out of his overcoat and put it on the table. He fumbled nervously with his tie. Jim was bending over a small mirror above the table combing his hair. He straightened up and winked at Steve.

"How're we doing, Stevie boy?"

Steve grinned back.

Fred and Mac came back through the curtains, Mac guffawing over some witticism of Fred's.

"Ready to go in, boys?" Fred asked.

He opened a door and led them into the sitting room. There was a group of people, all a little older than Steve, sitting around a grate fire. After exchanging greetings with them, Steve found himself on a sofa, seated next to one of the girls. He glanced around the room. Apparently it was used only for special occasions. The rather dingy walls were ornamented here and there with sentimental pictures of the calendar type. On the mantle was a plaster statue of a dog and a child done in gaudy colors. In one corner was an ancient grand piano. Portraits of the Jameses done in various poses were grouped along the top. In another corner, a big radio played softly. There were several over-stuffed chairs and sofas scattered around the room, making it seem too crowded.

Steve's eyes wandered to the girl sitting beside him. She was of medium height with heavy breasts and hips. Her reddish-blonde hair was drawn away from her full round face and done up in a knot on the nape of her neck. He caught her watching him and blushed.

"You're Steve, aren't you?"

"That's right. And you must be Elizabeth."

"Call me Lib. I've wanted to meet you ever since I heard Mac talking about you. He said the nicest things."

"Mac's all right. Steve was self-conscious, a little unsure of himself. "We work together in the weave-room."

"I know. But you're not going to work there always, are you?"

"I hope not! No, I'm saving up my money to go to college next year. I want to go to the University."

"That's what I thought. Daddy wanted me to go to college when I finished high school last year, but I didn't want to. I thought it would just be wasting his money."

"Why?" Steve asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I got enough of books in high school."

Fred brought in the beer on a tray and deposited it ceremoniously on the table. Then he got the glasses, and a big platter of cheese crackers. Everyone clustered around the table, opening cans of beer, pouring them into the thick-rimmed tumblers. Steve worked his way through the crowd to the table. He opened a can, poured the amber liquid into a glass. It foamed enticingly. He swallowed a long draught. Ugh! It was bitter as medicine. Well, he'd have to drink it to keep up appearances. He poured a glass-full for Lib, and, carrying both glasses, went back to the sofa.

IV

There were only a few people in the room now. Most of the crowd had gone. Mac and Jim were over in front of the fireplace talking loudly. With them was a little brunette Steve recognized as the cashier of the village movie house. Jim was sitting on the arm of a chair, his arm around some girl Steve didn't know. They were gazing dreamily into the fire. Funny, Steve thought, how you have to drink two or three beers before they really begin to taste good. He was on his fifth. There was a pleasant warmness pervading his body. He turned to Lib.

"Do I look tight?"

She laughed pleasantly. "Tight? You've only had a couple of beers. You look all right. Do you feel funny?"

"No, I feel fine. I'm not tight, I was just saying that." He took her hand a little awkwardly.

"That's a darn good-looking ring you're wearing."

"I'm glad you like it. It's a nice ring, but I could have had so much fun with the money I spent for it."

He laughed. "You're a funny girl, Lib. Most of the girls around here wouldn't take anything for their class rings. But you're so different from them. Maybe that's why I think you're a swell person."

"I think you're swell too, Steve. She gave his hand a quick squeeze.

Steve was content to sit there quietly, her hand in his. The fire blazed brightly. He watched it play upon her face, strike little glints in her hair. She turned her head and smiled.

Looking up, Steve caught Patch watching him from across the room, a smirk on his lips. It cut him to the quick. He straightened up abruptly and disentangled his arm. Lib sensed his embarrassment. She laid her hand across his.

"Let's go out on the porch and get some fresh air. Want to?"

"Suits me fine."

"Wait till I get my wrap."

She left the room quickly. As he followed her, Mac winked at him and grinned evilly. He hurried out.

She was waiting for him in the hall, a coat thrown loosely about her shoulders. Steve held open the door, and together they went out on the porch. The night air was cool and exhilarating after the stuffy heat of the living room. The Christmas stars twinkled brightly over the house-tops. In the filling station next door the radio still played.

Steve fumbled in his pockets for his cigarettes, offered one to her. She accepted silently. He took one himself and struck a match. His hand trembled as he held it to her cigarette. She steadied it with her hand. He lit his own and threw the match over the railing. Lib was standing very near him. Clumsily he drew her closer.

For a moment they stood there silently. Then Steve took a long pull on his cigarette and threw it away half-finished. Lib looked at him questioningly. Taking her cigarette from her hand, he held it to her lips. She inhaled slowly. Then it followed his over the railing. Almost roughly he caught her into his arms, bent eagerly over her upturned face....

V

The night was very quiet now. Sitting in the hammock with Lib's head resting on his shoulder, Steve felt at peace with the world. Only the radio next door disturbed the silence. It was playing Christmas carols. "God rest ye merry gentlemen, let naught your rest dismay." Unconsciously, Steve hummed the words under his breath. The beer had made him a little drowsy. Christmas Eve! It was hard to believe it. Soon it would be Christmas morning.

From the window behind him he heard the sound of voices. Mac and Jim. The words penetrated slowly into his fuddled consciousness.

"Where's Steve?"

"Lib's got him out on the porch. I'll bet she's showing him the ropes, proper. Wouldn't you like to see that though?"

"Shut up, you fool, he'll hear you!" Then a low laugh.

He was motionless, cut to the quick by the implication of their words. His brain was a whirling chaos. Subconsciously, his mind followed the radio program from the filling station . . . we take you now to Saint Philip's church . . . the clear peal of chimes ringing through the air. An organ softly picking up the strain. Boyish voices swelling out the old familiar refrain: "Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright." He had sung it every Christmas Eve he could remember. Around the Christmas tree in the parlor with his family. The pungent smell of evergreens. The quiet peace and joy of Christmas-tide. Christ the Saviour is born.

The cool night air was burning Steve's cheek. He felt tainted, unclean. What was he doing in this place on Christmas Eve? The stars seemed far away; it was as if he was looking at them from the bottom of a pit. He thought of home, of his mother and Tommy singing around the Christmas tree without him. Why had he come here? Lib's head still rested on his shoulder, he smelt her cheap perfume now with disgust.

Abruptly he rose, depositing her roughly in the hammock. She stared at him bewilderedly.

"Why Steve, what's the matter?"

"Nothing." He buttoned his overcoat around him.

"Steve, you're not leaving?"

"Sorry Lib, I've got to."

"But Steve, when will I see you again?"

See her again? He laughed harshly and almost ran down the walk to the street.

◆

Virginia Giddens

Busted Illusions

The sound of tires skidding on the wet highway was a lovely melody spun on harps of gold . . .

She could not believe this was Death. This was a soft black whirling through space, and she had halfway believed (although she called herself an atheist) that she would " . . . end up in Hell . . . but what the hell!"

Only tonight she and Bill had been engaged in one of their gin-inspired, serio-comic discussions of Life in general. They belonged to that post-war decade of young moderns: they took their pleasures when and where they found them. Their favorite book was "Flaming Youth."

"The wages of sin is death," Bill had reflected drunkenly. "But it hasn't caught up with us yet. We'll prob'ly go on livin' to a ripe ole age!"

. . . *the car lurched sharply and the brakes screeched, but she heard only the soft whir of beating wings . . .*

She had laughed loudly.

"You said a mouthful, kid!"

They had sat there drinking until midnight. They had laughed at their parents' and their friends' parents' "idiotic" scruples, they had scoffed at the idea of marriage ("Hell, it's just legalized desire!"), they had ridiculed the thought of a hereafter ("Just a lotta propaganda!"), and they had agreed that "People today are a damn' sight smarter than they used to be—We've got more sense than a bunch of prudes that sit aroun' yappin' about morals an' religion an' whether we'll go to Heaven or Hell!"

. . . *the car pitched crazily over, but she was winging, triumphant, through the darkness . . .*

"An' even if there is a Heaven an' Hell, we'll prob'ly both wind up flappin' aroun' an' eatin' milk and honey . . . won't we, honey?" he had asked.

"You know it, Butch!"

. . . *the car burst into flames.*

Virginia Giddens *is considered the problem child of the campus. She is from Tallahassee, Florida, a major in Journalism and a disciple of Phillips Russell.*

Joe Felmet

One out of Every Ten

Some Accomplishments of the Negro Race

(Editor's Note: The following article owes its inspiration to Janet Seville's *Let's Drop the Labels* in our November issue. Her thesis that Negroes should be considered as human beings with rights and needs is here carried further by Mr. Felmet as he attempts to show some of the accomplishments of the Negro race.)

One out of every ten American citizens is a member of the Negro race; and because of that it is instructive to look more closely at the millions of Negro Americans to see what this "servant of the American people" has in the way of heritage and accomplishments.

He is of course no new-comer of recent years to this continent. He was with Cortez in Mexico and with Pizarro in Peru. Ancient manuscripts mention Alonzo Pietro, "il nigro," as the pilot of Nina, one of Columbus' ships. Negroes were with Balboa when he reached the Pacific, and with the explorers of Guatemala, Chile, and Venezuela. The territory now forming New Mexico and Arizona was first explored by a party led by Estevanico, a Negro. Menendez had Negro artisans with him when he founded St. Augustine in 1565. Crispus Attucks, a Negro, was the first American to fall in the Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770.

In modern times, Dr. George Washington Carver, a professor in the Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, has utilized the lowly but ever-present peanut in so many useful ways that it is hard to count them. He has produced from peanuts useful articles which range from glue to fertilizer. Carver refused the opportunity of becoming a faculty member of the University of Chicago to remain at Tuskegee, where he thought he could benefit his race and his fellow men to a greater degree.

II

In the literary field there is of course the well-known Negro poet, Countee Cullen. He was born in New York City, son of a Methodist minister. Educated in the public schools and at New York University he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and awarded his A.B. degree in 1925. In 1926 he was given an M.A. from Harvard. In 1923 and again in 1924 he won second prize, and in 1925, first prize, in the Witten Bynner undergraduate poetry contest open to all colleges in America and participated in by seven hundred students representing three hundred colleges.

Cullen wrote:

> "Once riding in old Baltimore,
> Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
> I saw a Baltimorean
> Keep looking straight at me.
>
> "Now I was eight and very small,
> And he was no whit bigger.
> So I smiled, but he poked out
> His tongue and called me 'Nigger.'
>
> "I saw the whole of Baltimore
> From May until December.
> Of all the things that happened there
> That's all that I remember."

In the year 1761, an eight-year-old slave girl stood on the auction block at Boston. Twelve years later she was acclaimed on two continents as being among America's most talented poets. Such is the story of Phyllis Wheatley. For John Wheatley, seeing her on the auction block, had been attracted by her and bought her as a present for his wife. Mrs. Wheatley gave her the chance she needed and before she was 21 years of age this young slave girl had published a 124-page volume of poetry.

The Africans brought with them from Africa a fund of folklore and a distinct gift for music. The Uncle Remus stories about Br'er Rabbit and the Wolf are only adaptations of native African folk stories of the gazelle and the lion, and express the same common sense, practical philosophy.

We are indebted, not only to the inimitable Joel Chandler Harris, who put these stories into literary

Joe Felmet, *a freshman from Asheville, is a Southerner born and bred. His opinions on and interest in the Negro are therefore of some importance.*

form, but also to the genial "Uncle Remuses" who brought them to us from their African homes.

III

Many well-meaning persons believe that the Negro does not desire economic equality with the whites. That he is "happy" as he is. Putting aside the consideration that, even if the highest type of Negro thought it right, it would be un-Christian to retain our present economic oppression of the Negro; let us show what at least one Negro thinks of his oppression by the whites. George Moses Horton wrote the following poem:

> "Alas! and I am born for this,
> To wear this slavish chain,
> Deprived of all created bliss,
> Through hardship, toil and pain?
>
> "Come, liberty! thou cheerful sound,
> Roll through my ravished ears;
> Come, let my grief in joys be drowned,
> And drive away my fears."

IV

At their emancipation in 1865, Negroes held title to 12,000 homes and were operating 20,000 farms. In 1930, by estimate, they owned 7,000,000 homes and operated 200,000 farms, and lived on 700,000 farms as renters or tenants. In North Carolina their land possessions were 1,730,372 acres valued at $49,621,980. Their city property was worth $46,301,031. The total value of their property, real and personal, was $110,869,405. In 1910, seventy-one per cent of Negroes, ten years of age and over were gainfully employed. About, half of these worked on farms, and the rest were distributed through hundreds of trades and occupations. There were 86,380 railroad workmen, including 355 engineers, 5,188 firemen, 120 conductors, 4,719 brakemen and 987 foremen.

Elijah McCoy, a Detroit inventor, has taken out 57 patents in America and ten in Europe. The universally used lubricating cup for machinery is one of his inventions. In business, education, religion, health, chemistry, modern exploration, athletics, heroism and sacrifice the Negro race has taken a lead. "Who's Who in America" for 1930 listed 97 Negroes in its roster of distinguished Americans.

A well-known Southerner says: "The Negro is not a menace to America. He has proved himself worthy of confidence. He has been and may continue to be a blessing. In the years that are to come, he needs the help of those who have voices of influence. He needs only that we remove unnecessary barriers out of his way and give him a chance to demonstrate that under God he is a man and can play a man's part."

Mary Johnson MacMillan

"Good King Wencelaus"

Billy walked along the path from the school to the house where he lived with a lot of other little boys and tried to keep the tears back behind his eyes. He wasn't a crybaby; he was eight years old—but he hadn't known it would be like this. Everybody was busy doing things—the littlest boys were helping make candy, or cookies, or even just cleaning up, and the bigger ones were helping to put up the Christmas trees—stringing lights and tinsel on cedar branches. And they didn't need him for any of it. He could help with the cookies —he used to help ma—or do any of the rest, but nobody needed him. They didn't make him feel bad, or call him names like they used to that sissy Barrett boy. They just didn't see him at all.

He didn't want much. There never had been much at home, especially after daddy left, but there were always ma and daddy and Old Blue . . . Billy liked to think about his daddy. He had been the tallest person he had ever seen, and he used to sing to him. There had been a song about hunting that Billy especially liked. In Winter, just like this, he used to go hunting, and he'd promise Billy that he could go too, in a little while. But

MARY JOHNSON MACMILLAN *thinks that stories featuring murder and unrequited love appear too frequently in the Carolina Magazine. She contributes here a bit of "sweetness and light" which we, frankly, would like to see more of.*

then something happened, and daddy didn't sing anymore, and didn't ever come home in the early winter night, with his old shotgun slung over his shoulder, and Old Blue, the hound, at his heels. Ma had cried, and some people had patted him on the head and told him to be a good boy and take care of ma, but there wasn't anything that he could do. Then ma got sick, and Billy tried to look after her—he'd cook, and she would tell him what to do from her cot in the other room. She'd call him a "smart boy," and they would have such a good time. And then, one day, ma left too. . . .

II

This big place was pretty, he guessed. The first building they took him to smelled awful funny, and the ladies all had on white like a play he was in once at school, but they were good to him, and gave him milk to drink. There were such a lot of boys, and over across the hill were some girls, too. The house he lived in was big, and had columns at the front. Billy thought it was 'most the prettiest place he had ever seen. 'Course, they didn't have a fireplace like him and ma had, and the boys didn't have mothers like he had, either.

He stumbled a bit, and rubbed the sleeve of his woolen jacket across his eyes. It was Christmas, and the lady at his house kept asking him what he wanted. He didn't want anything at this place. He wanted ma and daddy and Old Blue, and his own fireplace. Last Christmas daddy made him a wagon out of some boards and wire and things, and painted it yellow, and ma had made him a jacket out of an old coat of daddy's, and they had ham for dinner, and he told them a story that he had learned at school. After dinner he rode in his new wagon, and Tom and Harry and him went over to Marvin's to see his new .22 rifle. Marvin was bigger than Billy, and Billy thought that he was the best person that there was, next to daddy.

That night before bedtime ma and daddy and Billy sang songs. Ma knew one—"Good King Wencelaus" that was his favorite, about a poor man and a king. There were some more songs, too, and then Billy had gone to sleep in front of the fire, and Old Blue had too. That was last Christmas.

III

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if it weren't so cold. And if he could be some good to somebody. He used to help ma lots. She'd say that she couldn't get along without him . . . Maybe she needed him now. He speck maybe he'd better go see ma. She'd maybe be coming now and he could meet her. Billy squared his shoulders and walked past his own building on into the high road through the orphanage. The ground was frozen hard, and he could walk on top of the funny dirty frost. The old dark red buildings were so big, scattered over the hill. He'd be glad to be gone away from this place. And ma needed him.

As he passed under the high arch that led into the big road, one of the Big Boys that had helped him when he first came, a week ago, called out, "Hey, kid, the gang's goin' hunting after dinner over beyond Finch's farm. How 'bout goin' over to the kennels an' gettin' the Beagles from Mr. Gordon?" One of the Big Boys!

Billy looked around. There wasn't anybody else around, so he must be the one. He'd better get down to the kennels in a hurry. Mr. Gordon might be gone. If the Beagles weren't there on time, it might mess up the whole hunt. He started to run, with a funny little skip, and he was humming as he passed the barns and the stables. He was out of breath, but the tune could still be heard, and anybody would know the words:

"Good King Wencelaus once looked out
At the Feast of Stephen . . ."

He hoped he was on time. A hunt wasn't any good at all without hounds.

I Shall Not Clamor for My Rest

by Jean Brabham

I shall not clamor for my rest
On beds as soft as eider-down,
Nor lull myself to dreamless sleep
When moon and stars
Hang o'er the town
For all too soon
Eternity
Will hold an ample sleep for me.

Frank Turner, Ralph Felton

The Struggle in the Far East

A Debate on the Chinese-Japanese War

PRO-CHINA Frank Turner

Looking toward the not too remote backgrounds of the present embroilment, we find that China's strength and weakness center around a relatively individualistic and disorganized philosophy, while Japan's strength and weakness center around a much more regimented, disciplined, organized state of mind. China was relatively indifferent toward Western ways and modernization, slow to unite, tolerant of official indolence and corruption, often evasive of international dealings and disposed to a chuckling cynicism about the "altruism" and high intent of foreign powers who usually professed great anxiety to cooperate for her benefit. Japan was bustling and energetic, close-knit and disciplined according to special Japanese standards, intensely serious and dogmatically inclined to try to make other less favored peoples see things her way "or else."

Thus with this close-knit and disciplined psychology the Japanese people view the present situation, under a sort of hypnotism—a species of willful self-hypnotism. With their regimented views, Japanese spokesmen offer their reasons for the present conflict. First, they assert a sincere desire to cooperate with China.

They mean by cooperation, a Chinese "cooperation," and here is a case where the Japanese would do well to study the use of words. What they want, and what they have wanted from China seems not to have been cooperation, but subserviency. They have offered not cooperation, but coercion. The Chinese are keenly aware of this, but are the Japanese? It is very doubtful. They have told themselves so long, loud and often that their purposes are pure and their motives high, that they have mentally awarded themselves a gold medal for altruism! Why should they reverse their policy in the face of innocuous world antagonism? Their logic demands the view that the Chinese are a stupid, obstinate, reactionary and almost traitorous people who must be beaten to their knees for their own good. From their viewpoint, the situation is comparable to that of a well-meaning mother forcing an unwilling child to go to school, because she knows it will be for his ultimate benefit. Any other attitude would be treason to a concept which is so firmly intrenched in the already inflexible mind of the Japanese people.

II

Japan swells her chest with beneficent pride and says, "We also wish to rid China of the Russian menace." Let us look a bit more deeply into this objective. The Japanese keep themselves forever under pressure of an emergency. They think that Soviet Russia is eternally about to spring upon them, chiefly (I believe) because it is they who are forever about to spring upon Soviet Russia. Soviet Russia has things they want, whereas Japan has very little to make a Russian attack worth while. Believing thus in a Russia bogey, they think that any influence Russia may have on China and the Chinese Government is a constant menace to them and, purely by implication, they get the Red complex well fastened in their systems. Soon they are seriously telling the world that Chiang Kai-shek is a friend of Communism. And so, in a period when the opposite is obviously true, we wonder if Japan's medal of altruism has not lost some of its luster.

Japan regards China as a nation full of turmoil; she wants to establish peace, and marches on, waving the flag of Pan-Asiatic brotherhood, declaring that at last the Mikado's army will come in and set tottering China on her feet. But there are many circumstances which lead us to believe that perhaps, after all, Japan's desire for peace is not overly sincere. It was hoped that the capture of Nanking might lead to peace. Certainly the capture of Nanking and the accompanying Chinese military debacle represented a low ebb of Chinese fortunes. It is significant however that Japan did not impose a peace then. But drove on to Hankow. And to-

FRANK TURNER *and* RALPH FELTON *both write from personal experience in China and Japan. Turner was born in China. Felton has spent recent years in Nanking—at the University of Nanking—and in Japan, where his father is now.*

morrow? Perhaps Szechwan and Tibet! China wants peace, but China is not giving orders, and the only possibility of peace lies in a Japanese withdrawal. If Japan is so desirous of peace, why does she not establish it?

Just when China has struggled to her feet after the Revolution and struggled through the turbulent twenties; and just when she has managed to achieve an unprecedented degree of domestic unity, who comes along but Japan, knocking China flatter than ever. One sometimes wonders, with a sad smile, just how efficient an instrument war is for the creation of domestic tranquility. Still Japanese spokesmen flaunt their good-will, trying to stultify the effort of China's leaders, and trying to convince the world that the tireless genius of Chiang Kai-shek and Sun Yat Sen has been expended for naught. With the advent of the "New Life" movement in the early part of this decade, China clearly showed that it was rising above its quagmire of medievalism; she clearly showed that official apathy and public indifference were being replaced by the concerted effort of the Chinese nation to climb to a higher plane which represented national equality with foreign powers and advancement in every phase of human achievement. Without the present war, a few years would have brought China to a point almost on a par with other nations in a social, intellectual, and scientific way; but unfortunately Japan with her shining philanthropy has stepped in to rehabilitate her brother nation.

Such a view is perhaps too ironical, and as we regain our mental equilibrium, does it seem possible that Japan could sincerely possess the views which her spokesmen present in her defense? As was suggested above, the Japanese are under a hypnotic spell. Their leaders, those who comprise the oligarchy which controls Japanese policy, are sincere; in fact, tremendously sincere. But their sincerity is directed down a peculiar channel. They have a goal, which in itself is an admirable one; they want to make Japan like an immutable rock in the sea of competing nations. They are, above all, rational, and they are keenly aware of the fact that the Japanese islands do not have the natural requisites of a strong world power; therefore they seek to attain their goal by conquest—which, in its many implications, will contribute toward the strengthening of Japan. Thus one readily infers that there is scarcely any moral justification of Japan's imperialistic thrust; it is manifestly a selfish action.

But then looking at the case from a more subtle angle, one sees that Japan and her oligarchical leadership have a religion of nationalism. They cry, "Our religious objective is the amelioration of the Japanese State," and thus they regard themselves as in the right. It seems that the grim paradox of every war is applicable even here: both sides consider themselves fully justified.

If Japan were to apply the Golden Rule, and try to imagine herself under circumstances even remotely comparable to China's, there might be some chance for an intelligent discussion of peace. But the Japanese mind does not operate in this fashion. It is not flexible, but stiff, unyielding, and steeped in its fanatical religion of nationalism. Under this hypnosis her ideas will not bend, and the only hope seems to lie in the possibility that things which do not bend, will ultimately have to break.

PRO-JAPAN

Ralph Felton

Nothing is more ludicrous in the light of facts than to hear Americans speak of China as our "great sister Republic." Actually China is governed by a dictator, Chiang Kai-shek. Since the masses of China are largely ignorant there has never been a real election by vote. The war lords continue to command their private looting grounds. It is true that these war lords, themselves, elected a president—Lin Sin—but he is only a figurehead. Thus Chinese democracy cannot be threatened by Japan since there is no such thing as Chinese democracy. Chiang Kai-shek got his job as other dictators got theirs, by outfighting competitors. We Americans may be running true to form in sympathizing with China as the "under-dog" but we are being entirely unrealistic.

II

Looking at the relationship "as she is did" between Japan and China we come upon one of the chief reasons why Japan is so interested in keeping a maximum of cooperation (Japanese style) between the two nations and why, in the last resort, Japan is willing to fight so fiercely a war which seems on the surface one of pure aggression.

For better or for worse Japan has adopted a policy of industrialization and trade expansion. Because of this she is forced to import large quantities of raw materials, since she, herself, is relatively poor in the essential raw materials of modern industry. In need of raw materials then, Japan has offered China a large market for her minerals and the rich products of her fields. And it is perfectly logical that in exchange Japan should look to China for a market in which to sell the products of her industry. Until 1931 Japan found in China such a market.

But how, says Japan, can this mutually beneficial trade be conducted when China is still involved in revolution and when civil warfare, floods, disease and, more important for Japan, hatred of foreigners are traditional?

According to the Lytton Report: " . . . the influence of the Kuomintang (the Nanking Central Government) has introduced into the Nationalism of China an additional tinge of bitterness against all foreign influences." H. G. Woodhead agrees with the Lytton report in his *Oriental Affairs* when he says, "China's profession of friendship for foreign nations would be more convincing if it were not for the knowledge that the principal textbooks in use in every Chinese educational institution, deliberately, and by means of the most ridiculous arguments, inculcate hatred towards foreigners." Houses which belong to foreigners have been continually looted by Chinese Nationalists. The house I used to live in in Nanking has been looted three times.

As a result of her hatred for foreigners, and the Japanese in particular, the Chinese in 1931 began a program of illegal and hysterical boycotts. Initiated by the Nanking Central Government, these boycotts amounted to a program of economic warfare. While other countries could afford to sever economic relations with China, these boycotts meant to Japan almost the end of her whole economic life.

For Japan and China are, and must remain, economically independent. Their people are both excluded from Canada and the United States, from the East Indies, French Indo-China, the Philippines and Hawaii—indeed most of the present open spaces. It is obvious therefore that they must depend on each other for the solution of economic and population problems. Japan depends on the open spaces of China to relieve her population pressure and China depends on the advanced industrial state of Japan to supply balance for her economic system.

Four years after the Japanese had seen their first steamship, they bought one from the Dutch and, operating it completely with Japanese, sailed it to California. Surely a remarkable feat. Under the influence of Western ideas Japan grew. Jumping many steps in the Industrial Revolution she went directly from the horse-and-buggy age to that of the motor car. She made a drive for world markets beginning in 1932. By 1934 twenty-seven countries had imposed trade and tariff restrictions on Japanese imports, and by the end of 1934, forty countries had announced such restrictions.

China still remained the "dog in the manger."

Hamilton Butler says in his essay "American Delusions about China," "Americans can afford to sentimentalize while chaos multiplies in China . . . They have only about $200,000,000 tied up there, a mere bagatelle when set alongside their total wealth. . . . The Japanese are in a different position. They have nearly $2,000,000,000 invested in China and their trade with that country is the back-log of their industrial fire." George E. Sokolsky, in his *Tinder Box of Asia,* adds perhaps more concisely: "American investments are relatively small . . . about 1½ percent of the total American investment abroad." It cannot be said therefore that Japan is, in reality, fighting a war of aggression: she is fighting for her very life.

III

Another contributory consideration is the fact that China has never been able to put her own house in order. Because it is to the advantage of Japan as well as China, Japan has tried to help her. For example Japan led in the movement to give back to China tariff autonomy. She agreed to give up "extra-territoriality"—the arrangement whereby foreign powers are permitted to have jurisdiction over territory in another country (for example, the international settlement in Hong Kong).

One often hears the statement that Japan would not come to an agreement with the Nanking government (other than a submissive one) because she would "lose face." It is rather strange that Japan should sacrifice thousands of men and millions of yen merely over a matter of "losing face."

While attending the University of Nanking, I saw Chinese students continually making speeches against Japan and kindling a flame of hatred toward the Japanese. At that time China was spending fifty per cent of her budget on war preparations openly directed against Japan.

Japan does not seek territorial gains. It is not a necessity for Japan to seek territory for territory's sake. Sweden, Denmark, and other big-little countries have successfully proven this. By cooperation with other countries they are able to trade with them, each mutually benefitting, in a friendly civilized way. But Japan has not been given this peaceful cooperation with China. She must, as a result, fight for it since on this cooperation her whole life depends.

Raymond Lowery

A Genius at Harry's

Up at Harry's one night a campus genius came over to my table and said, "I hear you are a great admirer of Thomas Wolfe. I suppose you'll think I'm an egotistical sort of guy, but I think I've got the makings of a Wolfe. I haven't written anything yet, of course—the University is working me too hard—but I'm getting a good background now so that when I get out of school and have plenty of time I'll be able to do some real writing."

I was feeling down and out, having flunked a quiz that afternoon; but I had had a couple of beers and, besides, I am never too down and out not to want to listen to a fellow-writer. So instead of telling him to get the hell out of here and leave me alone, I decided to push him on. "What makes you think you've got the makings of a Wolfe?" I said.

"Well, I can't sleep nights," he said. "I want to be wandering up and down the street at three o'clock in the morning."

"That's a good sign," I said. "Have you noticed anything else?"

"Well, this sounds silly," he said and reddened. "But I seem to have the uncanny ability to attach a special significance to little things other people hardly notice at all. Also I have remarkable insight."

"Catches everything, eh?" I said.

"What?" he asked.

"Your insight," I said. "It catches everything."

"Oh, yes," he said. "It sure does. Just like I was telling you. I have fleeting moments in which I can see the truth of life."

"What about your habits?" I asked.

"What about 'em?"

"Are they like Wolfe's?"

"Yes they are," he said. "Very much like them. For instance, I actually enjoy staying by myself a great deal of the time. But I can't eat like he could. Do you suppose that will make any difference?"

"I reckon not," I said. "I wouldn't worry about it."

"Then I'm not quite as tall as he was nor do I weigh anything like as much," he said. "However, I don't believe this will handicap my success. Wolfe, himself, would probably have been better off if he had been nearer my size."

"Maybe you're right," I said. "Who knows? How about Wolfe's escapades over in Durham? Have you been on any?"

"I've been sort of hesitant about that," he said and his eyes flashed. "I don't think such immorality is at all essential to my work."

"Well, of course," I said. "Whatever you think."

"And another thing," he said. "I certainly don't mean to draw upon my family for material to write about. Myself, yes. But not my family."

"Why?"

"I could never bring myself to hurt my mother and sister the way he did," he replied.

"Then you are not Wolfe."

"Yes, I am Wolfe," he insisted. "But I'm also more than Wolfe. I possess things Wolfe did not possess, such as a sane consideration for my own well-being."

"Quite true," I agreed. "I hadn't realized that till just now. You want to make it a point to take special care of yourself, for the world cannot afford the loss of a man like you."

"You're not laughing?" he said.

"Emphatically not!" I replied forcefully. "You're a genius."

"No," he said. "Not yet. I doubt if I was even a child prodigy. I'm just always getting a lot of ideas about my existence on earth and never finding time to put them on paper."

"Do you have a typewriter?"

"Certainly not. I would use a pencil."

"And write in ledgers?"

"Of course."

"You know best," I told him. "How about these fleeting moments you mentioned in which you see the truth of life? How often do you have them?"

RAYMOND LOWERY *satirizes some of the more extravagant worshippers of our illustrious alumnus. Although Lowery, it is true, admires Wolfe himself; he does so with a little dignity and perhaps more honesty.*

"Oh, often," he said. "Almost all the time. Sometimes great torrents of words swell up in me, pleading vainly for release."

"Why don't you release 'em, then?" I said.

"Never have anyone to listen to me," he said.

"I'll listen," I said.

"You'd think it silly."

"Give you my word!"

"All right. Just remember you asked for it," he said, and I noticed his eyes beginning to move around the beer parlor which was full of smoke and the tinkle of glasses and the grating noise of human voices incapable of being understood.

"Wherever one turns," the boy genius began, "whichever way one turns, one faces again the same blank wall and the same blank ceiling. In the morning I shall walk from this joint. The lonely bridge across life. I shall go down the stinking dormitory hall, down the creaking passageway to forgetfulness, and I shall never return to this place. The far bridge across death. The floor is always creaking and the walls are always springing forward and backward."

"You're drunk," I said.

"No!" he shouted in my face. "Why do I have to be tormented by the sound of things which ought to be silent and by the movement of things which ought to be immobile? How shall I know I am living when I do not remember having slept? How can I believe I am not dead when I cannot dream of having lived?

"October silence moves with me across the great expanse to my classroom."

"No door, of course," I said.

"And no window," he added quickly, "and no face of love. Only empty remembrance. I am no more than a face in a crowd of people hurrying, hurrying . . ."

"To a bargain sale in Durham on Saturday," I prompted.

"Naw!" he shouted again. "Shut up! I have been awake from the beginning and it has been something less than having been asleep. After the silence of the earth comes the silence of myself, timeless, spaceless, shapeless, old and vast and rhythmic. No music. Mathematics 1. The steady beat of pulse. A crawling lizzard. A gliding goldfish. A . . . ."

"How about the skunk, the lowly skunk?" I asked.

"A green reptile," he continued as if he didn't hear a word I said. "The tinkle of glass. The rodent-train roaring through the outskirts of every little town. The living and dying going nowhere. The chug of gulching water, flowing through the mind, lapping at the spirit. I hear the symphonic rumble of the only symphony . . . quiet . . ."

I noticed, at the same time he did, the nickelodeon in the front of the beer parlor, now standing unused.

He went on.

" . . . quiet . . . quiet. All quiet, except for the silence, chugging, lapping, rolling, splashing, and the time of life and the time of death.

"Oh, I could go on all night," he said, then quit.

"Boy, that's good stuff!" I said. "what poetry!"

"How is it?" he asked.

"It's perfect."

"Is it too deep?"

"Not too deep," I said. "Just enough. I like especially that chug of gulching water."

"I thought you'd like it," he said. "I wish I had time to put it all down on paper."

"You ought to," I advised him.

"Do you think the *Magazine* would print it?"

"They'd eat it up," I told him. "All you gotta do is put it down on paper and you'll be famous before you get off the campus."

"I don't know," he said. "Rest of the fellows laugh at me."

"The hell with the rest of the fellows," I said. "They laughed at Wolfe, too, didn't they?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right," he said. "Would you like to hear some more?"

"Harry," I called. "Come over here."

Harry came over.

"Harry, bring me four bottles of Schlitz."

"Now let 'er go," I told the genius.

"The wind whispered to the emptiness," he beban, "and the horn of an automobile cried out mournfully . . ."

I went to sleep over the second bottle, and when I awakened a few hours later he was gone.

Sanford Stein

Private Life of a Lyricist

Intimations of Immortality

Dave bit his cigarette tighter, bent his head down toward the piano, and began rapidly to beat out a tune. I stood by him, excited, tense, but afraid to say a word. After a few minutes he stopped, looked at me with a slight smile on his lips, then said casually, "You know, I think we might have something there." I was far more optimistic. I *knew* we had something there. In short, we'd written a song.

If anyone has ever sat down and tried to combine words and music into something that sounds like those melodies blared forth from the instruments of Monsieurs Goodman, Shaw, Clinton et al., he or she will appreciate the thrill we felt at actually composing something that might one day rival the products of Berlin, Porter, and Kern. As can be easily seen, Dave and I both have vivid imaginations.

I immediately wrote home, telling the family to contact all the music publishers they knew in New York and pave the way for our appearance, because crashing Tin Pan Alley without any contacts is about as easy as gaining admittance into El Morocco without a Rockefeller bank account or a Van Stuyvesant name. Mother wrote back that since the owner of the Mills Publishing Company lived in my home town, she might be able to get us an interview with him. "He is supposed to be very nice, sweet and helpful to struggling newcomers," she said in her letter.

But Mr. Mills never enjoyed the great pleasure of meeting, helping or being sweet to us, because a little title trouble came our way. The name of our song was "Easier Said Than Done," and three weeks after we had written it, a melody by the same name, composed by Carmen Lombardo and Johnny Loeb, began to circulate through the ether waves. There was nothing Dave and I could do about it, for it's impossible to copyright a title and there was no question of plagiarism involved. It was just a matter of who got there first and Mr. Lombardo having a brother who leads a band. We still think our song was better.

But this is only one of the difficulties song writers run into. Having written song lyrics for two years now, I can guarantee from the depths of my heart and experience that it's no cinch. People who think that writing words for popular songs is little more than rhyming love, above, June, and moon should try their hand at it sometime and see how hard it is to turn out anything with a spark of originality and cleverness.

II

The first thing a lyricist has to realize is that the melody is the most important thing in a song. It is only in rare cases that a number succeeds on the basis of words alone, while several pieces of maudlin tripe like "It Looks Like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane" have become hits purely on tune appeal. Therefore, a writer has to make sure his words are singable, are not too involved rhythmically or syllabically, and have enough variation of metre to keep the music from following the same monotonous pattern. He has to remember that he is not writing poetry or English grammar ("like" has been used for "as" and "we" for "us" millions of times, and split infinitives and "ain't" are part of every song writer's equipment), and that if he wants his song to be commercially successful, he has to appeal to the people of Kansas rather than the limited few who enjoy the slightly soiled, traveling salesman ditties of Eddie Davis.

Sex in its elemental form is prohibited on the airwaves, which accounts for why "As You Desire Me" had to be verbally rewritten, "Paradise" had to fill in its asterisks, and "Body and Soul" is taboo on certain major networks. If the principals involved are married and the words are clever, the song may pass, as witness "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go To Sleep."

Half the success of a song depends on its title, which must be catchy, fairly brief, and able to give

SANFORD STEIN *is the man who writes all those atrocious verses for the Bucoaneer—and doesn't sign them. He has always wanted to be "literary" however and here makes a stab at it.*

the hearer an idea of what the whole affair is about. Popular phrases, current slang, and slogans, like "Why Doesn't Somebody Tell Me These Things," "You Hit the Spot," and "Danger—Love at Work" are always effective, while titles of books, movies, and plays are usually good though frequently far-fetched (example: Hemingway's ardently pacifistic "A Farewell to Arms" was turned into a lover's mournful adieu by Hollywood tunesmiths). Suggestiveness sometimes reaps rewards like "Nice Work if You Can Get It," which turned out to be quite innocuous, "You Got That Thing," and "Wouldja for a Big Red Apple." Over elaboration and excess subtlety in titles should be avoided. Besides being sung by Helen Kane, "I Wanna Be Loved by You" was a success because it was direct, to the point, and showed in no uncertain terms that the lady would offer no resistance if properly handled.

III

The first lyric I ever wrote was called "Let Nature Take Its Course." It wasn't bad, but the metrical scheme was too stereotyped, the rhyming was a bit too intricate, and the whole tone was a trifle too pornographic. Since then I've tried to make my lines simpler and to keep them from following a set metre. Whenever possible, of course, the lyricist should work together with the music writer, because any collaboration is a matter of give and take on both sides. It is impossible to write a lyric by oneself without having some melody in mind, and it's very unlikely that your partner will hit upon the same one you did. Consequently, when Dave tried to compose music to the words I'd written, I often had to change whole phrases and sentences because they didn't fit into his melody pattern.

Another thing a lyricist should shun is triteness. I freely admit that half the numbers on the Hit Parade have words that date back to the Stone Age, but there is a tendency nowadays on the part of the great unwashed to demand something a little different, a little more sophisticated and ingenious, a little less monosyllabic and puerile than what it has been getting in the past. One of the best examples of a successful song with splendid lyrics is "Thanks for the Memory." I've often spent hours revising a lyric—and sometimes discarding it entirely—because the idea and lines were hackneyed and sounded much better When Grandma Was a Girl.

Every person interested in some particular field has an idol to whom he or she looks up with awe and reverence. Mine, as far as song lyrics are concerned, is Cole Porter, who is definitely the top. Porter has the inestimable advantage of being able to write both words and music so that he can adjust one to the other without any trouble. This has resulted in his tremendously effective technique of building both lines and melody to a high-pitched climax, starting in a minor key and gradually reaching the upper registers.

Porter is probably the greatest versifier in the business. He can use one syllable as a rhyme for as many as eight or nine lines, each one of which will be smooth and make sense. Many of his lyrics are a case of caviar for the masses. His words are subtle, sophisticated, amusing, and he has a way of treating love or passion with a Mayfair nonchalance and tone of bitterness that doesn't at all detract from its intensity. (Take the middle of "I've Got You Under My Skin," with the words, "Don't you know, little fool, you never can win. Use your mentality. Wake up to reality, etc.") Cole Porter is one of the few modern composers who dares to use words that send many people scurrying to their dictionaries to look up the meaning, but it's not advisable for beginners to do the same.

IV

But what has made Porter such a tremendous success—he is probably the wealthiest song writer in the country—is something every lyricist hopes he can someday be important enough to try—creating the score of a musical comedy or a revue. Nowhere else can a lyricist let down his hair and write all the complex, witty, and subtle words he wants, for a Broadway show needs only one or two songs for popular consumption and the rest are at the disposal of the songwriters. "Let's Do It" (one of those "Fishes do it, elephants do it, why can't we do it" affairs), "Love for Sale," which is a prostitute's theme song, and "Miss Otis Regrets" have superb lyrics, but they're either never or rarely heard over the radio, because they're considered unfit for the chaste ears of little Junior and the Ladies Auxiliary Society.

Rogers and Hart are the nation's premier song writing team. Best known for such numbers as "My Heart Stood Still," "Blue Moon," and "I Married an Angel," they write almost exclusively for musicals. Larry Hart is an A-1 lyricist, but like Cole Porter, some of his best work—"The Heart Is Quicker than the Eye" and "Too Good for the Average Man," etc.—is little known outside of New York. Though "The Lady is a Tramp"—a novelty number with superb lyrics—for which Mitzi Green took about ten curtain calls when she sang it in "Babes in Arms," became a popular success, it is an exception rather than the rule. (And you never will hear the verse, "I'm all alone when I turn out my lamp. That's why the lady is a tramp.")

Other high grade lyricists are Harry Warren, Harry Revell, Hoagy Carmichael, and Michael Arlen. Gordon and Revell have a certain technical trick they often use in their songs which I, frankly, have tried like the devil to copy. They'll have a line of say six syllables and then, when the rhyming line appears, instead of having six syllables again, they'll use 12 or twice as many. In order to do this, they have to speed up the tempo of that second line, and the effect is swell. Best example of this is the middle part of "Wake Up and Live."

Much more could be said on this subject; but such is the life of a lyricist that any time out spent writing *about* lyrics makes him indefinably sad. For there are so many lyrics to be written and he only has one life to write them in.

Marie Agnes Nicholson

Conversation Piece

She was looking at the illustration in *You Have Seen Their Faces* when Alan came over.

"You aren't thinking of trying to walk out with it, are you?" he asked laughing. She started.

"I - - Why no!" She laughed quickly. "Whatever - - ?"

"We had a guy try that the other day. Funniest thing!"

She looked down. "What - - How did he do it?"

"Well, I was back at the desk translating French, and a very ordinary looking guy came in and sort of looked around, and then started looking over the new editions on this table—seeing you at the same place made me think of it."

"But people do that all the time."

"Sure! So I went on studying French, but in a minute I heard something—like one book sliding over another, so I glanced up."

"Oh!"

"And the funny thing was, he was turning the pages of one book with his left hand, and sorta leaning over the table, so I couldn't see his other hand."

"You mean—as I was doing just now?"

"Yeah. So I was curious."

"But he might've been - -"

"Just making room for his elbow, or something. I know. But the funny part was, I could see by his shoulder that his arm was still moving, while he kept staring at the book in his left hand."

She glanced at her right hand. "Well what did you do?"

"Oh, I just watched him, and in a minute he turned around and began looking at the volumes on the shelf. And the books here on the table he'd just left weren't disarranged at all."

"Then he wasn't doing anything really."

"That's what I thought—for awhile. Anyway, I'd already interrupted my studying, so I got up and went over to talk to him about our new edition of Shakespeare, and he looked at me sorta quick and turned back to the books. So I looked around to get it and show it to him, and it wasn't in its usual place, so I picked up the Harry Clarke *Poe* instead—see, this one."

She started to speak as he turned to the table, but he did not hear. "Now where is that thing? I'd have sworn it was here a minute ago!"

She drew in her breath quickly. "Was it? I - -"

"Oh, well. Anyway, just as I was showing it to him he turned around and I felt something bump me through his coat. It was an awfully big coat—almost as full as yours."

She looked quickly at her swagger fur coat.

"Well, what did you do?" she asked, looking back at the books.

"Then he started talking, very animatedly, about the new student nightclub, but I kept right on talking with him, and didn't let him out of my sight."

"Could you tell it was a book he had under his

Marie Agnes Nicholson, *an active Playmaker, is from Clarksville, Tennessee. Besides studying journalism, she is editing a book on a German refugee's experiences.*

coat?" she asked, holding out the skirt of her own with her left hand, by way of illustration.

"Not till he reached into his shirt pocket for a cigarette—here, have one of mine—then I could see an oblong outline sticking out behind his right arm."

She bent toward the match he held for her and inhaled hungrily.

"Funny how bad he wanted that cigarette—must have known it was a risky move," he went on. "Or maybe he thought it would look more natural."

She watched the smoke curling. "Maybe so. But what did you do?"

"While I was still thinking and watching him, he asked if he could have some blotters, so I went and got them for him, and picked up the telephone here. And when I turned around at the desk he said he wouldn't need them after all, and walked out pretty fast. And there on the table was Shakespeare, back where it should have been."

She was fumbling in her pockets for her gloves. "You're not going so soon? Can I help?" as she continued to wiggle inside her coat.

"Oh no!" very quickly.

"Don't you wanta book? We've just got - -"

"No," rather breathlessly. "But get me a set of bookplates, will you? The ones with Pegasus on them."

"Sure." He went back to the desk. "Only two bits apiece. Sure you don't want - -?"

"No, really. Thank you," she breathed, dropping a quarter into his hand. "Well, goodnight."

She jerked at the doorknob, and glided into the darkness. He went to latch the door.

"Hey!" he shouted after her from the table. Here's that *Poe* after all! Wonder how I missed it! Hey!"

Only a dormitory radio across the street answered. He closed the door and looked at the *Poe*.

"Funny she didn't laugh about that story I told her. Must be the feminine sense of humor."

•

Return to the Field

Be still as you lie upon the loam, warm breast.
Against the hardness of the ground, be silent.
Cease the blood's troubled flowing.
Lie in strange quietness, heart,
Lie in strange quietness. Remember
No more the shattered arm of noise;
The crude angular breast of dissonance.
The thousand harsh throats are stilled;
The thin buildings are unseen;
Time's hardened pressure has dropped from the limbs.

O now be still as you lie upon the loam, warm breast.
The eye is blinded clean by distance;
They are unheard; unseen; they are dead.
Cease the blood's trouble flowing;
Lie in quietness, heart.

David Sachs
(From *American Prefaces*)

Janet Seville

The Birmingham Conference

American Democracy in Action

Birmingham cars carried the slogan, "The Magic City." For us the magic lay in conjuring up a picture of the bustle in scores of homes, boarding house rooms and hotels throughout the thirteen states invited to participate in this discussion of the South by the South—for the nation. Days of hunting up train and bus schedules, planning car loads, cleaning off desks and keeping calendars clear from November 20 to November 23, dividing farm chores among the household, getting class cuts before the holidays excused, arranging for substitute teachers, asking time off from the night shift at the mill, every one, everywhere, packing.

And now, here we were all entering the auditorium together, students and business men, farmers and clerks, Senators and Representatives, miners and lawyers, teachers of all degrees, government experts and administrators, factory hands, and housewives, Catholic priests and war veterans, blacks and whites and Mexicans. We filtered into the lobby, scattered around the exhibits there and in the body of the hall, filled up the seats from the front as we came to them. Programs were being read.

"ALABAMA

Welcomes You—

The State . . . heartiest welcome to all. . . . Your purpose is high and noble and worthy of the respect of all men . . . advancement of human welfare . . . greatest ideal. . . . National Emergency Council report has shown the great need for improvement in human living conditions in the Southern region . . . wish . . . greatest possible success. . . .

Bibb Graves, *Governor*,
State of Alabama."

"BIRMINGHAM

Welcomes You—

As President of the City Commission . . . in the name of the people . . . extend . . . the whole-hearted and truly hospitable welcome of this great Southern city . . . honored by being host . . . worthwhile purpose . . . a testimonial in itself to your high character and good citizenship. The people of Birmingham and of the whole South will be joined with you at this time in hoping for the success of your deliberations.

J. M. Jones, Jr., *President*
Birmingham City Commission."

The Platform filled up with Conference executives. Behind them stood the Birmingham Industrial High School Chorus.

"Dee—ee—eep river,
My home is over Jorda—an. . . ."

Full, poignant harmonies, with a bell-like voice floating clear above the surging tide. The last strains still echoed in the ears of the delegates when Dr. Frank P. Graham, President of the University of North Carolina, stood before them.

"In the overtones of the song . . . in the South . . . our colored . . . are on the march 'into the promised land' . . . this is their home . . . white and black have joined hands here . . . we come tonight to the third stage of our development . . . we go forward by way of interracial cooperation toward the Kingdom of God . . . in the days of persecution of minority groups the Southern Conference takes its stand on the Bill of Rights . . . for freedom . . . for democracy."

A quiet voice that penetrated to the real beings under the thousand wrappings of personality and custom before him. The courageous mind of the speaker took off from this high point to a straight way through the Southern field of problems.

"Here in this pleasant land between the mountains and the sea . . . a goodly land . . . we can build . . . frontiersmen of a new day . . . toward a fairer South . . . with justice and plenty for all."

Heads were high, faces glowing, as the delegates strode home through the streets to the dawn of a new day.

II

The morning program showed just enough space for a visit to the W.P.A. Archaeology Laboratory. There among the skeletons and pottery sherds a

Janet Seville *made a breathless trip to Birmingham crowded into a car with other students and baggage. She gives here an impressionistic account of the Southern Conference on Human Welfare.*

girl straightened at sight of the Conference badges on our lapels.

"You're delegates? I see the colored folks are very much in evidence!" The air crackled.

The supervisor explained as we were leaving. The girl had gone over to the auditorium the night before to take articles for their exhibit, and had noticed the absence of color line in the meeting. This morning the whole staff had been drawn into animated discussion pro and con at her report.

On the trolley we thought how far this ripple of antagonism lay from the site and spirit of the meetings. The Conference had great questions to ponder. "How to improve the Farm Security Administration program, supplement it and change the conditions which have brought on so much farm tenancy in the South?" "How should Southern education be financed and reconstructed?" "What are the needs of the South in labor legislation, labor policy, and unemployment administration?" "How to meet the problem of four million ill-housed in town and country in the South? How can recreational facilities be secured under the new housing program?" "What is the Democratic answer to the suffrage status of the South's eight poll tax States?" "What steps are necessary to give equal and exact justice under the law to all men of whatever race or persuasion?" "What is youth's answer to the problems of the South?"

But the program listed meetings for as many as three sections at the same time each period. How to choose! For the first period, Farm Tenancy. An impressive roll of names. Senator John H. Bankhead, Honorary Chairman, Dr. H. C. Nixon, Chairman (Author of *Forty Acres and Steel Mules*), Speakers: Dr. Arthur F. Raper, Dr. George Mitchell, Dr. George M. Reynolds, Dr. Charles S. Johnson, Donald Comer. One after another took a spade and loosened the earth around the problem. Then others came forward.

"May I have your attention?"

The Conference Chairman at the microphone. Faces turned to listen.

"I want the cooperation of the delegates, the *white* delegates. I have had 100% cooperation from the colored delegates; I need 100% cooperation from the white."

Feet, fingers, bodies stiffened to listen.

"It has been called to my attention that there is a city ordinance . . . from now on . . ." her hand waved right and left cutting the hall into colored and white . . . "we want to obey the law . . . the Master himself said . . . we regret . . . but we must bow to Caesar."

Fruit basket, upset. As you were, bow, regret.

This is coma, a group coma. There must have been others out there who felt as that girl among the skeletons; the electric current set up by all their resistance struck through the microphone with stunning effect. What struck? Every one tried to comprehend. Not many minutes before every one was listening to the review of existing legislation in ten cotton states on landlord-tenant relations made by one of the South's own sociologists, Dr. Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University. Who would want to bar this contribution because of color? Eyes moved over the group out of white and dark faces, still, expectant. Some one would speak. Some one would show how trivial this concern about seating was in the face of the reality of cooperation here on the great and fundamental problem of how land and man relationships can be adjusted to the well-being of each, thus helping to restore health to our society.

A resolution made, tangled, straightened, passed. What has happened? That the Conference accepts with protest.

Fruit basket, upset, as you were, bow, regret.

The meeting stops. Back and forth in the aisles the delegates roam. Over at the right a knot grows around the Conference Chairman, draws a spectator circle. Word passes from mouth to mouth. "She says the colored people won't go to hear Mrs. Roosevelt if they Jim Crow the Conference." "They want to have a committee confer with the Conference Executive Committee." "They had a flock of policemen here all ready to raid the place."

"Write me a letter,
Send it by mail.
Address it in care of
Birmingham jail."

That night the city ordinance was reinforced by two unmistakable signs, one on each side half-way down the center aisle, and by ten tall tailored policemen.

III

Like an ever recurring phrase in a musical tone poem, echoes of the color code kept vibrating through the sessions.

From the platform a prominent Negro woman was called upon by her first name to yield the floor to a white delegate from Arkansas. "Madam chairman, as a matter of record I want it said that Mrs.

Mary McLeod Bethune of Florida gave way to the gentleman from Arkansas." Mrs. Bethune, President of Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona, Florida, national director of the Negro work in the N.Y.A.

At the youth meeting, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was a quiet latecomer and slipped into a seat just as some one got up to announce the result of committee research on the ordinance in question. "Have read it for myself . . . it is on the books . . . must observe the law in all our meetings . . . in this church, too." There sat Mrs. Roosevelt, front row, aisle seat, colored section. Consultation. A figure left the room. A figure came back, carrying a chair which he started to place on the other side of the aisle in front of the front row. Mrs. Roosevelt put out a staying hand hastily, her lips forming "no, no!" and she turned the chair to face the audience, pushed it back on a line with the speakers.

Mrs. Roosevelt had not been seated long when there was another movement at the door, and a second distinguished woman ruffled the recognition of the audience. The first lady of the land turned to see a dark well-groomed woman with a cane make for the seat she had vacated, sprang to her feet, and extended her hand in hearty welcome to Mrs. Bethune.

A colored man from North Carolina asked what the Conference was going to do about seeing that its delegates were not subjected to insults. The meeting of the prison section had been scheduled in a room of the Tutwiler Hotel the night before. As a member of a parole board, he had a keen interest and prepared to attend. At the door of the hotel he was met with "Where are you going?" He explained. "No nigger is allowed in here." The colored delegate paused. "There are times," he continued, "when silence is golden. I walked away."

At a meeting in a church, a man went up to the chairman and whispered. The chairman finally turned to the group and asked that they change seats as necessary to observe the ordinance.

In speeches. Carl Thompson of North Carolina. "I am worried about what discrimination is doing to white people . . . today's paper tells us that the Birmingham City Commissioner sent a telegram to the President protesting persecution of the Jews . . . in another part there is the story of a lynching in Mississippi . . . two hundred to kill one Negro . . . persecution . . . lynching . . . a growing thing that starts with discrimination in seats . . . what is happening to us white . . . what kind of brutes are we becoming?"

Mark Ethridge of Tennessee. "To me more than anything else this seating ordinance dramatizes the cruelty of discrimination . . . not merely because humiliating to a group of people . . . but a denial of one of my fundamental rights . . . to have no one tell me by legislation where my discrimination falls . . . what has happened here is not lost . . . I came here (to the Race Relations rather than the Freight Rates session) to show that white people of the South . . . do deeply resent the necessity for a people who call themselves Christian and democratic to act this way . . . my feeling is not Christian or democratic . . . springs out of plain decent human feeling . . . every move that is made for segregation and discrimination and for differentials in wages . . . education . . . sewers . . . streets . . . is a move made on the part of white people to assert superiority . . . a man who feels it necessary to climb for power on another man's back is himself an inferior person."

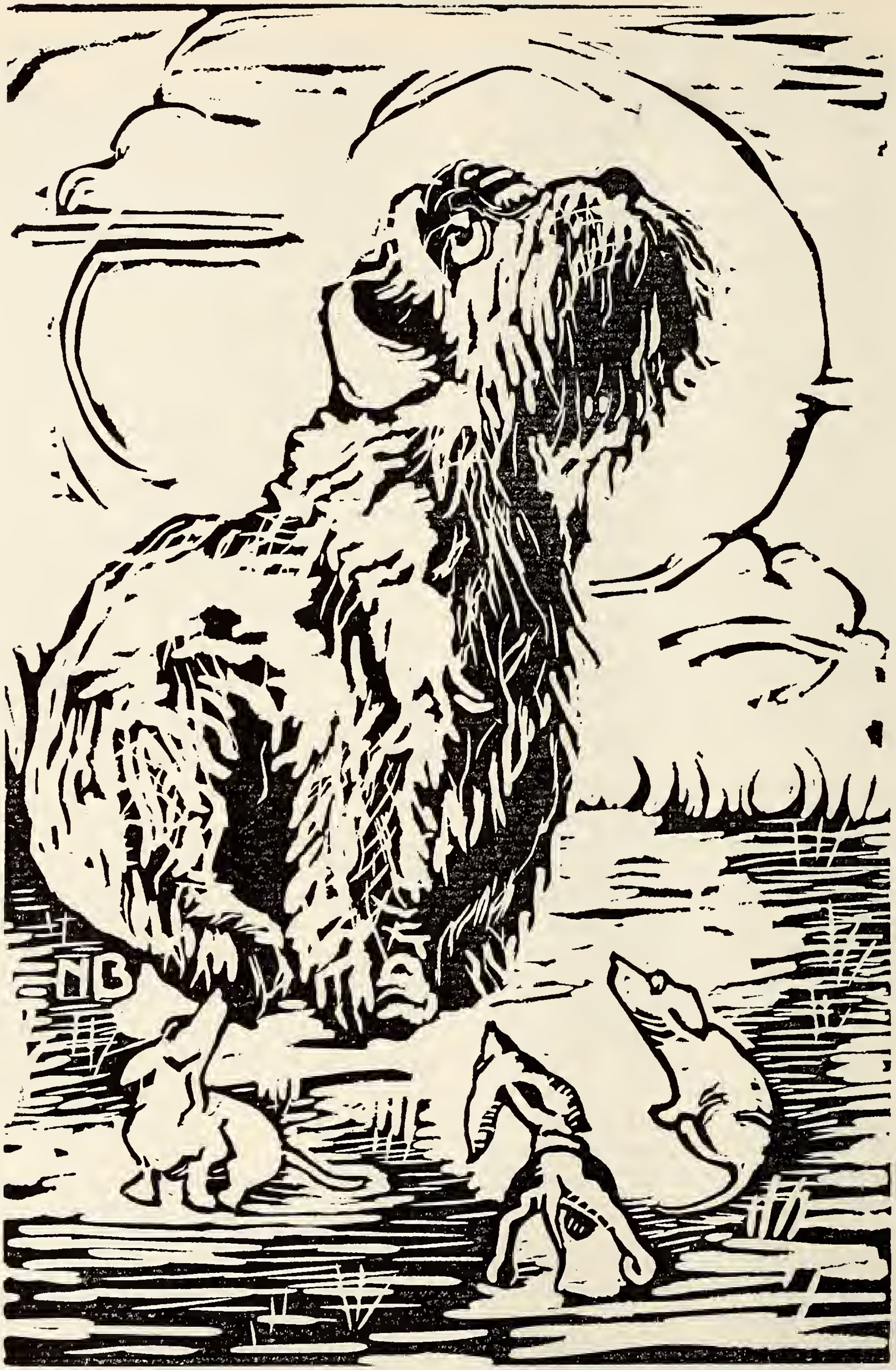
A young Negro girl from Atlanta. "Why must we spend our precious time in these meetings on this petty issue? . . . we all know segregation exists here . . . we expect insults . . . there are so many big problems we must face and tackle, there isn't time to waste."

The auditorium was packed. Dowagers and dungarees had turned out full force to hear Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. The six debutantes who acted as ladies-in-waiting fluttered through the audience at the end of the address collecting questions for the speaker to answer. Up came one that hit squarely the specific irritant at work in the Conference. "What do you think of the segregation here before you tonight?" The great hall sat still as one tense person. "It is not for me to say," the first lady answered. "That is for Alabamans."

IV

The soot gathered thick along the windshield as we crept out of the city in fog. Hundreds of us, scattering out in twos and threes to thirteen states. What have we seen?

The South is stirring in a heroic struggle to get her feet on solid ground. This Conference was part of that stir. In it the slow, ponderous, but vital workings of democracy were evident. The people of the South have much on their minds. They shared it with one another in Birmingham and rubbed ideas together.



Rubinoff is the most widely loved dog in Chapel Hill. Time has begun to have its way with him, but in his heart the fires of youth still burn. Besides making his daily rounds of the village, accepting with dignity the homage of his friends, he still goes forth by night, and many a young dog in his likeness roams the Orange county countryside. —*J. J.*

Logan Howell

Drink and the Devil

This here is rough country. It's not plumb in the mountains, but they's some pretty nigh, and you can't hardly go anywheres in 'em without stirrin up some bootleggers. It's powerful lively around here of a Saturday, when all the fellers git lickered up and congregate at my filling station all afternoon and night. There was old Ed Kline and his crowd. They shore loved to cut capers and play jokes. Hang around the old stove there chewin the fat, or some'll git to feelin good and eat sardines and Vienna sausage off that wooden shelf in the corner.

They weren't nothing old Ed had rather do than pester the Sheriff. He lives a mile away, and Ed would always holler as loud as he could, so's the Sheriff would come down and try to take him in. Sometimes Ed would phone him up when it was rainy and uncommon cold, and make out like they was a fracas at some shack way back in the mountains, and when the Law got back real late, as wet and riled as you please, the laugh sure would be on him. Yessiree, Ed was right full of fun. Beatinest man I ever seed.

Every now and then they would harangue each other to raise enough money to buy another jug. Of course, the boys were a little rough, and this was just as liable to start a scrap as not, but there really warn't no harm in them. Oncet Big Rob Morgan and Jeb Kizer begun a fight out in the road there, and afore you could shift your quid a whole passel of 'em was a-swingin and a-kickin, with rocks, bottles, and ball-bats—and, boy, they laid out some that time! Why, one time when Hank Forrest was in here right after he'd got back from the chain gang, a young new feller came in and Ed figgered he'd play a swell joke on him. Ed was as crafty as you please when he had enough licker in him, and he knowed that Hank was powerful suspicious bout his old woman, so Ed upped and told him that this new feller had been sparkin her while he was gone. Nachilly Ed didn't mean nothing by it, but they was all right smart drunk, and when Hank hearn that, he jumped sudden like on the boy and cut him around the neck. He was bad off for a long time after that. Course, old Ed couldn't of told that was going to happen.

Ed's a big clumsy rascal, but he's mostly big and broad at the middle, and walks kind of leant over, with his head peckin back and forth like a chicken. He's bald as a door knob and one eye squints all the time. When he talks in that confer-denshul tone of his he winks his other eye at you, and fur the life of you, you can't help laughing.

Oh, he's a real cut-up. Keeps a-drinkin a week at a time, hanging around here er laying out in the woods as happy as you please, and he don't worry nary a bit if they ain't no food for him or his family either. Why, many's the time I've had to tell his wife and kids I couldn't give 'em no food on credit, seeing as how Ed wouldn't never pay for what they got. He allus said they was aiming to take advantage of him. Oh, he was sharp, all right.

He never drunk much before the war, leastways except on pay day, and he was purty good carpenter. When he come back from France he married Emma Rogers. Then after a while he got so he wouldn't stay with the same contracting gang a month afore he'd licker up for a few days and wouldn't show up fur work. Always blamed it on the gassin he said he got in the war that made his chest hurt and kept him from doing much hard work. Nachilly nobody paid any mind to the story, fur it warn't good sense to think that an ox like him couldn't work. Emma didn't nag him about it much, though. Betwixt sewing for the people around here and working in the hosiery mill once in a while she just managed to keep the lot of them alive. Fer as Ed's concerned, you couldn't kill him any way. He's had enough accidents to kill off nine men, but I figger drunks just can't git hurt.

Well, twarn't long afore he was teasin' Big Rob, Ed came in the station roaring drunk. He shore cut up for the fellers that was a-settin on the bench warming their feet on the big stove. When he warn't singing "It's Lamp Lightin Time in the Valley" and clogging for all he was worth, he was fooling around joking with the boys, and every time he let off dancing they passed the jug around.

Logan Howell's *story was slated for our May issue last Spring, but was crowded out. The author is a senior English major from Raleigh.*

Well, warn't long afore he was testin Big Rob, and if he loved to do anything, it were that. I reckon Rob would git riled most when Ed would take off his old greasy cap and tell Rob to kiss his old bald head. For a while Rob made out like he didn't mind, until one time Ed bent over and butted him in the belly, and the first thing anybody knowed he shoved Ed right blim-blam clean through the red hot stove, and spread fire all over the room. I never seed those fellers jump so fast in all my life. Anyhow, there was that fool a-settin' there on the floor with the grate burning away in his lap, and him looking like he didn't care a snap for the whole business. He'd a been there yet I guess if somebody hadn't of kicked the fire off'n him and pulled him out. And what do you think? They weren't a thing wrong with him! The onliest thing was a little hole burnt in his overalls. When we got to thinkin on it we'uns seed how plumb funny it was, and we couldn't hardly put the fire out fur laughing. Course, I had to fix up the store some, but I figger it was worth it to see that rascal Ed a-settin with the fire in his lap just as calm as you please. He's the beatinest man I ever see.

Well, Emma got powerful stirred up about that, and she didn't let up from pestering him fur a week. And you know what? Afore she finished Ed up and swore off fur good and all! I laughed when I heard it, cause I knew Ed couldn't keep away from licker long. But after a month I had to set up and take notice, fur he shore hadn't touched a drop; and what's more, he went to work on Tom Plummer's construction gang. Couldn't nobody make nothing out'n him. He stayed on the job all right, but he warn't the same at all. Nope, we saw it right in here. He'd come in and eat his pork and beans, but he wouldn't carry on like he used to, and if you said anything to him he'd sorta answer short.

Emma was purty glad at fust about it, but presently she seemed to get out of sorts, and started nagging Ed about this and that. Looked like she kinda didn't cotton to the change in him. I reckon Emma must have gotten purty used to Ed's joking and cavorting around all the time, and she didn't feel at all right since he was acting so different. You can't never tell about womenfolk. 'Pears like they'll fret and fuss and tussle till they git what they want, and then they ain't never satisfied with it, and want to swap back like they was before. Yessiree Bob, they're a peecoolyar lot.

Well, things went along like that about a year. It was a heap quieter around the station since Ed stopped cutting up. Then one day we saw in the paper as how they had paid off the Soldiers' Bonus, and we was wondering if Ed would get anything out of it. Right while we was talking a spankin new car came flying down the road and cut into the station with the tires just singing, and most knocked over the gas tank afore it stopped. Who do you reckon came out of that car, drunk as a fool and hollering to beat all hell? Nobody but Ed Kline. He looked so natural I fergot to be surprised. The old cuss cut such a jig he fell flat on his back, and laid there a-howling. D'rectly a crowd came to see the fun, and we nachilly axed him where he got the car. Well, Ed whooped a few more times and then 'lowed he'd got his bonus, and did anybody think he was going to miss a chance like that to get drunk?

Next thing we knew he was tearing off to Tom Plummer's mill to quit his job, and of course we didn't aim to miss nothing, so we went too. I reckon Tom must of been able to talk the fastest, fur he fired Ed afore he could quit. Then Ed stumbled over to where the boys were cuttin logs with the gasoline wood saw, and commenced to jaw at them. Then all of a sudden he got too close to the saw blade and it caught his coat tail and pulled him up against it and jist about sawed his leg off above the knee. I never was sicker in my life seeing all that blood shoot out, and I shore gave him up that time. But somebody tied him up and took him to town to the hospital.

I had to take Emma in to see if the doc could do anything fur him. Why, the cuss hung on fur days, until finally the doc told us we could go in and see him, and I'm telling you I didn't feel good one bit. Well, we went in, and would you believe it, there was old Ed a-settin up in bed looking like he'd jist et a good meal, and if that nigger janitor hadn't been sneakin him a drink right regular, then I don't know the smell of South Mountain sugarhead! Emma didn't seem much surprised he hadn't kicked the bucket.

I told Ed if it had been any ordinary man he would of kicked off, shore enough. Emma grinned and 'lowed she reckoned Ed warn't ordinary—jest ornery.

Then I busted out laughing, and when they axed me what was so funny I had to tell 'em. I says warn't it going to be a killing sight to see Ed hopping around my station on crutches, drunk as a coot, and not having a free hand to take a drink!

Simons Lucas Roof

For Country and for Self

Michael relaxed in a low silk-cushioned seat beside the bay window. He watched the lights on the ships and the lights on the wharves. He frowned. For weeks the North had been bribing and plotting to capture the harbor, and in another day they would succeed. Confederate ships in the port would be lost to the enemy. Charleston mauled by Yankees! Michael straightened in his chair, and watched the lights more intently. If the Federal government were successful in its attempt to blockade the harbor, the shipping and trading of the South would be importantly hurt. And the spies and blockade-runners would suffer. Michael, at the thought of spies and blockade-runners, turned to Ranee, who was pacing restlessly before the fireplace.

"The lights are low in the harbor, Ranee. And the night promises to be very black." He arose and strode across the room to the fireplace, and standing before the fire, caught her hand and halted her stalking. "Ranee, you are coming with me tonight, aren't you? I think the Yankees would like to ruin your lovely neck! Spies are rare, you know, and nice to treat roughly. Very roughly!"

Ranee creased her full lips into a small smile, then leaned her head on the mantelpiece. Her black hair sprawled across the ivory-colored wood. Michael ran a hand over her head. He would have to get Ranee out of the city before dawn. And himself. Ranee meant much to the Southern Confederacy. Her striking loveliness had already effectively charmed an impressive number of Northern officers, and the South needed information. Ranee's green eyes performed miracles with men.

"Michael," Ranee murmured, "what shall we do? The harbor is blockaded almost completely, and the roads are under the control of the Yankees. What to do? We *must* do something!"

Michael stroked his tousled blond hair thoughtfully, then began laughing.

"We may be dead by morning, Michael, and you are laughing! What makes you so strange? And your eyes—laughing brown eyes. Laughing, laughing!" Ranee frowned in puzzlement.

"Ranee," said Michael, "I've decided what we must do. We'll fill one of your billowing dresses with air, waterproof it with wax, and float away to the sea. If someone doesn't shoot us for a whale, the Yankees won't get us."

"Darling," she whispered, smiling briefly, "you talk like an impractical man, but I know who is making a fortune off this war. You care as much as a crow who wins. But line your pockets well, Michael: you'll need money if the Yankees catch you."

"*If*, Ranee Royal. And if they snare you!"

II

They laughed together for a few minutes, holding hands before the fire. Then the knocker sounded, and they heard the maid shuffling over the thick carpet of the hall to reach the front door. A mumble of voices came to them indistinctly. Then a light tap at the living room door, and a heavy-built man entered the room.

"Good evening," he addressed them. He shook Michael's hand, and held Ranee's hand several seconds longer.

"Thomas Randolph!" cried Ranee. "You trapped here too?"

"Not trapped, Ranee. Good blockaders are never trapped!" Thomas smiled a little unconvincingly, Michael thought. Thomas, in the year he had commanded Michael's other ship, had gradually developed a love for Ranee, and now the love was almost fanatical.

He walked to the piano and began picking at the keys. Michael stopped watching the lights to watch Thomas. Ranee had to treat him decently, and she would, for a spy is always in need of friends, and Thomas, with the boat, was a worthwhile friend to claim. Ranee listened to the piano a while, then spoke,

"Fellow scoundrels," she began, "we have four hours until midnight to leave the city. Four hours! After that, even heaven may not help us."

"Ably spoken," said Michael. "Now will you go with me?"

Simons Lucas Roof *here attempts an experiment in short story writing. Most short stories submitted to the* Magazine *deal with contemporary themes.* For Country and for Self *goes back to the Civil War. We would like to see more historical short stories.*

Thomas rose from the piano, and came swiftly across the carpet, and caught Ranee's hands. He squeezed them tightly. Too tightly, Michael thought.

"That's all right," Thomas said. "I'll take her with me." He tried to draw her closer.

"Business first, Tom." Michael gave him a searing glance, and Ranee sighed almost imperceptibly, and gratefully. She suggested:

"Why not flip a coin to see who takes me?"

Ranee reached into a shallow dish on the mantel piece and drew forth a coin. She handed it to Michael. He examined it, and started a little. Then he smiled and said,

"Heads, I take Ranee out of the harbor with me on the northern side. Tails, you take her on the southern side." Michael tossed the coin in the air. It spun erratically, then descended. Michael caught it flat in the palm of his hand, and showed it.

"Heads," he laughed.

"All right," said Thomas. "Tonight at midnight my ship leaves the bay travelling on the southern side." He turned and spoke softly to Ranee, "Meet me in Savannah and you can have a husband, if you like." He grasped Ranee's hand, then impetuously drew her against him, and kissed her warmly. He loosened her and walked swiftly to the door. Michael smiled through catlike eyes, and murmured goodbye. Thomas was gone.

III

"That double-headed coin, Ranee - -"

"Spies take the best way out!" she answered laughing, and cuffed him lightly under the chin. "Besides, Michael, your ship is the swifter and you are the better gentleman of the two."

Michael laughed, then walked to the bay window, and gazed across the harbor. He stared for several minutes and then began smiling. Ranee smiled too, though she had no reason to smile: after a minute, Ranee began frowning, and asked him,

"*Now* why are you laughing? Have you thought of a pleasant way to give yourself up to the Yankees?"

"No," he said chuckling softly, "but I have thought of something interesting. It concerns getting away from here safely."

While Ranee watched curiously, he strode to the corner desk, dipped a quill in ink, and began penning a short note. When he finished writing, he called the Negro coachman, and walked to the door with him, meanwhile giving him his instructions in a few words. The old slave nodded, and sped off down the street.

Ranee ran up the stairs to get her bags packed, and when she returned, someone was rapping the knocker at the door. The maid opened the door a few inches: a thin draught of cold air whistled down the hall. Then the caller pushed his way in. He was dressed in the uniform of a Northern captain. When he caught sight of Ranee his lips parted and his eyes gleamed happily: then he frowned, hurried forward, and spoke:

"Ranee! Do you remember me? I am the young captain whose papers were stolen, and Headquarters blamed it on you. Do you remember? I think they lie. But I sneaked here to tell you to leave the city tonight. The blockade will be completed, and the city in our hands in three or four hours. If they capture you, they say you'll hang. For a spy! I'll never forget that one evening we had: that's why I want you to leave now!"

"But how to leave?" asked Ranee hurriedly, as the man edged back toward the door.

"Leave by the roads. The bay will be bottled up. Goodbye!" He touched her hand, and was gone in the same rushing way in which he had come. Ranee gasped a little. She barely remembered the man. And he had come to tell her! and she had to leave by the roads. Michael entered the hall from the living room, and said quietly,

"My ship was built for the sea. Not for the land. We'll leave by the bay in the dark tonight. Pray, if you want to." The coach came five minutes later, and they stepped in and rode off through the night down the cobblestone street.

IV

The South Moon slipped from her wharf, and with all lights out except a few below, sailed silently out into the river channel. Michael and Ranee talked quietly in the prow. The night was starless and cold, and the wind, that puffed the sails wide, was freezing. Ranee shivered. Michael threw his coat over her shoulders, and they huddled together to watch for ships ahead.

They had passed a few scattered wharves, but now the wharves were closer together: soon they reached the lower public ones. Ghostlike they glided by the docks. Faint lights were discernible on a number of ships. They floated noiselessly down the channel. As they reached the last wharves, the lookout suddenly called out a soft warning. Peering before them, Michael and Ranee saw the dim shapes of a whole fleet of Yankee ships! *The South*

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
I'LL MISS THIS GRAND OLD TOWN, CHUBBINS. I WISH WE'D LIVED HERE WHEN IT WAS THE PORT OF CLIPPER SHIPS·····
TRAILER TRIP LEAVING SALEM, MASS.
HERE'S A FINE GIFT TO SEND HOME, DAD. WOULDN'T AUNT MARY HAVE A GREAT TIME FIGURING OUT HOW THE SHIP WAS PUT INSIDE THE BOTTLE
MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO FIND OUT OURSELVES. WILL YOU EXPLAIN IT, SIR?
BE GLAD TO. FIRST, WE MAKE OUR SHIP MODEL IN PARTS, THEN FOLD SPARS, HULL, SAILS, AND OTHER UNITS TOGETHER SO THEY PASS THROUGH THE BOTTLE NECK LIKE THIS. EACH PART HAS A STRING RUNNING OUTSIDE TO THIS BOARD·····
NEXT, WE UNFOLD THE SHIP INSIDE THE BOTTLE BY PULLING THESE STRINGS, WHICH BECOME THE RIGGING. ANY PART CAN BE SET IN PLACE BY ADJUSTING ITS STRING OUTSIDE ON THE BOARD
YOU'RE GETTING AN EXACT SCALE MODEL MADE OF AN OLD TIMBER FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S CLIPPER SHIP. IT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT NOW, BESIDES THIS PIPE OF HIS
HOW WONDERFUL!
I CAN SEE THAT YOU MUST GET A LOT MORE PLEASURE SMOKING THAT PIPE THAN YOUR GRAND-FATHER DID!
HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT! BEFORE THE DAYS OF PRINCE ALBERT, I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A MILD, TASTY SMOKE WAS LIKE
WE MODERN PIPE-SMOKERS OWE A LOT TO P.A.— THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!
WHAT I WANT IN A PIPE TOBACCO IS JUST WHAT I GET IN PRINCE ALBERT—A COOL, MELLOW SMOKE FULL OF RIPE, RICH TASTE BUT NO BITE
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
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Moon, covered graciously by the pitch-dark night, sneaked slowly down the river, came opposite the fleet tied to the wharves, and slipped safely by the Northern ships.

But a few minutes later the lookout called again, and reported that four of the ships were casting off. A while later, he called that they were following *The South Moon.*

Michael frowned, and wondered if the Yankees had seen them. The night had hidden the ship well, though, and he doubted that the Yankees had seen the Confederate boat yet. Michael stared into darkness. He thought he saw a faint flicker to leeward. There, about three hundred yards to the right. The lookout sang out once more: he confirmed Michael's suspicion. A mysterious ship was travelling parallel with them.

Then, as if one hand were responsible, seven patches of lights gleamed out in the dark, and Michael guessed that every patch was a Yankee ship. Seven Yankee ships! Four coming from behind, and three new ships appearing suddenly before. The ship to his right was still not lighted. Then Michael knew what the strange ship was. Thomas and his crew. He whispered to Ranee,

"That dark boat is *Mayhap,* with Thomas! Look!" He pointed to the seven Yankee ships in turn. "Those ships are heading to the southern side of the bay! They're missing us completely!" He kissed Ranee joyously, and ran down the leeward side to instruct the pilot. He spoke lightly, as the Yankee ships began to fire on the unfortunate Confederate boat.

"Pilot, cut through the Beach channel!"

The South Moon swerved easily to the port side, entered an invisible narrow passage close to Fort Moultrie, and sailed majestically through the Beach channel. Beyond lay Breach Inlet and Fort Marshal: skimming like a fish-hawk, *The South Moon* flung herself with full sails across the black waters. Michael returned to Ranee, and began laughing softly,

"Hear those shots? Your dear friend Thomas is losing a fight." Ranee shuddered against his shoulder. The sound of the cannon became louder and more insistent. Renee whispered,

"He shouldn't have to die, Michael! Help him!"

"No, he has to die. Even two to seven would be easy for the Yankees. Besides," he said laughing aloud, "I have thousands of dollars worth of cargo aboard. I'm getting lucre to buy my way out in case I get caught."

Ranee sobbed quietly. "If Thomas hadn't died, we—we wouldn't be living now."

"Yes, I'm sorry he died. But the Confederacy needs you. And I need myself. Your coachman is a trusty old fellow, isn't he?"

"Michael!" Ranee raised her head and looked at him wide-eyed. "Michael, did you tell the Yankee Headquarters that . . ."

"So we could get out on this side, yes!" He challenged her eyes. Then she quivered a little, sighed, and relaxed against his shoulder.

Edward Megson

No Nothin'

One day, John had a smile in his heart. Have you ever seen a Polack with a smile in his heart? Well, brother, it's something to see. It made the boss happy every time he told John what lot of woolens to run thru the dryer. It made Hap, the batty guy who ran the washers, happy every time he went up to John's dryer to get a new ball of string. And it even made the "super" feel happy when he came down to check over his latest samples, just out of the dryer. To give you the straight dope, friend, it made everybody happy.

Now, I suppose you think this John was quite an extraordinary guy to make everybody happy like that and you're not wrong, brother, you're not wrong.

John Muravitch had a round, flat, Slavic pan, and when John wasn't thinking of anything, that pan looked just like any old tin pan. No expression at all. But when John felt happy, that round pan of his just cracked into the widest happiest smile you can think of. You just knew the guy was happy right through and through. Brother, when a fellow looks like that, nobody can feel lowdown. Now, maybe you're asking me why John was feeling so doggone happy. Well, buddy, there's nothing to that. A guy doesn't get a raise every day of the week.

The "Old Man," well, owner to you, had planted that round, fat rump of his down in that red plush chair up in the front office and after asking Mr. Willard Jr. (who's just a stooge if you wanta know) if he thought it would be proper, had given a "few of his employees" a raise. Just like that. No investigating. No nothin'. Just like that. The "Old Man" knew how to give raises too. He just checked on down his list of workers and picked the "right" ones.

"That dumb looking Polack that works on the dryer should be a good man," Mr. Willard Jr. had hinted. "He's a big man in the Polack element."

The "Old Man" had nodded his head and so John had gotten a raise. Just like that, buddy. No nothin'. Just like that.

A coupla' Polacks told me John threw a big party the night after he got that raise. He slung his wife Stella around in one of these Polack polkas till she had to go to bed for a week. Or maybe it was the vodka. John bought good vodka when he threw that party. Not rotten apples and oranges stuff. Not for his party. Real, good, straight vodka. John had every Polack from Jackson Street down to the old mill section at that party, and they all laughed and drank till the milkman started coming around.

It's a funny thing brother, about that C. I. O. mob that came into town about two weeks later. They never even got started. I got it from a coupla' pals of mine down on Jackson Street that these guys started blowing off on one of the street corners, but shut up pretty damned quick. A whole damn crowd of Polacks came down the street and lit right into the whole damned outfit. There was a pile of broken and bloody noses after the brawl was over but I didn't see any of those union fellas around. Yeh! It's a funny thing, brother.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

Alias the Promised Land. S. Gordon Gurwitt. New York: John H. Hopkins, Inc. $2.50. 380 pp.

It is reliably reported that the quest for the Great American Novel goes on unabated in various quarters by the well informed natives of the country, and if any of the searchers intend to tarry and examine *Alias the Promised Land* for evidences of greatness—let them be warned to continue full speed ahead.

Somehow, somewhere, there must have been a book intended for adult consumption that was more asinine than *Alias the Promised Land*, but even the oldest settlers cannot remember it. The book would have made a dandy serial story complete in 12 chapters. Within its covers beat hearts of gold, noble four flushers, wronged men, card sharks turned honest, girls resisting fates worse than death, etc. Mr. Gurwitt may have started out with the intention of setting down a touching, heart-rending, and tear jerking story, but somewhere along the line the hearts fell out of the deck and the flowers wilted.

As a horrible example, examine the contents:

First, a vaudeville magician with delusions of old Virginia, his beautiful but pure daughter, and a card shark. They go to a small town with full intentions of running a crooked card game and a coffee shop on the side. Ah! a worm enters the picture, and they are transformed by the birds, the bees, the trees, and a few carrier pigeons into influential citizens. Oh yes, very influential. Within 100 pages they blithely jump from skipping hotel bills to closing $100,000 deals. The card shark crops up as a problem, but he cheerfully provides a way out by skipping the country and dying in some South Sea Island.

Second, an influential citizen and his son. The I. C. fleeces the public and snidely twirls his mustache (villians must, you know) until our magician friend listed above gets the goods on him. The son falls in love with the girl in section one, propositions her, gets refused, and in a fit of great desperation goes off on a drunk and wakes up in Elkton married to the college widow.

Third, a stalwart silent football player and his wronged pappy. The footballer is strong, hard-working, and refuses to be subsidized (that gives you an insight into the book). His pappy was framed and jailed by the I. C. above. Everything comes out right in the end though, the girl gets the footballer on the last page, and the pappy is sprung from jail.

Fourth, there's the usual boy-meets-girl, etc., formula, with the footballer and the magician's daughter playing the leading roles. That gives you a general idea of the book. If you've ever read a dime novel you can fill in the rest of the details yourself.

The book is very touching, and positively guaranteed as a cure for insomnia. But don't say you weren't given fair warning. The jacket blurb is very interesting, but I wonder what book they were talking about. The cover shows an attractive section of the Princeton campus. Hearts of gold beat all over the place, and virtue, of course, triumphs in the end. And, confidentially, it . . . . —Shelley Rolfe

Toscanini and Great Music. Lawrence Gilman. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50. 198 pp.

"This is not a biography of Toscanini. There are other books that deal with Toscanini the man. I am not here concerned with Toscanini's career, nor with his personality as a human being, but rather with his quality as a musician. I have tried to set down the reasons why Toscanini, the recreative artist, seems to me to be unique."

Mr. Gilman, music critic for *The New York Herald Tribune*, in his self-defined assignment undertakes and overcomes the trying task of portraying Toscanini's methods of music: *Toscanini and Great Music* is a task well done. He constantly calls the attention of the reader to the fact that Toscanini is not a creator giving to musical scores improvisations of his own, but that he is a "revivification artist." He shows the Toscanini who conducts a Brahms symphony as Brahms himself would have conducted it.

Mr. Gilman is logical in the selection and arrangement of the composers discussed: he presents a group varying from the "old masters" to the "moderns." The discussion of Haydn is valuable from the standpoint that through Toscanini's conducting one hears a composer who expressed melancholy, humor, virility, and tenderness—and not, as is usually

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thought of Haydn, a "genial classicist" and a prankster with music.

The foremost commentary in the book is of Ludwig von Beethoven. His well-known and greatest Symphony, the ninth, is analysed critically. Toscanini's orientation to Beethoven casts a new ray on the Master Composer where other conductors have failed miserably. Mr. Gilman does not write extensively of Schubert, Brahms, Wagner, Sibelius, and Debussy, but he is painstaking in describing Toscanini's interpretations of their works. More time could have been given to Richard Wagner, but Mr. Gilman does emphasize Toscanini's artistic ability to present "Wagner's music as he himself had dared to dream that it might sound."

The final chapter of the book is one of the greatest tributes that has yet been paid to Arturo Toscanini. Mr. Gilman quotes some expressions and ideas of and about other people that are aptly applied to Toscanini. "As Shelley, one might say, is the perfect type of the poet, the poet *in excelsis*, so Toscanini is the music lover *in excelsis*."

Mr. Gilman's book, besides making desirable reading for the music lover, is equally as desirable for the average person. Then too, the importance of a contemporary portrait of a great man increases with age. Mr. Gilman's book possibly will be more greatly appreciated by succeeding generations than by us.

—Ralph C. Tolar

●

WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME. Margaret Halsey. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.00. 278 pp.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh, in her recent book, "North to the Orient," relates how she and her husband were forced to stop in Siberia for about an hour to refuel their plane. To while away the time, she asked an official at the airport various questions about the people, the government, and the customs of the country. As she was about to step back into the plane, the official said, "When you write your book, let me know. I'd like to read it."

From time immemorial, people have been visiting foreign lands and writing their impressions for home consumption. All too often, the individual has only spent a few months in the land he is writing about and has only seen a few phases of the life he is attempting to describe. Some of the books, however, have thrown important light on their subject matter and have been lasting contributions to literature. But the majority, falling between these two categories, are entertaining, informative travel tales. In this class lies Margaret Halsey's "With Malice Toward Some."

The book is an account, told in diary form, of the author's sojourn in England and her trips to Scandinavia and Paris. She spent a year abroad with her husband, who was on an exchange professorship at Exeter College. Having little to do except keep house in the small English university town where Henry (the spouse) was teaching, Margaret occupied most of her time observing the life about her. Her perception is keen, and her comments are sharp, witty, and, as the title indicates, definitely malicious.

Three other fields in which Margaret Halsey shines are in the telling of anecdotes, the invention of similes, and the depicting of characters and institutions. I doubt if one can find a more amusing episode than the tea given by the Warden of the college hostel at which the Bishop's wife, who was guest of honor, choked on a crumb. "The Warden, a cup of tea in her hand, bent over the gurgling noblewoman, and the rest of us said distractedly that it was frightful weather, oh yes frightful, yes really dreadful. . . . Later on the Warden sought Henry and me as we were writing letters and talked about the crumb as if it had been planted by Communists, acting under explicit instructions from Moscow."

As for the similes, Margaret has introduced so many novel ones that the reader sometimes wishes for a good old-fashioned trite saying. Two of the best ones are "the cathedral lies across the life of the town like Welsh rabbit on a delicate stomach," and "English coffee tastes the way a long-standing family joke sounds, when you try to explain it to outsiders."

The character studies are perhaps Miss Halsey's major triumph. She has touched off the various members of the English gentry with their vacuity, their snobbery, and their knowledge of the social graces to perfection. The British custom of treating servants as if they were dirt under one's feet at first infuriated her, but she soon discovered that that was the way servants wanted to be treated. "It proves (luscious thought) that they are working for gentlefolk." And, of course, her comment on the traditional English weekend (see page 170) has already become a classic.

In short, "With Malice Toward Some" would be like going through a stranger's family album, if it weren't for the fact that the author's style and phrase-making ability constantly tickle the mental palate. If you're not looking for depth, and if you like your humor sophisticated and biting, by all means get acquainted with Margaret. She's the type of woman one always hopes to meet—and rarely does—in Chapel Hill.

—Sanford Stein.

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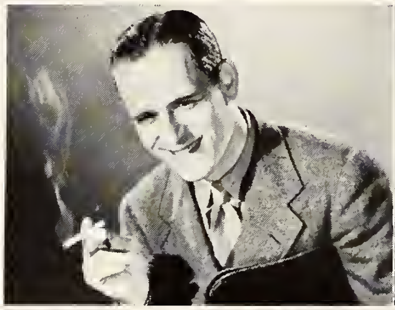

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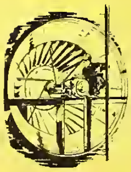

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We, the Hypocrites . . .

We squirmed in our seat when President Roosevelt complimented the University on being a liberal institution. We felt like heels. We squirmed further when he put his finger on our trouble by talking of "headline" mentality. That is what we have at this University, not liberalism, but headline mentality. We have choosen as our cover a composite of headlines from the *Daily Tar Heel* dealing with C. P. U. speakers.

We have a fine open forum platform, any one can come and speak on it without being molested and *if* he is of the right degree of repute or disrepute students will turn out in great numbers. They will listen to communists, they will listen to fascists and the C. P. U. keeps on bringing the opposite sides. Browder versus Dieckoff or Derry. But never is there a hint of the content of any of these speeches registering. Never is there the slightest idea, but that one must be neutralized by the other. Nobody remembers that Browder gave a rather conservative speech on collective security; and Derry made an unutterable ass of himself by talking about international bankers instead of his announced topic "A Bulwark Against Communism." But always this insistence on one speaker neutralizing another. And *no* consideration of content.

Headline mentality. Under this superficial liberalism we find evidence of a fundamental conservatism. The University's attitude towards women is a disgrace. On a large faculty, only one or two women are included. And the typical Carolina Gentleman attitude towards the women is illustrated in the contemptuous, cheap and vulgar *Carolina Buccaneer*. There is no liberalism there.

Our professors are largely a conservative group. Graham remains a shining light in the midst of desolation, with perhaps a group of about ten liberal professors to back him up. There are more apologists for fascism on the faculty than there are liberals. And there are no leftists. Whereas there are actually in the Spanish and German departments, extreme rightists. They are apologetic now, but what they will be in a few years if the present trend continues no one can say.

The right to pamphleteer goes back almost to the invention of the printing press. Shakespeare lampooned his opponents in Elizabethan times. More recently Voltaire protested social injustices in France by means of the pamphlet. Emile Zola wrote pamphlets on the Dreyfus case. And in our own revolutionary history we have Thomas Paine. The Student Council in reprimanding the students who were involved in circulating pamphlets at the meeting of anti-communist Derry should realize that they are limiting freedom of expression by thus applying the "gentleman's code." That the student council *administers* the gentleman's code to suit its own prejudices is easily illustrated by the action of the Council in reprimanding the Derry pamphleteers and remaining significantly silent when a group of about forty students joined a lynch mob in Carrboro towards the end of last quarter. Even the psychology department has sold itself out to these "gentlemen."

We are a conservative University with a little surface froth of liberal form to keep everyone fooled—even ourselves. Let's stop being hypocrites, let's come out and say we are conservatives and let's *do* something about it.

John Creedy

"In Definition and in Faith"

A Synthesis of Current Thought on Liberalism

When we first began thinking seriously about an issue of The Carolina Magazine devoted to liberalism we were immediately faced with the question: "What is liberalism?" We decided that it was beyond us. Confident in the fact that, however confusing it might be, the question of a middle ground between conservatism and radicalism was one of vital importance in the life of the nation; we wrote off to a number of outstanding individuals whom we knew to have thought the matter out carefully. The result has been this composite of beliefs, faiths and definitive thinking. We add as a light touch the definition of David Clark, editor of *The Southern Textile Bulletin*, who has always believed that the University of North Carolina is the breeding ground of communism.

I

William Allen White, leader of the liberal Republicans, in 1936 wrote "an ideal platform for his fellow Kansan, Mr. Alfred Landon." As editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, Mr. White has always believed "implicitly in what may be called the subconscious common sense of the American people, the middle class, who will, in their own way and their own time, adjust their differences."

Mr. White's definition follows:

"A liberal is a citizen who is proud of his country's progress in the past, who knows that the tempo of past progress cannot greatly be speeded up, who realizes that haste makes waste in a democracy and too much haste brings tyranny. The true liberal is as grieved at the evils of his day and generation as he is proud of his country's progress, but he does not believe that he must destroy to build. His pride in the achievement of his fathers tempers his indignation at the injustice which he realizes must be corrected only through the orderly parliamentary democratic processes. But above all he never wearies of well doing and believes with all his heart that if he is patient and persistent justice will come far more swiftly than if in rage and temper he strikes out blindly."

Mr. White's emphasis is on moderation. "A liberal . . . is proud of his country's progress in the past and . . . realizes that too much haste brings tyranny." And though he "never wearies

Editor's Note: *The definitions used herewith are all written exclusively for* The Carolina Magazine, *with the exception of that of Senator George W. Norris, which is reprinted, with permission, from an article by S. J. Woolf entitled "A Leader of Liberals Defines Liberalism" in The New York Times Magazine for December 18, 1938.*

of well-doing" he is "patient and persistent" rather than hasty.

II

We turn now to Jonathan Daniels, also a newspaper editor, a Southerner—one of the Southerners who are turning today towards a new economic, social and spiritual South. And who base their action on the belief expressed by David Lilienthal of the TVA—a belief "that the people themselves, *freed from improper restraint and overwhelming handicap,* are entirely capable of providing the good life for themselves."

Mr. Daniels' "statement in definition and in faith" follows:

"Liberals in this modern world sometimes seem to form a bewilderingly numerous group. I fear, however, that they are all too rare. Liberals are those who willingly accept—even eagerly seek—any change which will serve the masses of mankind but which does not, in the guise of serving men, threaten certain absolutes of human freedom—freedom of speech, of religion, of thought, of press—absolutes which men have learned are essential to both the dignity of the individual and the safety of society.

"Liberalism as a philosophy is not bound to any program which any historical group of liberals has pressed. Liberalism is a living attitude. It is no inconsistency that in America liberals once fought for the least government as the best, while now they advocate more government as necessary. Not the shape of the government organization but the welfare in the greatest possible freedom of the greatest number of men under that organization is the liberal's test.

"Economic security for men certainly is not the only standard of the liberal. He would reject as politically poisonous programs for security imposed from above by dictatorial individuals or groups such as is the case under contemporary communism and fascism. The liberal knows that they differ only in name and pretensions from other abandoned systems of government of the many by the few or by the one. Above all, the liberal believes in the dignity of man and the right of all men to a sense of dignity. Such dignity under the pressures of this living depends upon some economic security. No less it depends upon absolutes of freedom which no power, no group, no party, no person can be permitted to assail and deny.

"Liberalism is not threatened merely by those reactionaries who in complacency cling to the *status quo.* It is menaced equally by those radicals who are careless of established liberties in their haste to new systems. The communist is as far from liberalism as the ultra-conservative. But sometimes, I fear, that the greatest menace to liberalism is that gang thinking which seems to me to be the contagious characteristic of both the reactionary and the radical. Essentially, within the bounds of those absolutes of liberty necessary to the dignity of man, the liberal mind must be the free mind. The liberal must be as prepared to recognize nonsense advocated by other liberals as the follies of radicals and reactionaries. There can be no fixed discipline of the group for the sake of a fixed program of the group among liberals. And the liberal who takes an automatic position because it is labeled "liberal" is not a liberal but an automaton.

"Some have bewailed the ineffectiveness of liberalism in the modern world in comparison with the disciplined, driven force of radicalism and reaction. There has been much loud shouting to the effect that men must choose, Right or Left, Red or Black. It is a poor choice and one which will appeal to few thoughtful liberals. In practice in our world the accepted embodiments of the Right and the Left in national governments have each denied those liberties of men which the liberal knows are indispensable to the dignity and safety of men. He wants to be effective along neither of these lines which lead to the same dismal end. But this certainly does not mean that the philosophy of liberalism has lost its power or place on this earth.

"Liberalism may have seemed to have lost its dramatic appeal between the noisy arguments of the Left and the Right. But the power of liberalism has been the holding of a faith. In America the liberal has defended the right of the communist to preach a program which, if adopted, would deny the right of similar speaking to the liberal. He has defended the right of the fascists to liberties which fascists would not grant to him. He has upheld human liberty and at length he will not have falsely put his faith in that human good sense which is an aspect of human dignity.

"Beyond the bands and the brutality, even beyond the war-plane and the armed fist, the liberal believes that men will ultimately believe in themselves. Liberalism and democracy survived the dramatic interrupting power of Napoleon. They do not need to fear that they will not survive Hitler and Stalin. The liberal is unconquerably effective by standing in his faith. Such standing is not as sensational as beating Jews; it may not be as immediately effective in the immediate holding of power as the murder (called purging) of all who threaten that possession of power. But it stands waiting with a philosophy prepared for the good sense and decency and self-respect of man. If these survive violence and folly, liberalism will. If they do not, neither liberalism nor anything else will matter.

"As one who aspires to the right to be described as a liberal, I have no fears for the ultimate effectiveness of liberalism. Beyond despair and violence, economic depression and intolerance, it continues to provide, I think, the hope of this earth. Sometimes this creature Man is a crazy guy but his ultimate aims are not violent and ugly. Peace and decency and liberty in their possessions are his obscurely seen goals. To them only liberalism provides the way."

Comparing Mr. Daniels' definition with that of Mr. White the same note of "well-doing" appears. "Liberals willingly accept . . . any change which will serve the masses of mankind." ". . . above all (a liberal) never wearies of well-doing. . . ." The same note of caution appears, though not nearly as pronounced. Mr. Daniels seems interested in the "liberties and human dignity . . . freedom of thought and speech . . . security for men" which he sees threatened by the forces of reaction and radicalism. Liberalism to Mr. Daniels is an unconquerable faith in the survival of good sense, decency and self-respect of man. Mr. White is evidently living in a more secure world where "injustices must be corrected only through the orderly parliamentary democratic processes." We in the South envy Mr. White that world.

III

An entirely different and more universal emphasis is attempted by Robert Nathaniel Magill, director of Graham Memorial and former president of the student body. Magill, nurtured in the University tradition of liberalism, has been able to synthesize that rather nebulous tradition.

"A definition of liberalism, in order to be true to its various historical and current usages, must synthesize several meanings. Historically, it has meant the growth of political movements which, in order to promote freedom of trade and enterprise, have sponsored the principles of *laissez faire* in government and economics, and the prime importance of the individual.

"Thus, we have the institutions of democracy, universal suffrage, capitalism, and the belief in the fundamental right of all persons to think, speak and investigate freely.

"That liberalism is not complete freedom, but the insurance by government of the common good to all individuals, is the contribution of Thomas Green in nineteenth century. This concept however, if carried to an extreme conclusion, could deny the right of individuals to any sort of freedom.

"A combination of these two meanings would be that a liberal society is that which has achieved the best balance between individual freedom and the insurance of equal opportunities and just economic standards to all persons. Both principles should be basically preserved, although it is commonly acknowledged to be an open question as to whether security can be achieved without the sacrifice of freedom, or vice-versa.

"Injected into this definition must be thrown a meaning of liberalism that is in current usage: that is, liberalism as an attitude of mind. A person imbued with such liberalism is always willing to listen to new ideas. However, this would be a purely negative state, and is not at all acceptable to the concept of a liberal society advanced above. Rather, liberalism, being more than an attitude of mind, is a way of thinking and *living* in which the individual is ever ready to evaluate and adopt new points of view, and act on those which, for the time being he is convinced are the best he can see.

"Liberalism, in this sense, need not be identified with the search for an improved society. It can be applied to all fields of thought, but it must involve an evaluation of new concepts and an acceptance and expression of those objectively considered as better than the old, if it is to be true liberalism."

Mr. Magill injects a new note into the discussion. While agreeing with Mr. White and Mr. Daniels in the necessity for "well-doing" and the necessity of "certain absolutes of human freedom," he suggests that liberalism is not complete freedom, but "the insurance, by government, of the common good to all individuals." This compares favorably with Mr. White's "orderly democratic processes" and Mr. Daniels' "governmental organization (for) the greatest possible freedom of the greatest number of men."

Mr. Magill's contribution centers about his belief that "liberalism, being more than an attitude of mind, is a way of thinking and *living* in which the individual is ever ready to evaluate and adopt new points of view and to *act* on those which, *for* *the time being,* he is convinced are the best he can see."

IV

To clinch the point that Liberalism implies action of a positive sort, we turn to LAMBERT DAVIS, Editor Trade Book Department in the New York office of The Bobbs Merrill Company, publishers. Mr. Davis, while editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review,* proved that, in spite of all the previous experience of Southern publications, it was possible to put out a magazine, though subsidized, which equaled in quality the best in the North.

Mr. Davis defines liberalism "as the belief that a free interaction of opposing ideas is a necessary condition for the humanizing of knowledge. It implies that knowledge is valuable only as it can be applied to human purposes, and that the individual human being and his welfare should be the goal of all human endeavor. It also implies that man is a rational animal and that, whatever we may know of the irrational compulsions that such people as Freud has revealed, and the economic compulsions that Marx has studied, we are bound to put our faith finally in the reasonableness of the human mind.

"This definition does not imply any specific political program, but it does imply a political attitude. That attitude would be one that would be continually critical of existing institutions and proposed institutions from the point of view of their effect on the individual. I should say that the conservative tended to be institution-centered, the radicals of all kinds program-centered, and the liberals man-centered. Given this theory, it is easy to understand how liberalism can use different weapons in different periods. There is nothing inconsistent in the nineteenth century liberal opposing a strong central government, and the 20th century liberal wanting to use a powerful central government as an instrument for human betterment. Under changing conditions liberalism can use all kinds of weapons for its own ends, and it does no good to throw in the face of the liberal such classic dictums as 'That government is best which governs least.' The liberal believes this and may at the same time, feel that an enormous extension of governmental power is the least that is needed for the protection of the individual."

Mr. Davis stresses, besides the fact that liberalism implies action, "that knowledge is valuable only as it can be applied to human purposes." This is significant since it strikes the keynote of another point that needs to be made clear. We, in the University, have a responsibility in this matter of applying knowledge to human purposes. The distinction of the conservative-radical-liberal—to be brought out further by Senator Norris' definition—is one of prime importance. We can look around our friends and discover which of them is "institution-centered," "program-centered" and which we can compliment by calling him "man-centered."

V

As one of those who has consistently attempted to apply human knowledge to human welfare, we turn to DR. ESTON EVERETT ERICSON. Dr. Ericson is a liberal who has made the mistake of being concerned with things too near home. It is easy enough for people to be liberal about happenings on the Pacific coast, but it takes courage for a man to make statements on the implications of the Burlington dynamite case, or the Gastonia strike situation. Called a radical by most of the flotsam and jetsam who think it their god-given right to attack him, Dr. Ericson is one of the few liberals who does not wait till the incident is over to do something about it.

Dr. Ericson's definition follows:

"In this day of ours, when the broad field of human learning is cut up into a multitude of rabbit warrens, in each of which a specialist burrows deep, it ill behooves a word-grubber to parade his views on social thought. On the other hand, all the experts having failed, perhaps what is needed is someone from the outside. During the depression a convention of New York bankers actually called on a medical group to state its views of the financial situation.

"There is no liberalism *in vacuo.* The liberal position calls for action as well as thought. Diagnosis there must be, for without it action will be wrong-headed and awry. But the liberal is not only a thinker, but also a worker in the great laboratory of human affairs. After he has examined philosophies and proposals, he is bold enough to try out new ways of life, often when such action means risk to himself and his circle. Nor can he be patient with those who advise waiting until the ideal philosophy has been found, the perfect man developed. The liberal knows that human progress, like scientific achievement is a matter of trial-and-error. As Macaulay said: 'An acre in Middlesex is worth a kingdom in Utopia.' Liberalism, in the battle for human freedom and security, is the van; conservatism is the baggage necessary but often proving to be what the Romans called it, *impedimenta.*

"We are justly proud of our Political Union and the tradition of the open forum it has established, but so long as the student body remains more interested in what orchestra shall play for the next dance than in why a member of a minor party cannot vote on equal terms with a Democrat or a Republican, we must admit that we still have a long way to go in political education. We are proud of a President whose activities in the direction of human welfare has made the bulk of college executives appear by comparison 'beetles rolling balls of dung,' but we should be aware that much of the inveterate enmity toward our president in the state is due to the fact that, when a rank-and-file professor, he was one of a committee that proposed to investigate working-and-wage conditions in the industries of this state. As to our professoriat, can we brag so long as it is more popular, and safer, to join a company to develop an acreage into town-lot developments than to investigate a strike situation or to protest a Fascist-favoring neutrality law?

"No, the liberal is not one who, having examined social philosophies and observed conditions, becomes a detached intellectual eunuch, emasculated of all power to do his generation any good. The forces are strong, we can do little at our best. But if we come out of our burrowing to join exploited farmers and workers in their uphill struggle to gain decency and self-respect, we shall deserve the honor of the term liberal. On the other hand, if students and professors continue in a schizophrenia that compartmentizes life into two non-contacting air-pockets of thought and action, if their isolation and indifference cannot be overcome, they are at best not neutrals but allies of the forces that are fast turning the world into a medieval bedlam. For if liberalism means deadweight and inertia, it is nothing but buttress and bulwark for the forces of reaction."

In Dr. Ericson's definition we catch a breath of the notion that liberalism is not at all a matter of getting up and declaring oneself to be liberal. A man does not really believe anything very seriously if he is not willing to act on it. And, as Dr. Ericson sees it, a liberal is certainly a rare phenomenon on this campus. Chiefly he brings our attention, as is his habit, to the near-at-hand situation.

VI

We promised a treat in the way of definitions of liberalism which we will now pause for a moment to fulfill. DAVID CLARK, owner of the Clark Publishing Company, when we wrote him for a definition "particularly because we knew his critical attitude towards the University" replied with a long letter telling us he was not a critic of the University, but he considered it his duty to attack a group of radicals which, he felt, was doing the body politic no good.

"I consider Dean Carroll (School of Commerce), W. T. Couch (Editor of the University Press), E. E. Ericson (Professor of English), Paul Green (nationally known playwright), the imbecile Bailey (J. O. Bailey — who earned his disrepute by circulating a petition and sending it to the Supreme Court at the time of the Burlington dynamite case) and a few other radicals as a cancer on the University." And of course he devoted three paragraphs to damning Dr. Frank Graham.

"A general definition of the so-called liberal today would be: A person who is extreme in his thinking and desires. He is one who fails to build future plans on past experiences. He even fails to connect his plans and ideals with the experience of the past. He is a person whose philosophy, if put into action, would ultimately destroy or change our social order, our economic system and our form of government. He would make changes without being certain that either the workers or the industrialists would benefit thereby.

"The following definition would apply to 80 percent of the liberals today: A liberal is a person who resents property rewards acquired as a result of personal ability, initiative or the expenditure of energy and who looks forward to the day that he and his associates, even though they remain a minority, may become politically strong enough to take by political force, property which has been accumulated by others, to the end that, from a division of same, he may acquire enough for his own needs and by such action be relieved from individual responsibility and work.

"The modern politician, proclaiming himself a 'liberal' is frequently not a liberal but more often a man who believes that votes for liberals may be secured by holding out to them, as bait, the prospects of acquiring property without having to work for same."

No comment on this definition is necessary.

VII

Now we come to something which most liberals at the University will find difficult—and no doubt embarrassing—to accept. The frank and honest implications of liberalism in politics. Here at best the ordinary liberal is but a half-way-houser. Here, if he cares, the liberal can show that he believes the things he boasts of believing by acting. Senator George W. Norris, one of the outstanding liberals of the nation, is a man who shows his independence of mind by refusing to accept partisanship in governmental affairs. Though elected to the national Senate on the republican ticket he has openly supported the Democratic nominees for President in the last three campaigns. He does not particularly favor the continuation of the two-party system. "There can be two parties or a half a dozen parties and there will be no difference, provided that after a man is elected to office he will forget his party and remember he is an American."

Senator Norris' definition follows:

"I should say that a liberal is a man with an open mind who sees the changes that are taking place in the world about him and realizes that our system of government must keep pace with those changes. He realizes the value of precedents, but he also realizes that we are inclined too often to follow those precedents which were established under conditions entirely different from those existing at the time the precedents are employed.

"It is difficult to draw too sharp a line in defining a liberal. What may appear to be liberalism to one man may be conservatism to another and radicalism to a third. After all, the difference between a liberal, a progressive, a New Dealer, a radical and a communist is only one of degree. But because too much water will drown a man is no reason for not drinking it. Because too much of it will rot trees is no reason for not watering them.

"I know a lot of people will say that with the government indulging in many activities it will become more and more powerful and in this way eventually become a communist or totalitarian state. I deny this. There has never been an advance in our progress without cries of revolution, anarchy, socialism or communism.

"When municipalities first undertook to supply water, an immediate outcry was raised against such radical activities by those who had previously been supplying it and had been profiting by its sale. At one time labor unions stood for anarchy in the closed minds of those who were grinding down the workers. But a short time ago social security and unemployment insurance were regarded as the dreams of scatter-brained radicals. Progress is always opposed by some and must always make its way in the face of opposition.

"Fascism and communism find fertile soil where the poor are not getting their fair share of what is due.

"Study history and you will find that every social upheaval is preceded by a period of social injustices. Dictators find hungry listeners are the most easily swayed.

"There is but one way to remove the danger of both fascism and communism in this country and that is to supply the opportunity for work and to see that the returns from that labor are sufficient to insure a decent way of living—the American way. And when private enterprise falls down, the government must step in."

VIII

Essentially we have found out what is meant by the term we set out to define. Mr. White's emphasis on patience includes "never wearying of well-doing." Mr. Daniels believes in the "good sense and decency and self-respect of man" and concern with "the greatest possible freedom of the greatest number of men." Mr. Magill says "the individual is ever ready to evaluate and to adopt new points of view and act on these he believes for the time being are the best." Mr. Davis's liberal is a man who is "continually critical of existing institutions and proposed institutions from the point of view of their effect on the individual." Dr. Ericson insists that a liberal is not a "detached intellectual eunuch, emasculated of all power to do his generation any good." And finally Senator Norris believes that liberalism is a matter of degree. "Because too much water will drown a man is no reason for not drinking it."

All these definitions stress essentially, in varying degrees, the same thing. A liberal is a man who, diagnosing the situation with which he comes in contact, acts from an independence of mind for the greatest good of the greatest number. The implications of this definition should make a few of our "emasculated liberals" take note of the word they mis-use so cheerfully.

Man-Centered

The definition of liberalism advanced by Lambert Davis stated that a liberal was "man-centered." We reprint here Dr. Graham's citation of President Roosevelt for an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. While we are aware that Roosevelt, as any human being must, has made mistakes, we believe that he is a liberal—man-centered.

"Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the University of North Carolina welcomes you, not only as the leader of the people of America boldly groping for a way out of economic depressions but also as the leader of the people of the world valiantly hoping for a way forward from democratic retreat and international despair.

"Through your leadership the voice and ideals of America are counting on the side of oppressed minorities and disinherited majorities. The America for which you gallantly speak, inclusive of factions and parties, stands for the freedom of open and wide discussion of all issues and a fair hearing to all sides; for the ways of peace and democracy rather than of war and dictatorship; for a new hope to youth and a more equal educational opportunity to all the children in all the states; for the right to honest work whether in private industry or on public works; for humane nation-wide minimum standards of hours, wages and conditions of fair competition in justice to workers and business men; for money as the medium of exchange rather than as master of labor and enterprise; for the saving of our soils, minerals, forests, and water-powers; for the security of banks, farms, industries, and homes; for farmers as equal partners in our economic society; for the advancement of American democracy by more equality of bargaining power through the organization of workers, the cooperation of farmers and the information of consumers; for social security against old age, unemployment, sickness, and the hazards of modern society; for intelligent production as a way of abundance and decent consumption as a way of life; and for a more abundant distribution of the good life for all people in the eternal adventure toward the Kingdom of God."

Gordon Mull

". . .Those Who Can't, Teach"

A Four Point Program for the Elimination of the Useless

"Teaching one of the more intense 'culture' courses, the man of whom I am writing is almost apologetic in his approach. His speech is full of euphuisms and groping half-sentences. Evidently none of his lectures—if they may be called that—are prepared. He follows the book, occasionally takes objection to it, and launches into some counter explanation of his own which succeeds in driving his students back into the confines of the book. His assignments are reasonable, and his tests fair. By reading the book one can pass his course with a good grade. Indeed, the book is the whole course. But the man offers nothing of himself, is unable to pace the brighter, interested students, and has become a subject of private contempt among them. To the others he is only a pleasant, not too difficult, bore."

Essentially, this attitude, aroused in the mind of an outstanding sophomore, is the negation of the educational process. For just as it is an accepted fact that one cannot be a musician except by playing; one cannot be a journalist except by writing; one cannot be a chemist except by working out one's own problems in chemistry; just so, one cannot learn to think without thinking. And thinking—honest consideration and evaluation—does not result from any such teacher-student relationship as illustrated above.

It has been the experience of the vast majority of students that the lecture method of instruction has very little value. There is no very essential difference between the man on the platform lecturing to a group of students and the man on a balcony somewhere in Germany haranguing a crowd. In fact, as a technique of getting the content of his thoughts across, the man on the balcony does a much better job than the man on the platform.

There are some very interesting parallels which can be drawn between the dictatorial methods of instruction used in those countries condemned as "totalitarian" and the situation here at the University. The difference between the two methods is only one of degree. When one considers the number of courses at this University which are taught by outlines—mathematics, psychology, introductory economics, English, sociology—one wonders how much really original thinking can be done in them.

The proper student-teacher relationship, or so our educational psychologists tell us, is one of cooperation and active participation in the learning process by both the student and the teacher. Under the present system where the teacher generally awes his students with a "well, you ignoramuses off the farm" attitude and quickly suppresses original thought by the deadening outlines; there can be no real healthy participation on the part of the individual in his own education.

And there is none. We do not here wish to make heroes of the freshman, but one outstanding professor remarked recently that he would rather teach his course to freshmen than seniors. "The seniors have learned to take notes and have ceased to think in classrooms." Many a professor has the experience of attempting to interest his students in some related phase of his subject. As soon as he gets off the outline some poor little goof will put up his hand and say: "Will we be responsible for this on the examination?" Which proves of course that the professor is just as much caught in the system as is the student.

II

Is there a way out? The answer is definitely, yes! We could, if we wanted to, do away with the domination of the lecture method of teaching and substitute the discussion method. It would be a revolutionary change but one which must be done in the interests of intelligent education and the preparation of the student for responsible citizenship in the community.

We here enumerate a four-point program for the achievement of a decent educational system

Gordon Mull, *whom we persuaded to contribute to the* Magazine *after a long silence, is a responsible graduate student in Botany whose long career at the University and insatiable curiosity has enabled him to take courses in most of the departments on the campus.*

suited to the maturity of the students enrolled at the University.

1. Abolish faculty dictatorship. Any rules that are set up, and there must be rules of course, should be the outgrowth of actual experience and cooperative action on the part of those who are to administer the rules and those who are to be governed by them. We would advocate therefore that students be placed on all faculty committees except those dealing with such purely faculty matters as the granting of pensions. The students should be in a minority to obviate the possibility of mere caprice. But they should be given a voice and a vote. As a natural consequence, the faculty should sit in on all student committees though here the faculty should, to prevent caprice on their part, be in a minority.

And while we are at it, we may as well state that there can be no real democracy in the educational set-up until the boys who make the policy and hold the purse-strings—the trustees—listen to the faculty and the students. And the only way to make them sit up and listen is to put faculty members and students on the board of trustees along with the leading citizens of the state.

As the system now is we have the disillusioned statement of Dean Hobbs of the School of Liberal Arts that "over half of the students at the University do not want to be educated and the only way I know to keep the system running is by fear."

Essentially undemocratic in its implications and definitely smacking of totalitarian dictatorship, that statement strikes a keynote to the whole rotten system. How is it possible for the student to develop confidence in his own abilities under such a set up? No wonder there is failure to think, if fear is the chief motivation which drives a student to his books!

2. Break down the long-standing artificial feeling of superiority on the part of the faculty for students and particularly on the part of certain departments for other departments. There should be none of this "Well, I am a faculty member and you are a student, therefore everything you say is nonsense" attitude. The best teachers in the University are noticeably free from it. And certainly its implications, its insistence on the caste idea, is flagrantly undemocratic.

Liberal arts students should be taught not to look down on commerce students, sociology students should not fight with economic students over which branch of learning is most important; Botanists should not feel contemptuous about pharmacy students. Everything has its place and one branch of learning deserves as much credit in an educational institution as any other.

And most of all neither unit, students and faculty, should be considered superior. Both have their intrinsic worth and should work together in a natural manner. This artificial attitude of superiority seems to be after all the mark of a man who is not exactly sure of his superiority. There are many such.

3. Abolish the predominance of the lecture method. Take as a principle that education is not education unless the student actively participates in the process. Use the discussion technique wherever possible. Where not possible—as perhaps in the more or less scientific subjects—use the device of original research—the "search-discovery" method.

Now the one big objection to this type of teaching always advanced by believers in the *status quo* is that classes are too large, that the discussion method would be asking for bedlam in a class of 100.

Essentially the matter is only one of organization. With apologies to Mr. Bernstein, whose lectures manage to inspire as well as instruct, we would like to take his course in Money and the Economic System—Economics 81—and illustrate our point. Mr. Bernstein teaches a class which ranges from 80 to 125 students who are mostly interested in the very difficult subject matter of the course. Mr. Bernstein has written a textbook, *Money and the Economic System* which is brilliantly logical. When Mr. Bernstein says he is going to talk about money and the economic system he talks about money and the economic system and not about the neighbour's dog—as is characteristic of the bad analogies used in a number of economic textbooks.

Most of the first part of Mr. Bernstein's course is taken up with the learning of a few fundamental facts about money. What is money, what are its characteristics? The description of different types of money, of the gold standard and of the monetary system of the United States from before the Revolution to 1933 takes up the first part of the book and the course. All this material could be learned outside of class. It is only factual. There is nothing Mr. Bernstein can add, to the already brilliant treatment in his book.

Now we come to a different type of material. Theories of what constitutes the value of money. There are several theories none of which are exactly right, but all of which add up to a definite idea of the problem of evaluating money.

Now, with a little organization, Mr. Bernstein could split his class of 125 students up into a number of groups—as he does anyway for review sections—and give each of these groups a specific problem to work on. For instance one group of about twenty would be assigned the examination and evaluation of the bullionist theory of money—the theory that all money should be directly related to gold bullion. Another to the supply and demand theory, still another to the quantity theory. And each group should be asked to make a report, should elect a speaker to argue with the speakers of other groups on which is the best theory of money. With organization and direction from Mr. Bernstein, the thing is practicable.

We can imagine the entire faculty of the economics department being highly amused by such a proposal. But it would mean that that course, instead of being hopelessly over the heads of two-thirds of the students, would be made intelligible to a large majority of them. It would mean that Mr. Bernstein would be able to put forward his own widely-known ideas on the management of money to a class that would be able to appreciate them; instead of to a group of students who desperately take dictated notes on his ideas so that they can parrott them back to him on the final examination. It would mean that the course would become even more deserving of its first place in the department. It would mean too that the work of the student—and of Mr. Bernstein with regard to the course—would be about doubled. But it would be worth it. Most people who have really been inspired by Mr. Bernstein would welcome the opportunity to bone up on the factual material outside of class and really launch into some discussions of pertinent economic problems in the world today as they are related to the problems of money.

4. It must be recognized that in a democratic system no isolation is permissible. Abstractions are falsifications. Teachers must not only know what is in books, but must know real situations and must participate in the life of the community. Dr. E. J. Woodhouse, professor of the political science department, a specialist in government, did not allow his academic life to interfere with the applications of his teachings when he and a group of other Democratic leaders protested the method of nomination of Carl T. Durham as member of Congress.

Above all, no teacher or research man so-called should be guilty of the implications of this old saw. "Copying from one book is plagiarism, copying from three is research."

The excuse generally given by those in the social sciences at least—with notable exceptions—who refuse to participate in the life of the community is that they must remain objective and not be swayed by the emotion of the moment. But if remaining objective means that they completely cut themselves off from the world and live in a dream-world of their own; then they are falsifying the issue. They claim in self defence of this that, after all, they have the tools—the accumulations of centuries of thought on the subject towards the understanding of the problems of the day. We may ask in return, how can they know they have the tools to the understanding of the situation unless they know the situation? The statement is contradictory and unscientific in procedure. Whatever the word of the head of one of the large settlements in New York in the actual field of sociology is worth, we do not know, but here is what she said. "Give me an A.B. student in sociology and I can still make something out of him. But for god's sake don't give me any of your M.A.'s or Ph.D.'s—they think they know too much. They have all this immense book-learning and absolutely no contact with life—with the actual human side of the thing."

Of course we would have to contact a number of heads of settlements throughout the country before we could be sure of the facts; but there seems to be a strong possibility here of an illustration of the results of isolation and unconscious falsification.

III

So there is the four-point program. In the light of this analysis at least fifty percent of the present faculty are neither teachers nor believers in democracy. But there are fifty percent—perhaps that is an exaggeration—who are both and there are more who would like to be. Largely in the science divisions of the University—in Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Physics—research of the highest type is being turned out every year. But there is no such spirit in the liberal arts school. Largely, for liberal arts students and a sizable proportion of others, the university is—and will continue to be—what one of the Deans characterized it as—a finishing school for the socially elite of the state, a place for a gay holiday. And as such of course it is absolutely undemocratic and illiberal. Just because a degree is necessary to any sort of white-collar job is no reason why we should attract all the social-wasters in the state. Well, the world may find us out and smoke us out. There is a gradually increasing tendency to discount a college degree which becomes down-right insulting in the case of a New York hotel. It advertised for busboys stating that "only college graduates need apply." 400 applied. This is not only a function of the unemployment situation, but in part a result of the disrepute that now attaches itself in large measure to a college degree.

We *must* do something about it. As we have shown, under the present system, the student is neither prepared for becoming the responsible citizen a democratic regime depends on, or intelligently educated!

Frank Holeman

The Banner Is Folded

Suppression of Liberalism by the Tar Heel

There is a dissatisfaction on the campus with the *Daily Tar Heel* as the student body's Free Voice. It began in a minority group—where dissatisfaction usually begins—and it spread slowly. Now it amounts to a major Indignation.

There is a growing fear that the *Tar Heel* has been changing; that this year Allen H. Merrill, editor, has been disassociating it from the Liberal movement which fought and won a free student press. There is a fear that Merrill has taken the student body's most valuable single possession and peddled it off to the opposition—to the most conservative group in the University.

There is a feeling that the student Liberal movement has come to a real crisis, and that there is a fight ahead. Pretty soon an issue will be forced.

Before trouble comes, we ought to understand the real *Tar Heel* situation. It's a long story.

II

Merrill succeeded J. Mac Smith, the man who had attended an International Youth Conference in Geneva in 1937. Smith was a liberal voice. He was a strong voice, but he spoke mostly in the nebulous world of philosophical relativity. He delivered his lamentations from the mountain, and they were generally lost to the tribes worshiping the golden calf in the valley. He walked alone.

The student body finally sensed Smith's loneliness, but it had a sort of confidence in his distant presence. Everything he said was broad and meaningful, apparently. His editorial style was sweeping; he dealt with universal propositions in universal terms, giving his edits dignity and honesty. The campus liberals appreciated him, and everybody else was satisfied with him. The *Tar Heel* staff knew him as an erratic young editor given to sudden farcical outbursts in the office, but it, too, knew he was a man honestly alone.

Merrill succeeded Mac in May 1938.

First off, the new editor swept out a room next to the old *Tar Heel* office, and moved himself and his new editorial board in. He separated himself from the busy news room. He sought a quiet nook where he could sit and think. He *sought* the separation from distraction that was born in Mac Smith. He sat and sat and sat.

The student body waited for some Smithian philosophy: "Who is this new man, this recent candidate? Can he fill Smith's shoes?" The administration waited: "Who is this new editor? Will he be a responsible student voice? Will he fill Smith's shoes?"

Merrill, meanwhile, figured out an office schedule to work by: in the office every afternoon at 2 sharp; meet with the editorial board; assign edits; have the column done by 6 o'clock.

He followed his program rigorously. He worked every afternoon. He slaved at his typewriter. He coaxed himself, wheedled and cursed. But finally

> Frank Holeman, *editorial board member of the* Daily Tar Heel, *writes this article in a spirit of honest evaluation. The staff of* The Carolina Magazine, *knowing some of the effects it may have on the individuals concerned, regret that the evaluation is necessary.*

there was no denying it: he was not another Mac Smith.

The bitter truth came out slowly. His editorials became shallower and shallower, even repetitiously—about the same things—shallower. He wrote the new student legislature nearly to nothing. Sporadic edits on Student Democracy dwindled to one note.

More editorials by his assistants, Stanback, Barnett, and Kleeman, began to appear, and they generally treated (Barnett occasionally an exception) High School Day, Rooters in the Aisle, and Dust on the Intramural Fields.

The quality of his page was slowly cheapening. It finally settled—at a pretty low level. It was a pained rehash of the preceding day's front page. Mac Smith was gone.

The student body woke slowly to the fact that something was being palmed off on it. The new editor had nothing of his predecessor's wisdom and very little of his judgment. The *Tar Heel* was front page all through. The free voice that belonged to the student body was silent, or worse.

Merrill was silent during the student labor controversy with Opera-on-Tour. He didn't write on the publications merger until the vote had been taken. He didn't write about the Southern Conference of University Officials meeting in November to discuss southern educational problems.

He didn't comment on Mark Etheridge's significant address here University day. He didn't comment on the Birmingham Interracial Conference which the University representatives attended, until he was cajoled and wheedled.

A good portion of the student body was, and is, indignant. There was, and is, a feeling that Merrill is willfully suppressing the expression of the free student mind. What should be the banner of student liberalism at this University, it is charged, has been captured by the conservatives and folded.

There is a fear abroad that after Merrill will come more of his ilk, that this administration is the about-face in a long retreat from the liberal salient Phil Hammer, Don McKee, and Smith occupied.

There is a movement afoot to handpick a successor to Merrill and halt the retreat before it gets underway.

III

Those who say Merrill is suppressing the expression of the free student mind are right. Those who say he is doing so willfully are wrong. But those who say Merrill is damaging the student body's liberal case are right in any event.

He is a silent partner in a pact with his news-handlers, a select brotherhood which pretends to judge the value of all the news that is made at this University. They proudly distrust all news that calls itself Significant—stories of conferences, social discussions, forums, round-tables—and they play those stories down or omit them entirely.

They have a notion that there is a Radical Movement on the campus, and they are determined not to serve it. They have identified that Movement with a few campus personalities, and no good news about any of them will appear in print. They have a particularly violent quarrel with the ASU, and delight in misheadlining ASU stories, sometimes becoming actually libelous (the Derry Incident). Treatment like that amounts to persecution.

Merrill could put a halt to it. He is editor. But he allows himself to be persuaded that news has no editorial importance. As a matter of fact, his headline writers and make-up men write more editorials than he does. Witness this headline January 15: "For all involved—Majority of Psychologists Against Negro Admittance" . . . while the psychological data cited by each of the psychologists interviewed pointed to an opposite conclusion.

Merrill aims to be a good editor, physically, painfully, and he aims to be a liberal. He wishes he were, and he works at his notion like the devil. He tears more hair than two of his predecessors, and he sweats at his desk like a ditch-digger.

We are inclined to believe the fault is in his stars.

Merrill is cautious beyond all rime or reason. Perhaps it is becauses he realizes his natural, fundamental shortages. Perhaps, because he is the son of an Alabama textile man. But caution, pure caution, flows in his every body tissue like blood.

He is constitutionally unable to risk anything—his reputation or his peace of mind. He was born to the *status quo*, and he seizes it with an unconscious, religious determination. He resists change, because it means a re-orientation, and in the process he might lose what little he holds to. He doesn't realize this, and he has earned a reputation for stupid obstinacy.

But realizing or not, his pat stand is weakening the student front.

He is mute when somebody should speak loudest to the student body, when it is becoming unconscious of itself. He is mute when the student voice should carry to the administration, to the North Carolina legislature. (He reprinted from the Raleigh *News and Observer* his editorial on the proposed tuition raise.)

Privately admitting he doesn't *know* what his responsibility as editor is, he waits. And while he wrestles with himself, the student Case waits. He should have finished wrestling before he became a candidate for the editorship.

IV

Merrill's three assistants—Stanback, Barnett, and Kleeman—are Juniors. In the ordinary course of events one of them should succeed Merrill, after some back-knifing has been done in the staff elections and the heat turned on in the general election next May.

Anybody can run for editor, but experience shows that only a staff member can be elected. Stanback, Barnett, and Kleeman are the three staff members who could make runs.

Which of them, it is asked, can redeem the *Tar Heel's* reputation with the student body, the faculty, and the administration? Which of them can speak sanest and loudest for the campus' liberal movement?

What is the real danger that another Merrill will be elected? Or a man who will *lead* the student mind backward, who will begin the retreat?

If the student body could be prevailed upon to read the editorial page from now till election time, it could see for itself. Stanback, Barnett, and Kleeman all are writing editorials and initialing them. But the student body forgot the edit page long ago.

When the election comes, a party nominee (already the staff nominee) will be swept into office. He'll be a stranger to the campus-at-large, and the student body will only pray that the ——— Party has chosen wisely.

Stanback has the best chance of being elected. He is Studie Ficklen's fraternity brother, and Will Arey's fraternity brother. Being a brother of the Managing editor, he's already way out front in the staff nomination race.

Like Merrill, he's a stand-patter; but unlike Merrill, he's comfortable in his conservatism. He doesn't worry. He doesn't write editorials on disputed educational policy. Only in office discussions does his conservatism show itself. He's proud to be a corn pone Southerner, simple as they come. He writes inoffensive, purposeful trivia: Checking Corsages, Facts of Enrollment, After the Storm (of rushing), More Than a Lark (high school day), Day of Days (Duke game), and the like. He writes most of the PU board edits because he is a member of the board and feels fair representation of PU attitudes his responsibility. He labors painfully at them, and the pain shows through.

Barnett hasn't thrown his hat into the ring yet; he's waiting for somebody to do it for him.

He is the YMCA's white hope—a very white hope, in fact almost a pure white hope. He writes of the more abundant life, effective democracy, the cultural things, with an ease which shows more familiarity with other men's writings than penetration in his own. He is all-embracing. No one can quarrel with him, but no one has to, for his edits always stop short of the shoe-fitting.

He writes about Dr. Epps' nine universal propositions for the Good Life, the Local Shangri-La, concert artists on the Student Entertainment series, and Anaemic Liberalism.

Kleeman has already started his behind-the-office campaign for the staff nomination. He was the first man to hit upon the idea that Walter Kleeman might be Editor, and he has a lot of missionary work to do. There was some little surprise in the office.

In the editorial conference Kleeman is the quibbler. He picks infinitesimal points and argues forever. He is afraid of the consequences of any definite action in any delicate situation. His is the "but look what you'll run into" attitude, which can possibly be traced to a fundamental weakness of character. He wants to risk nothing, to benefit by everything. As a result his edits run like: Saturday Chapel, What Do You Eat, Locating the Dining Hall, and Bring Back the Waltz. He doesn't want anybody to remember him unkindly next May.

V

Campus liberals have something to fear in each of the three editorial candidates. In Stanback, downright opposition; in Barnett, expansive do-nothingness; and in Kleeman, confusion of purpose and a preponderant self-interest.

What kind of system is this which gives the liberals no candidate for editor of the *Tar Heel?* Why must they be forced to choose between the devil?

The answer is found in the liberals' lack of foresight and forethought last year, and the year before, and the year before. Their lack of concern, which seems the universal liberal failing, when there is a liberal editor *now*, when there is a good man at top *now*.

Liberals can plan, but they didn't here. Perhaps when liberalism is in the saddle, in a few persons, the liberal movement takes itself for granted. And it takes a future for granted. The Liberal Organization dissolves; its members separate.

When the man in the saddle goes away, his enemies are closer his position than his friends who thought they had nothing to work for, to plan for.

Phil Hammer, Don McKee, and Mac Smith were accidents. It was accidental that they were students at the University working on the *Tar Heel* who became editors in three successive years. But they gave the liberals here a sense of eternal security.

When Mac Smith left, his opposition was closer his editorial chair than his friends were. And this year, the year after, there isn't a liberal in sight. Choose Stanback or Barnett or Kleeman: it's a bitter pill.

The liberals have had a year, with Merrill, to realize their situation is changing. Next year they may be a persecuted majority—if they are a majority. The liberal organization is beginning to reappear.

It may be too late this year. There isn't a man, now working on the *Tar Heel,* whom the liberals can run. They might pick a nominee somewhere else and run him, but he'd have all the cards against him.

Still, they might try. They might put the fear of God into Stanback or whomever the staff and the Party nominate. They might.

But the way to gain control of the *Tar Heel* is from the inside. Put some sophomores in there to grow up with it. And keep putting them in.

It is one thing to have your Movement defeated at the polls; it is another to have your Movement defeat itself because you went to sleep eating the fruits of the last victory.

Our government is still by Man, by Personality, and God help the Cause without a candidate.

Peace

Now the earth moves in silent space, and still
The seasons bring no peace. April has passed
With the onrush of rain upon the hill
Storming my quiet garrison; now fast
Falling, October's leaves, brilliant and sad
Lie upon the path and darken; there is no
Longer the spring wind nor the thunder, mad
With blazing laughter; now the threat of snow
Sobers the moonless sky, and twilight dies.
Here silence walks.
But somewhere now the tide
Rushes upon an ivory shore that lies
Deep in a purple sea, the moon defied.
O, Take me where you will, tide, storm, wind,
stream!
The wise earth knows. Peace is an empty dream.

—Mary Louise Pettis

Anonymous

Liberalism in the Class Room

Satirizing a Mind That Is Open Top and Bottom

What is more thoroughly entertaining than that humor which arises from the rich appreciation of intellectual extravagance? We have all our lives (most of us that is) attempted at various times to be funny. We have listened over the radio to professional funny men. And we may actually have heard one or two really funny jokes. But all this is as nothing compared with the utter extravagance of the professional sociologist.

Let us take a trip to one of the revolutionaries who believe that it is "the sociologist's duty to raise hell."

Dr. Lunnar is an expansive, red-faced person who delights in dealing in glittering generalities.

"Now, gentlemen, in sociology one meets many situations and becomes exposed to many new ideas which may seem to some of the more sheltered of you, new and different even to the point of shocking; but you must remember that we are not here in this great University to dodge facts or balk at facing issues. Your life around you teems, literally teems, with pressing problems and it is our noble duty to solve these problems. Yes, gentlemen, and you too girls, to *solve* these problems.

"With that little warning and introduction, we can proceed with the discussion. Now the other day, I happened to be passing through our local Negro quarter and met my old friend Bill Aycock. Bill Aycock is a Negro. His sixth wife left him last Christmas and his seventh is at the present moment on the point of having a baby. Living in a one-room shack with no plumbing facilities, men and women, boys and girls mix freely and (mind you I do not know this for certain but the circumstantial evidence seems convincing) many has been the little life brought into the world without either the blessings of matrimony or the necessary social worker. Now, *now* I warned you this course was not a picnic. But these are problems which you and I are going to solve. Yes, sir, going to solve.

"We are going to discuss this morning the eight solutions to the Negro problem as outlined on page 67 of your text. You were asked, I believe, to arrange them according to their practicality."

"Dr. Lunnar," chirps up one bright student, "hasn't one solution been left out? You propose invading Mexico and turning it over to the Negro, but surely by far the simpler way would be the wholesale extermination of the black race. It would be very final and, as far as I can see, extremely satisfactory."

Dr. Lunnar's pious gaze searches the ceiling for a few moments, and then, turning perhaps a trifle complacently to the class, Dr. Lunnar proceeds as follows:

"If we accomplish nothing else this quarter in the way of studying social problems, it is my sincere hope that at least some ingrained prejudices will be slightly weakened. Mr. S—— has just shown you to what extent prejudice may go. It is our intention in this department to show not only the greatest sympathy and understanding for the unfortunate individual laboring under misguided philosophies but to try with all the skill of the experienced social worker built up through years of application to just such a situation as this, to show you how fallacious are your beliefs. Not all of them of course—but, shall we say, a large percentage?" Here Dr. Lunnar paused for a few moments to experience his morning bath of applause.

"But seriously attacking your proposal Mr. S——," here Dr. Lunnar became intensely serious, "let us reduce this to a purely practical proposition. It is very often by bringing prejudices out into the open—into the light of day—that we are able to destroy them. Does it not strike you Mr. S——, that, to begin with, it would take quite some time and energy to really properly exterminate all 'niggers'? Please notice that I put 'nig-

FOR OBVIOUS *reasons, the student who wrote this satire does not wish his identity known. He says, however, "I wrote the piece in good faith and with constructive intent."*

gers' in quotation marks. And please, whatever you do, don't misquote me. . . . Suppose, taking your suggestion, we were to shoot all the Negroes in the United States, would not this increase Mr. DuPont's munition business all out of proportion to prescribed socio-economic theory? So on that ground at least Mr. S——, I think you will agree with me that it would not be practical to exterminate the Negro.

"I hope I have an open mind—there is nothing more valuable in sociology than a mind open to the very least stray wind of information—and I must in all fairness admit that your suggestion would *solve* the problem. Ah! there's the bell. We don't seem to have examined those eight solutions. Well, well, time and tide wait for no man. Tomorrow we will discuss 'violence and the social order.' "

II

"As I was saying yesterday, in this matter as in all other matters connected with the study of social institutions and social functions, it is absolutely essential to keep an open mind.

"Now I had a radical—the usual thing you know, red-haired, red-eyed, talkative sort of a fellow—in one of my classes last year and I must say he proved most amusing. It is of course of primary importance for all of us to look into this matter of communism, socialism, anarchism and various other extraordinary beliefs and practices. Perhaps some of you students who come from conservative mill villages, perhaps whose fathers—upstanding examples of Americanism in its finest form—actually own mills. You have I am sure been brought up in the wholesome atmosphere of paternalism; perhaps, then, some of my remarks may seem unfair, but we must remember that there are always exceptions to the general rule of fair play in industry and my remarks this morning are addressed to the exceptions so please do not be personally insulted. Perhaps you will think I am wrong—and I may very well be—but I hope you will not go home and tell your fathers and mothers that the department is a hotbed of radicalism. We try our best to be fair. And I may assure you right here, that in this state as in every state we have examples of enlightened capitalism such as to silence all criticism of the capitalist. Indeed, as the department holds so strongly, it is not the capitalists so much as certain minor and unavoidable defects in the system itself that cause all our ills. But these, praise God, we hope to eliminate.

"Our friends to the north are fond of saying that this section of the country is 'backward' and that we pay lower wages and make our laborers work longer hours and so forth. The president of the Textile Association, when he was speaking on the campus this spring, made this statement which those of you who have had your faith in this section of the country badly shaken, may be interested in and proud to hear. My very dear friend Dr. A—— denying charges made of our manufacturers said: 'The manufacturers in this section of the country pay a maximum of $0.50 more than the $13.85 per week paid by our friends to the north. So you see with our friends to the north it is largely a case of criticising a mote in your neighbour's eye while having a beam in your own.' "

"But Dr. Lunnar, do you think $14.00 per week is enough for a person to live on?" said Mr. T——.

"No, Mr. T——, I do not think $14.00 a week is enough to live on but take your own town of G——. Mill workers there receive I believe about $13.00—rather below the standard—but what happens in actual fact? There are generally three workers per family and thus you see they can live comfortably off their combined wages, even though individually they would find it rather a hard struggle to get along.

"But we must proceed with the assignment. The criticism of violence as put forward by some of the leading sociologists in the country, notably the distinguished head of our own department, is that all violence arises from individuals of excessive zeal in social reform. Examined by several graduate students who have made a special study of the matter, a large number of radicals, so-called, are found to be radicals as a result of maladjustment and, more commonly still, of neurosis arising perhaps from unfortunate environmental conditions in early youth. As a group they are really more to be pitied than blamed, but they do an immense amount of damage yearly to the orderly process of social advancement. Great changes always come gradually. That, indeed, is a formula to be remembered. The folkways (which if you have read your assignment, you will know to be established habits, institutions and customs) are all-powerful. It is absolutely impossible to have any progress which goes against the folkways or the established institutions of our culture. No change has ever been made in the history of our civilization which has done violence to these fundamental institutions. This you must bear in mind, as we continue our study of class violence which, as you may have suspected and as we have ample proof, grows out of foreign communistic agitation."

"But Dr. Lunnar, don't you think that unions, I mean of course reasonable unions led by American citizens and dedicated to the ideals of fundamental Americanism, could possibly be of some value, providing, of course, they understood that important changes must be slow? For instance, if I may bring the matter home, why is it that the members of the faculty of this department are not members of the American Federation of Teachers. One would think that your background and specialized knowledge would be very useful to the organization."

"Your criticism is just, Mr. T——," for it was Mr. T—— again, "Let me attempt to answer the last part of your question first. Almost as important as an open mind to the sociologist is the consideration that he must on no account endanger his perspective by taking sides. We have found it fruitless to engage in controversies of the rights of capital and labor. All our efforts in the direction of sympathizing with workers are so uniformly misunderstood by the trustees of this great University, that we have found it very dangerous to engage openly. And then too, Mr. T——, after long study of the matter," here Dr. Lunnar beamed his broadest, "we have decided that the Capitalist system is, perhaps in a limited sense, the best that has so far been produced for the proper functioning of the social institutions. With that assumption we intend to reform, where reform is needed. There are times of course when we find ourselves torn. We have to exercise great restraint on ourselves and especially on our younger colleagues in time of industrial strife, to prevent the department from being committed by sympathetic statements. You can easily see that this would entirely destroy our objective viewpoint so necessary for the continuance of the study of sociology."

I suppose, mindful of the "downtown capitalists" who reputedly owned the university and controlled its very last action, Mr. T—— very readily "saw" how "making statements" would interrupt the study of sociology.

"As for the first part of your question" continued Dr. Lunnar, "investigations undertaken by one of the members of the department of sociology at our neighbouring institution have proved conclusively that labor unions have, as a whole, been much over-rated.

"According to Dr. P—— of that institution, unions are largely a racket by which the poor laborer is robbed of a part of his hard-earned wages in order to support foreign agitators and organizers who have no more idea of the laborer's welfare than the communist has."

III

The class "projects" alone remain to be commented on. These projects could not under any circumstances be considered as anything but a joke. For in five minutes—if Dr. Lunnar was rushed it is sometimes much less—students give reports on such topics as "Offer a program for the better adaptation of the two races," the "Negro in Politics." Not only must the student report on these projects in five minutes, but the class must discuss them and ask questions!

Sometimes of course a really good report is given, but as in the case of poor Mr. Z——, Dr. Lunnar is rather skeptical of student research. This however was the only time I have ever seen Dr. Lunnar lose his temper.

Mr. Z—— happened to mention in connection with his project that at least 90 per cent of the students had sexual relations with Negro women, women in roadhouses and gambling joints, etc. Up jumped Dr. Lunnar with a face that vividly portrayed his emotions.

"You are wrong, Mr. Z——," he began without any preliminary. His usual self-complacent attitude had disappeared. Throughout his 17 years of teaching he had "met" and successfully "solved" all problems related to class discussion; but somehow this seemed to be a new one. "I would put it at nine per cent."

"I am afraid I was a bit conservative, Dr. Lunnar," said Z——. "It really is, I believe, 95 per cent."

"Preposterous," exploded Dr. Lunnar who really had at last lost his temper. "You Mr. Z——, come from New York. You are a Jew and are thus naturally acquainted with the section of the student body which is so highly immoral. But let me tell you, Mr. Z——, that in *this* part of the country things are different. We have not yet lost our cultural standards, we have not yet been degraded by the introduction of the foreign element and foreign races. Sir, leave the room!"

Mary Johnson MacMillan, Virginia Reynolds

A Diary of Strange Occurrences

October 3, 1938

This afternoon 'Gina and I went walking. We had been up beyond Boundary Street and were walking down Franklin Street back towards town when I saw it. We had walked past the house many times before, and I can't imagine why we had never seen it. It looked perfect from the first glimpse—a huge empty house set in the midst of big oaks and elms and maples. Wistaria covers the front porch so that you can hardly see it from the street. There are three gardens at the back that haven't been very well kept up, but there are lots of roses and violets and daffodils. It must be lovely in the spring. I got a very indefinite idea of the house itself, so I can't go into much detail. It's queer that there's an empty house so close to town—just two doors down from Dr. Graham's home. I can't help wondering why it isn't rented. Tonight we were asking about it and found out that it belongs to Kay Kyser's mother, and is one of the oldest houses in Chapel Hill. We want to go back and explore it some more, if we can.

M.J.

October 10, 1938

This afternoon I found a basement door open in the empty house but I waited until Mary J. got off her four o'clock class so we could go through it together. The sun was almost down and I wasn't at all sure that I wanted to go into the gloomy cellar, but Mary Johnson was right behind me. I had just found the stairs leading to the first floor when she turned and ran out of the basement door saying that she heard footsteps upstairs. The idea of being lost in the furnace room while someone wandered back and forth above us didn't appeal to me either and I went out behind her.

Somehow we couldn't go away without trying the back porch door, but it was locked. The kitchen window was open and we climbed in. It's odd how wide awake floors are in empty houses. Mary J. stood in the kitchen while I scouted the old rooms to be sure that we were the only ones there. Then she stood on the stair while I went up with my crepe-souled shoes to the second floor. The only thing that really intrigued us was a locked room—probably the house ghost hangs there in the day time and goes stalking at night. There was a third story, but Mary J. refused even to stand on the stairs and wait, so I gave it up. We talked in the same voice we'd use in a sick room, and we were both glad to climb out of the kitchen.

The gardens could be lovely if someone would take them over. They're overgrown with weeds and wild grass now. I think I'll go back tomorrow and try the third floor.

V.R.

November 1, 1938

It has been lovely outside. After dinner Mary J., Phil, Leonard, and I walked over to the old house and sat on an old stone bench in the garden. We haven't been good at gay conversation tonight. We're all rather low thinking about John Parker and today Mary Johnson found that one of her clients, a girl her own age, wasn't expected to live through the night. The girl doesn't know it yet.

The moonlight through the twisted apple tree made the garden look like a stage set for Never-Never land. The place is bewitched—it reminded each of us of things we had forgotten long ago. Leonard had brought his phonograph and we played the record Pete and Sheppie made last summer. Sheppie's high sweet voice singing "Down by yon weeping willow" was as much a part of the night as was the shadowy moving of the feather grass.

The hedges, trees and grape arbor form a rough circle and the feather grass grows tall in the center. None of us ever remembers seeing a weed or flower quite like it. It's no-colored, and looks utterly useless. Mary J. picked up an old rock while I broke off a piece of the grass and we brought them home. The quiet and our own lack of peace were getting on our nerves so we beat the undergraduates in.

Mary J. is sitting and looking at the grass. I don't know why I pulled it—it will only clutter up the room. I just suggested that we throw it

Mary Johnson MacMillan *and* Virginia Reynolds *are roommates and inseparable friends. These excerpts from their diaries form another delightful interlude of "sweetness and light."*

away, but she doesn't want to. It will probably dry up but maybe we can keep it for a while.

V.R.

November 21, 1938

I'm in my carrel, supposed to be studying, but somehow I can't get last night off my mind. I won't call it a nightmare—that's not what it was. It was the most real thing that ever happened. There's not any physical cause to account for it—we had hot chocolate before bedtime and that was all. We hadn't been reading anything that would bring it on. It was just there. It was around three o'clock this morning when I felt something bend over my bed, beating its wings or arms or whatever they were. I sensed the feeling of urgency in the motion, even before I called 'Gina. I was cold all over, and didn't have much voice to scream with but I managed to wake her. Without her saying anything to me, or me to her, she glanced up to the head of my bed and saw what I had been feeling—a grey clouded figure, beating its arms back and forth. How she did it neither of us will ever know, but she crossed the room and turned on the low lamp on the table. Whatever it was had disappeared. But 'Gina's and my description coincide entirely. I hadn't seen anything at all, but I had felt and heard the creature. And Genna saw it. We were afraid—a dull, heavy, persistent fear that would not leave us. We could not tell ourselves it had not been there, because it had. The room seemed strange; objects stood out in stark relief. That queer grass kept blowing a little bit from the night wind that stirred the curtains at the window. There was my black suede slipper kicked into a corner of the room. I had worn it earlier last night, and somehow it seemed as if that had been in another world. We left the light burning all night. Somehow it helped, but we didn't sleep till dawn.

M.J.

November 23, 1938

I dozed off once tonight, but I can't sleep. We told several people on the hall about it and they laughed. We laughed too, while we were telling it, but the gooseflesh feeling is still there. Tonight in Swain I told a group at the table about it and Charlie Robinson came home with me to prove it was a shadow cast by the street lights. He stood on the porch beneath my window while I turned out the lights in the room. And there was a shadow on the wall above Mary J.'s bed—the curtain's shadow. It didn't look at all the same but somehow things aren't the same in the wee hours. It seemed tonight quite possible that my own body could have accounted for the movement of the shadow. Charlie went away laughing. I don't care how much they laugh. Mary J. went home today, and I'm staying in this room alone tonight. Any explanation at all was better than lying awake. But somehow The night it happened the lights hadn't seemed to explain it.

It was twelve when I came in tonight. The halls are almost empty; practically everyone has gone home for Thanksgiving. I was sleepy when I came in, and undressed quickly. The room was much darker without the light than it had been at eight when Charlie stood laughing outside. As I was pulling the covers around my shoulders, I realized what had happened. The street lights which shine on campus are turned off at twelve. There were no lights at all two nights ago. Not even the light from a passing car could shine in the room. I kept my back to Mary J.'s bed and tried to sleep. It took nerve to get up and turn on this lamp.

I've been awake for half an hour now. The room is cold. There is no heat. I can't sleep for watching and I can't read for listening. It's after four.

V.R.

December 23, 1938 . . . at home.

Today Dick sent me the funniest little blue turtle from New York. I'm glad to have him here. It makes school and everything that goes on there seem so much nearer. It's funny how being here with the family makes me almost forget Chapel Hill. It's a lovely holiday.

'Gina sent me a picture she took of the empty house. I don't know why she did it.

M.J.

January 4, 1939

We got the turtle a bowl today. The directions said that he would have to have something to climb out of the water on, and we thought we'd try an inverted glass ash tray. While we were washing it out we put him on the window sill, and thought he'd be safe. When we went to get him he had crawled on top of that old rock that we brought in from the garden, and was sitting there chewing on a little piece of feather-grass. He looked so much at home we decided to put the rock in his bowl, and he sits on it all the time. We like to watch him climb up.

M.J.

January 5, 1939 Library

The turtle that Dick gave Mary J. is gone. It was paddling around in the glass bowl when we fed it before going to our eight-thirties this morning, and at ten thirty it wasn't there. At first I thought Mary J. might have moved him, but I looked carefully on the dresser where we had left him, in the drawers, under the beds, and in the closets. He wasn't anywhere. When Mary J. came home after lunch we searched the whole room. No trace of him. There isn't any way he could have crawled out of the bowl. The piece of feather grass we put in the water for him to play with looks lonely floating around.

V.R.

January 8, 1939 Class Notes . . . Sociol. 192

Criminology, criminology, criminol—I wish I could forget about last night. That turtle was on the floor. . . . I know he was . . . he stretched his long ugly neck and looked at me. He was such a big turtle. Nobody believes he was there. The areas which have the highest rates of boy delinquents also have the . . . criminology. Dr. Brooks Brooks Brooks. I saw it. It looked at me. I know it did. It was right on the floor between the beds. 'Gina knew it was there. It was the biggest turtle I ever saw. I don't know where he went. I had a book at home named *Snappy Turtle and Golliwogg*. I'm glad it happened. Now my turtle will come home. It's cold in this room. I want to go to the empty house and stay there. It will be warm and the high grass will be blowing. If I get up and walk off this class no one will ever know where I've gone. But I'll know. I'll have gone to see the turtle and the empty house. That turtle looked at me. I know it did.

M.J.

January 9, 1939

Mary J. was right. Little turtle came back this morning. When we woke up he was sitting in the middle of the floor with his shell cracked. We know where he's been but we won't tell.

January 14, 1939

Tonight Mary J. and I were in early. We were both restless. Mary J. kept walking around. Suddenly she looked up at me and I reached for my coat.

It's cold outside—and no moon. We stood in the driveway, saying nothing, making no movement toward the house. The garden grass was still, even in the wind. We knew then it was the last time. We won't go back again.

V.R.

Sonnet

We can impact upon ten million stars
No loving image, though we frame them strait
(We, seekers of the unadulterate)
With ancient fixity of stones and bars.
Nor will the wordless night-cries penetrate
Beyond the powers of our fate and fear,
Nor will the blinding heart-beat of a tear
Strike into burning, though we tend it late.
(The forest . . . trees are silent now . . . and near)
But slowly as a rock is made a head,
We yet will bravely wreak, in fury's stead,
A permanence of hunger—restless, sheer
(The lights of night and shadows of the day),—
And we will wreak it in a lonely way.

—William Michaux

Allen Green

The Land of the Free

It was about three in the afternoon when we first heard that the pickets were coming. I was lying across a cot in the temporary barracks playing blackjack with Corporal Moon when the top sergeant stuck his head through the door.

"Come on you guys, turn out! The Captain's just got word that twenty or thirty carloads of pickets are headed this way. Snap into it now!" Then he was gone.

I threw down my cards and began dressing hastily. Our National Guard company had been on strike duty here in this little Georgia mill village for a week, and this was the first sign of any union activity. I slung my cartridge belt around my waist and buckled it quickly. It had been just three months since I joined the Guard back in Atlanta, along with my roommate at Georgia State. We both had volunteered to come with the Company, looking for excitement, but nothing had happened till now. I snatched my heavy trench helmet from its nail on the wall. Moon was already dressed.

"Take it easy Joe," he said. "Those pickets probably aren't even coming here."

"Oh yeah?" I pulled my rifle from the rack and jerked the bolt open. It was in perfect condition. "I hope to hell they do. I'm tired of loafing 'round here doing nothing." I slammed the bolt shut and snapped the trigger. "I'd like to get just one good shot at one of those damn agitators. They're nothing but dirty, trouble-making reds, every last one of them."

Moon laughed. "Don't worry kid, we won't get to do any shooting. Might have to beat up a few of them though." The bugle blew assembly in the street outside.

We both raced for the door. The company was forming in the street in front of the barracks. Men with one foot in line were hastily adjusting equipment. Barker, the captain, was off to one side, snapping orders to the first lieutenant, his inevitable cigar jammed in the corner of his mouth. I slipped into my place in the front rank of the first squad.

"Attention! Right *dress!*"

I brought my right hand to my hip, turned my head sharply to the right.

"Front!"

The first sergeant faced the captain and saluted. Barker threw away his cigar and stepped out in front of the company. He was a heavy jowled, red faced, ex-policeman; holding the rank of captain as the result of being the oldest man in the company, and by virtue of a brother down at city hall. The pants of his uniform came together under the tremendous over-hang of his stomach, they looked as though they would drop at any time. He was constantly hitching them up with one hand.

"At ease, men. I've just gotten the news that a Flying Squadron of about twenty cars is headed for here. We'll blocade the highway just beyond the square and send 'em back where they came from. You'll have loaded rifles in case of trouble, but I don't want any shooting unless I give the word. Remember that. If they try to get tough, use your rifle butts on 'em, not your bayonets. And keep cool. All right, sergeant, have the men load rifles here, and then bring them on up to the square. That's all."

A ripple of voices broke out along the line. Cambell, a little dried-up grocery clerk, half-turned to me and whispered:

"They're coming! Will there be fighting Joe? Reckon they'll try to bust on through us? They wouldn't hardly try to start anything, now would they Joe?" He licked his lips nervously.

"No, they wouldn't have the guts to. Take it easy, Cambell, nothing's going to happen." Outwardly I was calm, but inwardly I was in a turmoil. All I had read in the newspapers about pickets attacking soldiers flashed through my mind. Anything might happen.

"All right you birds, shut up and pay attention. Load rifles! And if you've forgotten how, watch me." Top Sergeant Wilkes was a big, soft-spoken man, but he could be as tough as nails if the occasion demanded. He was a ROTC instructor at one of the Atlanta high schools.

I brought my rifle up to inspection arms, and

ALLEN GREEN'S *interest in the average man leads him to write a story dealing with the average man's confusion when faced with the stark reality of human conflict.*

balanced it there in my left hand, while I fumbled in my cartridge belt with my right. My hands trembled a little as I slid the cartridge clip in the magazine. I slammed the bolt home, and snapped the safety on. Cambell was visibly nervous, he jammed the clip in his rifle. Finally Sergeant Wilkes had to clear it for him.

He inspected our rifles to make sure that the safeties were on, and walked back to the front of the company. "Now remember men, no shooting. If anybody rushes you, get him before he gets you. Like this." He illustrated by jabbing the butt of his rifle at an imaginary opponent. "And if any of you bastards let your rifle get taken away from you, I'll kick you out of the company myself. Now let's go."

He faced about. "Company, Attention! Right-by-squads, Forward *march!*"

II

We stepped off up the street. There was none of the usual good-natured banter in the ranks, only the steady tramp of our shoes on the pavement. Out of the corner of my eye I could see people hurrying along the sidewalk toward the square. Some of the women were standing in their yards, staring in the same direction. They turned to watch us go past.

The sidewalks of the square were jammed with people, mill workers for the most part. They watched us in silence as we came to a halt in the middle of the square. Only a few kids were making any noise, calling to one another across the square. You could tell the mill hands resented our being there. Although there was no active union in the village, there was a strong sentiment for one, and the workers seemed to think that the mill owners had sent for troops to keep them from forming one.

We stood there motionless in the hot sun. You could feel the tenseness in the air. I saw Captain Barker in front of the drugstore conferring importantly with the sheriff and the superintendent of the mill. One of the men in the rank behind me attempted a half-hearted wisecrack which Sergeant Wilkes hushed at once. The palms of my hands were slick with sweat, I wiped them covertly on my pants without taking my eyes off Barker.

A man ran out of the drug store. "They're coming! I just got the phone call from the cross roads. They'll be here any minute!"

The crowd stirred uneasily. Everyone turned to stare up the highway. I looked myself, half expecting to see the Flying Squadron roaring down on us.

Barker came over to the company at a trot, his belly bouncing up and down at each step. "Attention! Fix bayonets!"

Steel whispered along the ranks as the bayonets were drawn from their scabbards. A loud murmur went up from the crowd as we snapped them onto the rifle muzzles.

"First squad! At trail, Forward *march!*"

Almost automatically I stepped forward with the others. An icy tremor gripped my stomach as I realized that I would be in the front-line squad. We swung into extended formation at the command, and halted. Our squad was now in a single line, extending from side-walk to side-walk. The highway came down towards us from a hill top; almost instinctively my eyes sought the skyline at the crest.

I heard the rest of the platoon moving up behind us, the crash of their rifle butts on the pavement as they halted a few feet back. Barker came up to us, spoke a few words I scarcely heard—something about keeping calm. He took his post a few feet in front of us. There was a little wait. I stole a glance at Cambell. His face was pale and drawn, his eyes fixed on the road ahead. Little beads of sweat stood out on his face.

We all heard it at the same time, a faint cheering that steadily grew louder. I gripped my rifle tighter. Then a long line of automobiles was sweeping down the hill towards us, jammed with yelling men and women. Some of the men clung to the sides of the cars, waving large American flags. There was a faint cheer from the crowd behind us. For a moment I wondered if the pickets would try to drive right on through us. I brought my rifle to the ready.

III

The leading car ground to a halt a few yards up the highway. Four men jumped out and walked rapidly towards us. There was a dead silence; the pickets and the crowd was apparently willing to let the four men do the talking. I recognized the leading man from his newspaper picture—Thomas Cordon, the labor agitator. He was smiling cheerfully. The dirty Red I thought, how I'd like to get my hands on him.

Captain Barker stepped out to meet them, his hand on the butt of his service automatic. "You can't bring that bunch in here. Go on, turn around, and get them out of here!"

Cordon came on. "Captain," he said quietly, "this is a State highway. You can't block off a State highway like this."

"Who says I can't?" demanded Barker belligerently. "Go on, get them out of here quick I say!"

"But Captain, this is a State highway and we demand that you let us pass. We also demand our lawful right to picket this mill peaceably."

Barker drew himself up to his full height. "Get out of here!" he bellowed.

"But Captain—"

The Captain snatched out his automatic, and sent Cordon reeling back with a blow across the face. He raised the automatic to hit him again. One of the men with Cordon jumped in and caught his arm. Sergeant Wilkes' whistle shrilled in my ear..

"Get up there and cover those automobiles! Keep those bastards back!

We ran forward. A man detached himself from the group struggling with Barker, spun round to face us. Without breaking stride, I brought my rifle up, and sent the butt crashing full in his face. I felt, rather than saw the bones give way as he was thrown back by the impetus of the charge. In an instant I was past him and running towards the automobiles.

Wilkes's whistle blew again. "Halt!"

We stopped, panting for breath, our rifles leveled at the occupants of the cars. Wilkes stepped forward and waved his pistol at the driver of the first automobile. "Come on, turn around and get the hell out of here before we throw the whole bunch of you in jail!"

One or two of the pickets had jumped down in the highway, but Wilkes waved them back into the automobiles. The driver of the leading car slid his machine into gear, and swung it around slowly. Car after car followed him. Most of them passed in silence, except for a few women who cursed us for dirty cowards as they went by. Not until the last car disappeared over the hill did I relax.

IV

We marched back to the barracks quickly. The crowd had disappeared from the square along with the four agitators. Captain Barker dismissed the company, with a word of commendation for our quick action. I stumbled wearily up the barrack steps.

Corporal Moon was waiting for me by my cot. "Christ, Joe, you sure hit that guy. You oughta seen him. He was out cold."

"Yeah," I said slowly, "I saw him." I sat down on the edge of the cot. I suddenly felt very sick. I had to clench my teeth to keep from vomiting.

"The sheriff took those four guys off to jail. The Captain is going to send a guard up the highway to warn us if they come back. Think they'll try to come back Joe?"

"No, Moon, I don't think they will." I looked at my hands. There was blood on them, blood and oil from the rifle. I wiped them on the edge of the cot. I wished Corporal Moon would go away and quit talking about it.

Inscription on a Stone

We have not paused to chart our wanderings,
Ourselves not being certain of the way;
And even now incredible dream-like things
Are calling: only briefly can we stay.
Lonely we left the broad and clamorous path
In search of earth more real, and in the forest
Deep mystic want that feared no aftermath
Became our strength, most powerful when direct
The stars first guided us, but soon the trees
Grew in so thick we saw the sky no more.
The night is black, and now upon the breeze
Returns the old uncertainty that bore
Us haunted here; and we can only say
This is the way, or else there is no way.

—William Michaux

Simons Lucas Roof

All This Pain

This night of splintered rain
somehow some tear has swollen great
in me, thinking pain
of time departed now unleashed
still begs for you. . . .

For you
whom I lost to distance fright
forgetting through
a dogwood time in spring in night
when words were birds
that sang and vanished:

You,
remembering the touch
of groping hidden hands,
recalling mirrored much
of us on rippled strands
belonging to the stars,
must know of this remembered:
whom I promised much
giving even such
promises lightly.

(Again this stinging rain
recalls a kindled pain
begging tears. . . .)
Tugging restlessly the soul
screaming for retreat from all
the pent up nights of tilted bowl
of passion: at the savage call
from that now done

this reckless pleading
asks no more for fears.
And now I know I knew
the futile leading
of a promise holding nothing,
yet made it then and make
it now, this vow to break
the cold cords that held
me back: and while I take
these sacred dreams upon
my lips and promise you
I come, I come to you
each night with fright
to dream still more—

I come I come I come!
I do. . . . listen!
and nothing but these bars
within my soul restrain
my flight through night and stars
to consummate the pain
we knew beyond this rain,
this choking rain
of endless nights.

Listen!
I do. . . . I come!
Hurtling savagely
across the sedge and edge
of blackened lands I flee
again again again
so sure so still so lost,
always this frantic plea
to come. . . .

knowing as I know I do
that though again for you
a night as two we two
should be, the night
recalls the promise broken
inchoate in love, and fright

returns the ancient token
and laughs boisterously
at me.

Stay the lost night. . . .
Stay this moment!
How can time steal from me
joy that can never be
mine again?

Stay this moment!
Let me grasp it,
crush it to my soul,
steal each slipping minute,
make the whole
mine again.

Stay this moment?
Oh, but how can man stop destiny?
Can there never be a way to see
the past and make it
mine again?

This sullen ache returns,
and you, the Stranger,
ask me why I never laugh,
never ask for friends,
never live.
It is a simple thing.
When she passed to God
I prayed to Him to let
my heart go with her.

He did.

William Michaux

Always the Land

When she had pumped the bucket full and bent to lift it, two tears splashed into the water. She wiped her eyes on a calico sleeve, took a drink to clear her throat, and trudged into the house. He must not know.

Smiling, she took a cloth from the wall and sat down by his bed with the water. As she began to sponge it up with the rag and mop his forehead, he clutched her hand.

"Don't do that, honey. You rest now. You're tired. Let me do something."

But his grasp was weak, and she went on. "No, Jim," she said. "You mustn't do anything. The stiller you are, the better, Doctor Benton said."

"But how can I lay still any longer? Two weeks of nothing but laying here—"

"You'll have to, honey. But not much longer now. Pretty soon you'll be back to work again, well as ever."

"Pretty soon—yes, always pretty soon! If I'd had a doctor that knew anything, I'd have been out there before this. When is Benton coming again?"

"In a few days, he said. Now you lay back and rest some more while I get Martin's dinner ready. Doesn't that feel better?"

"Sure, honey. You're the sweetest little woman. No man ever had one like you."

While they talked, she had bathed him down to the waist with the water drawn out of the cool earth. Now she pulled his shirt back on him, smoothed his sweat-soaked pillow, and made him comfortable.

In the adjoining kitchen she kept quiet as she worked, careful not to disturb him as he dozed. Each time she passed near the door, she glanced at him. He lay still for a long time.

II

Throughout the two weeks during which the typhoid had racked his body, it had been thus. When he first fell ill she was bewildered, for she knew that, though he was not a strong man, he had never been sick before. But it would not last long, she had thought. Then with the passing of the days she grew inwardly impatient, knowing that in the twenty-two years of his life the land had become to him as close a friend as any human being. She would try to console him when he began asking her endless small questions and hanging childishly to every word of her replies. But neither of them could be inwardly calm in the fact of this trouble.

William Michaux *admits that he knows no possible solution, other than an individual one, for the sort of tragedy he deals with in this story.*

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
IN NEW YORK CITY
THERE'S OUR FRIEND, THE MUSIC CRITIC—WE'RE SITTING WITH HIM, YOU KNOW
HELLO, JUDGE!
YOU CAN WRITE HOME THAT YOU SAT IN THE FAMOUS 'DIAMOND HORSESHOE'
AND WHAT A GRAND EXPERIENCE IT IS!
I DIDN'T QUITE HEAR WHAT YOU WHISPERED—SOMETHING ABOUT THAT CHARACTER BEING SO HAPPY AND CONTENTED SMOKING HIS PIPE
YES, JUDGE, I SAID YOU OR I COULD PLAY THAT PART TO PERFECTION, ENJOYING PRINCE ALBERT AS WE DO
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT IS EASY ON THE POCKET-BOOK, TOO. THERE'S A LOT OF HAPPY SMOKING IN THAT BIG P.A. TIN
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES SLOWER, COOLER, FELLOWS, WITH RIPE, RICH TASTE. IT'S CHOICE TOBACCO WITH THE BITE REMOVED
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
SO MILD!
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

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P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Jim grew delirious and told her of his dreams—tobacco higher than the barn or enormous corn, with grains as big as potatoes. One night he had ripped a sheet to tatters before she could stop him, thinking it was a gunny sack he was tied in. In his saner moments he would look out the window at the land and cry like a baby. Patience was hard for her, but she was patient—for his sake.

There was little help to be gotten from their few and scattered neighbors. They themselves, even with what little they had, were by far the most well-to-do family in the section. Save for their one neat farm, all was indolence and poverty for miles. It had been a blessing to her to marry Jim and escape in part from the penury into which she had been born.

Her brother Martin, still in his teens, had come to help from her father's place on the other side of the hill. But he had barely managed to keep the worms down, and had plowed so unevenly that some of the tobacco was wilting. She had tried to keep the stock fed and help Martin sucker the tobacco, along with Jim and the house work which could not be neglected. All in all they had made out fairly well, but it looked gloomier every day. This was the first crop since their wedding, and Jim would be in bed for a week more at least. But perhaps. . . . *All things work together for good. . . .*

III

One evening after supper, when she and Martin were out on the small porch for a breath of air before bedtime, Mr. Williams drove up in his Chevrolet. She got up, but was too weary to go to meet him. She leaned against a post and watched as Martin went. Their voices sounded strange on the still air of dusk.

"Howdy, boy. How's Uncle Jim?"

"About the same, Mister Williams—pretty poorly. . . . Come on in, won't you?"

Don't mind if I do, son. Getting sort of dark, ain't it?" At least he was a genial landlord.

She knew what he had come for—the money he had loaned them for fertilizer. He had been before, when Jim was asleep. But tonight the damp heavy heat and the fever had not let him rest. She lit a lamp, and Mr. Williams and Martin followed her through the low door to where Jim lay.

After a few words about general conditions and the fever, he got around to it.

"I don't mean to be putting my foot down on it, boy, but I'm in a hole myself—lost all my bank stock last week when the Industrial went busted. If it wasn't for that, I wouldn't be so anxious about it. But I'll have to have at least fifty dollars of that money by Saturday week."

"Well, we'll do the best we can by you, Mister Williams. That's all I can say." His words came out with strained thinness. "Money doesn't grow like weeds, you know. And I'm still mighty sick. But we'll do the best we can—we always have."

She wanted Mr. Williams to go, so that the wrinkles could leave Jim's face and he could be quiet again.

IV

After that, it seemed to her that the stare of necessity was wakening Jim's stubbornness. He talked coherently again, and more and more. Once in the middle of the night she heard him asking Martin if he thought the Ford could be made to run, and how the tobacco looked down by the woods. His appetite improved.

When Doctor Benton came again, Jim wearied him with talk, while she and Martin listened in sympathetic silence. At last the Doctor said:

"Well, I'm going to leave you with the advice to take it easy a while longer, Jim—another week at least. Your fever's still a hundred, but you'll be well in no time now if you'll just watch yourself. See you again in a day or so."

She was glad again. Jim would soon be himself. And somehow she was sure that trouble would end, even the money trouble. She began to hum softly as she worked.

V

Two mornings after Benton's visit, when she was frying eggs for breakfast, she looked up suddenly to see Jim entering the kitchen for the first time in weeks, with his overalls on. She grew very afraid. She had not realized before, seeing him only in bed, how thin and sallow he was. The overalls hung loose around his stomach.

"Yea, honey, I think I can start back today. Just light-like at first, you know. Breakfast ready?"

"Jim, you mustn't. Don't you know you're not strong enough yet?"

"Why, sure I'm strong enough," he said with bravado. "I'm just as good as new, right now. Never been hungrier in my life."

For a while as they ate she kept pleading with him. But the thought of Williams and the money hovered and sapped her determination, so that she ceased objecting when Jim talked of plans. It wouldn't be so hard—a trip or two to the curb market, with corn and beans and one or two of the chickens, and then there was the twenty-three dollars they had saved, and the Ford could be sold if they had to. By that time he would be strong enough to get to work on the tobacco crop, and after that was sold things would be easy again.

When he finished eating and got up, a terrible tenseness struck her. She stepped quickly to the door and stood barring his way, beseeching him not to go.

He stopped in front of her and said, "Let me go now."

"No, Jim, no. You don't realize—you're not well yet."

"But I am well, honey. Look out now, I've got to go."

She put her hands on his shoulders. "Don't you see? if you go now, you'll lose everything you've gained staying in bed. Remember what Doctor Benton said—"

"I don't care what anybody said. You know what will happen if we don't keep clear with Mr. Williams."

His voice and the frown on his face were weak, but she saw in his bloodshot eyes the glint of his old resolution. Yet she could not let him go. "Jim," she begged, "please don't go out there."

And as she spoke, he pushed her aside roughly, saying nothing, and went into the yard.

VI

The afternoon of his second day in the fields was cloudy and cool. On his first day out his weakness had overburdened him, and he had had to rest a while when he went in to eat at noon. The Ford had been fixed and a little work done in the tobacco, and today he was determined to work until sun-down. Tomorrow, he had told her at lunch, they would take a good load of truck in to the market.

Martin was still helping. More industriously now, he was working with Jim as they pulled corn. It was full-grown and plentiful, and Jim seemed happy even though he moved slowly.

The clouds thickened and gathered a filmy grey. He told Martin they would have to hurry or else be caught in the rain.

In the middle of a row, as he reached up for an ear that grew high, his arm suddenly stiffened before he touched it. A rigid frown hardened his face. He took his arm down for a moment and shook his head quickly as if to get water off. Then, much more slowly, he reached up again. As he pulled the ear, he looked around to see if Martin had noticed him.

Finally they got to the end of the row and dropped their armfuls into the big gunny sack. Martin stepped back suddenly and said, "Jim! what's the matter? Your face is all blue!"

"Nothing's the matter. Just feel a little funny." He leaned over and hoisted the sack onto his back, as if with tremendous effort. "Fever's not quite gone yet. Have to get to the house before it rains —lie down—bed."

He stiffened, stood for a brief second, then slumped to the ground.

VII

After Martin's face had told her what he found no words to say, he could not get her out of the house. She lay stomach-down on the bed, crushing the pillow against her face. . . . Now, nothing. Nowhere anything. Nothing to do or feel. . . .

It was raining when Martin walked over the hill to get his father.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

THIS PEACE. Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 36 pp. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. 75 cents.

Clifton Fadiman said in his review of Thomas Mann's *Joseph in Egypt* that his writing is "both contemporary and classic . . . deeply and richly of our own time and yet drawing on the storehouse of the past." This is true. No writer today possesses so many of the marks of true greatness as does this man. His work belongs to all time, the whole world, to life itself. His novels and short stories are profound and moving, combining as they do the qualities of a scholar in their universality and of reality in their deep human significance. At once aloof from and in touch with the problems of today, he is uniquely qualified to write searchingly and profoundly on the events of the past few months which have had such far-reaching and decisive results. Bitter at times, swayed by a deep hatred of tyranny and injustice and the fetters which dictatorial powers would fain place on free-thinking men, Thomas Mann has in *This Peace* torn the gilt from the mock statue of an unworthy peace and revealed the treachery and double-dealing of the European statesmen in the damning light of truth.

Not until the final moment—not until the curtain had rung down on the events of last September—did those men and women who because of its inherent anti-cultural character have always fought fascism, both within Germany and without, begin to realize that the hosts of bourgeois Europe did not in the least want the overthrow of fascism, that it was socialism which was considered the great monster. Dr. Mann writes that he was amazed beyond words. "It is hard to make clear to those who have not shared it," he says, "the martyrdom of this slowly dawning realization." One can understand and excuse the democratic principle of abstention from interference in the domestic affairs of another country, but this sudden discovery of conspiracy between the forces of fascism and the statesmen and spokesmen of democracy is sickening.

The return of the Saar to Germany, Hitler's march into the Rhineland, the naval agreement between England and the National-Socialist government, the fall of Austria and finally the annexation of the Czech Republic—all happened under the aegis of Great Britain. Dr. Mann traces with burning clarity the events of the past few years leading so inevitably to the final "bloodless" victory of fascism. He points out that England and France, eager to atone for the unfairness of the Versailles Treaty, were ever ready to lend a helping hand to the blundering Hitler who often had to be persuaded to refrain from "stumbling blindly to destruction into a war which nobody expected of him and a defeat from which everybody tenderly tried to protect him." And then came the crisis. The people's fear of war and yearning for peace were exploited just as their guilty conscience about Versailles had been exploited before. "The alternative of war or peace never existed. Peace was to be had quite simply and in complete security, only if the western states, certain of the moral support in America, had stood shoulder to shoulder with Russia for the protection of Czechoslovakia."

Finally, convinced that now the forces of fascism will sweep over the continent, Dr. Mann admits that madness, terror and militarism have prevailed. But, he adds, "we must have no fear. Reason and truth may suffer apparent eclipse. But in us, in our hearts, they are eternally free." War and fascism are synonymous. European unity—even though the unity of terror—will bring final peace to the world and fascism will defeat itself.

Dr. Mann is no warped and bitter exile whose vision is dimmed by hatred of a state which has shattered his faith in the decency of man. His irony is pointed squarely at the issues. He rises not only as a great novelist, but as a great pamphleteer.

—Hugh Foss

Singing Arrows. Chapman J. Milling. Bostick and Thornley, Columbia, S. C., 1938. 83 pages, octavo. $2.00.

The dearth of publishers in the South makes it an occasion when one of them produces a volume, particularly one whose selling appeal is as uncertain as is poetry's. The occasion is further notable when the poet is also a Southerner. The brave firm of Bostick and Thornley deserve the admiration and encouragement of the reading public.

Dr. Chapman J. Milling, the author, is a psychiatrist of Columbia, South Carolina. The verses in the volume have already appeared in The Lyric, Verse Craft, The Lantern, Holland's Magazine, Agora, Better Verse, and other publications. By avocation Dr. Milling is an anthropologist particularly interested in the Indian tribes of Southeastern United States. In addition to verse he has published a number of magazine articles on the Indian and negro, one of which was reprinted in the *Reader's Digest* from *Forum.*

Dr. Milling is an anthropologist in verse. His material and subject matter is more important than his poetic music. Preeminently concerned with the South, he writes of the free and noble savage that once roamed the Carolinas, and the degrading fetters of civilization that are choking him out, the mistreatment of the negro particularly in the sonnet *Slave*, the decrepit cabin scene of "tobacco road" in *White Trash*, and the tragedy of racial discrimination in *Croatan*, one of the few poems of power.

The author is evidently sympathetic toward the problem of race minorities but his treatment of the theme, particularly in *Outlanders* and *On Hearing Langston Hughes*, makes the critical reader feel a smugness, a lack of complete understanding, and entire dearth of ideas as to what might be done in solution. The contention of many that social theory does not belong in poetry is valid where the writer obviously drops the role of poet to declaim, however some of the noblest works of literature have been poetic expressions of what mankind, by ennoblement, might become.

He restricts himself to the simplest verse forms, to prosaic and trite rhymes, and in some places his meter is inexcusably sloppy. Several of his stanzas are merely rhyming prose. I do not think he can be called a poet, except in rare passages.

"Here is a slender one, ivory white,
Once a proud warrior's savage delight,
Perfect, pentagonal, shapely and long
(Bought for a buffalo, sold for a song).

"This one is cornaline, duskily red
(Tell it in prayer for a maiden long dead)
Dark as her bosom where softly it lay,
Sadly it tells of her peoples decay.

"Here are some little ones, fifty in all,
Rather too tiny for necklace or shawl.
Were they intended, these delicate blues,
Moccasin beads for the smallest of shoes?

"Symbols of vanity, tokens of pride—
Races may perish, their baubles abide."

These lines from the poem *Beads* are among the loveliest in the collection, and we regret that there are not more of this restrained, simple type.

Dr. Millings knows his subject matter very well. It is material that certainly deserves preservation in poetry, and we hope that his second volume will show a development of techniques. It is to be regretted that the occasion of a Southerner published and recognized in his own home could not have been something to command the admiration of the literary world beyond.

—Albert Rouslin

Spain. W. H. Auden. London: Faber and Faber. 40c. 16 pp.

W. H. Auden, of the English Audens, in *Spain* writes a pertinent poem evoking its inspiration from the Spanish civil war. On the flap of the pamphlet is this sentence: "All the author's royalties from the sale of this poem go to Medical Aid for Spain." The words are self-explanatory: Auden, who has displayed a rapt interest in the Spanish situation from its beginning, has not written a piece of commercial tripe nor a bit of wet-eye propaganda. Instead, finding in Spain a conflict illustrating many of his firmest beliefs, he has taken the opportunity to express his indignation and sympathy, and the poem vividly mirrors the poet's feelings. In *Spain*, Auden seems to have deliberately dropped much of his profound phraseology, probably in the realization that a vaster audience would be capable of appreciating the poem. *Spain*, although "modern" poetry and typical of the work of the English school ,is not beyond the comprehension of any careful reader. *Spain* is written in a deadly calm style, and done more effectively than any of Auden's other long poems.

The poem is divided into three parts, the parts of time: yesterday, today, tomorrow.

"Yesterday all the past. The language of size
Spreading to China along the trade-routes; the diffusion
        Of the counting-frame and the cromlech;
Yesterday the shadow-reckoning in the sunny climates."

For six stanzas the word echoes, "Yesterday, yesterday, yesterday . . . ." Yesterday was the time for inventions, for taming horses, for carving, for theological feuds, for the Sabbath of witches. Yesterday was the time for the construction of railways, for classic lectures, for prayers to the sunset, for the adoration of madmen. Yesterday was activity, when man was original, when man was creating, when man was advancing. Yesterday was the total sum of civilization.

"But today the struggle." From yesterday into today, the line begins humming, and runs from the end of the fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas, to disappear finally when today is spoken of. Today. Today, and the agitation, and the birth of civil war, and the men hurrying to the battlefronts. Today the civil war. Today, and "Madrid is the heart." Thirteen stanzas describe Spain today, and finally, after telling of the present country, Auden, with a magnificently phrased outpouring, lets Spain surge forward to the future, tomorrow—the dream of old Spain reborn: of old Spain he sings,

"To-morrow the rediscovery of romantic love,
The photographing of ravens; all the fun under
        Liberty's masterful shadow;
To-morrow the hour of the pageant-master and the musician."

And while the Spain of the future emerges the glorious land of old, the land of fantasy and castles, a sudden sentence reappears in sharp echo: "But today the struggle." The past was advancement and the present is struggle but the future is sparkling—still, do not forget the present, remember, the present is struggle. And the last stanza climaxes the poem with amazing insight and emphasis:

> "The stars are dead. The animals will not look.
> We are left alone with our day, and the time is short, and
> History to the defeated
> May say Alas but cannot help nor pardon."

—SIMONS LUCAS ROOF

F. O. B. DETROIT. Wessel Smith. New York: Harper and Bros. $2.50. 340 pp.

It is almost an established literary axiom that an author gets his message across to his readers far more effectively by presenting his facts unembellished or by the use of subtle suggestion rather than by screaming the validity of his Cause in tones so loud that it paralyzes the ears and also the interest. The proletarian novelist has been gradually finding this out—that the best way to reveal the defects of our modern industrial system is to show what it has done to the minds, souls and bodies of various human beings and let the reader himself decide whether he shall join the cult of Morgan or Marx.

F. O. B. Detroit is an excellent example of the superior proletarian novel. It is the story of two men who work in a Detroit automobile factory (undoubtedly Henry Ford's) and what the huge, monstrous, superhuman machines, the world of the factory in which each person does a special minute task hour after hour every day, and the constant, almost suffocating monotony does to them.

To Benny who narrates the story, it is the only world he knows. A timid soul with an inferiority complex, he unquestioningly obeys all authority and rules. His chief desire is to be a straw boss (a minor foreman) and he reports to his superiors any stirring among the workers of those two capitalistic bugaboos Communism and the C. I. O. Benny loves the din of the factory; he wants to crush every bit of individuality he possesses and become just an integral part of the machinery.

But to Russ, Benny's pal and hero of the book, the factory is something different. Born and bred a farm boy, he loves the outdoors with its complete individual freedom and the feeling it gives a man that he really means something in this world. Russ had only come to work in the factory so that he could save enough money to start a clamming business in Wisconsin, and never can get used to the fact that a factory worker is just paid to obey orders and be a robot, not to think or feel. He refuses to let himself be stepped on by his bosses, he has the courage to demand something more out of life than the privilege of filling his stomach and killing his soul, and he hates the idea that his very existence is dependent upon the whims of one man who owns the factory and can open and close it at will.

At first, Benny and Russ work in the forge where Russ operates a huge crane that picks up red-hot steel and deposits it in the furnace. Russ likes his job because it gives him a chance to use his skill, his brain, and his ingenuity. And it is in the detailed descriptions of the machinery, in his accounting of the relationship between Russ and the crane which he regards and cares for as tenderly as a woman, that Wessel Smith excels. He makes the working of each machine vividly alive, and he makes us realize how inevitable it was that Russ, when transferred to the assembly room where his job was merely to screw on nuts to bolts like hundreds of other men, should lose his grip and former self-confidence.

On the debit side, the author has not developed Russ's background or his relationship with Rita sufficiently, and some of his dialogue is too overpoetic. Having the unintellectuals rhapsodize can be poignantly done as John Steinbeck showed in *Of Mice and Men*, but it has to be carefully handled. Also, the use of understatement can catch a powerful emotion or significant human current (witness Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*), but a thing can be so understated that it becomes trivial —a danger Wessel Smith has not always avoided. The author has made the environment more alive than his characters, but perhaps that is what Smith thinks industry does to its workers.

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They told me my future was that stone fence
up against the way to look ahead there . . .

But the meat in the marrows is too thick
and the blood in the veins is too hot
to take it all with a nodding head . . .

And I see now
that to live this life sweetly
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is to give over the fist of brotherhood
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—Sam Hirsch

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—Jean Brabham

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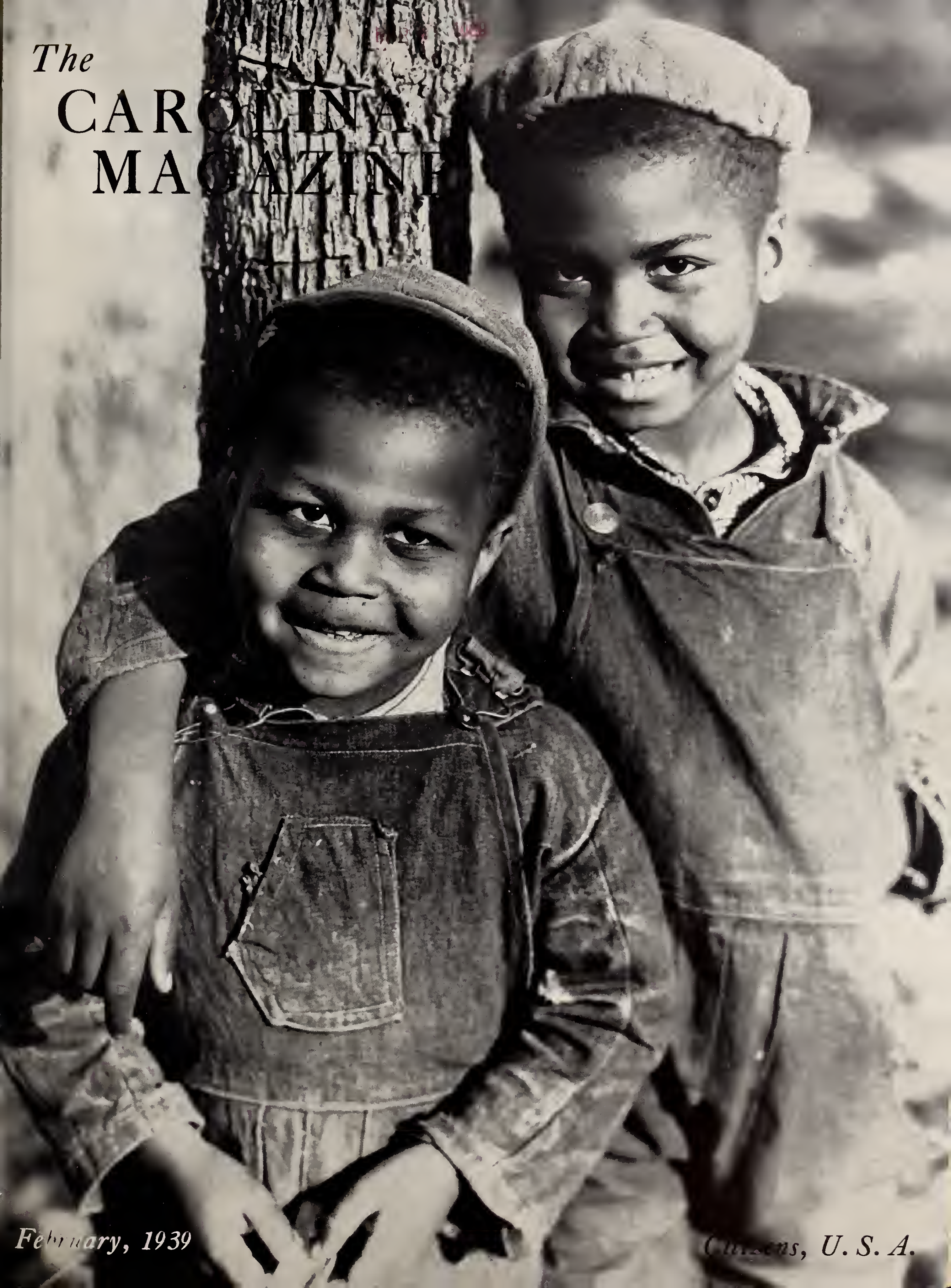
The CAROLINA MAGAZINE



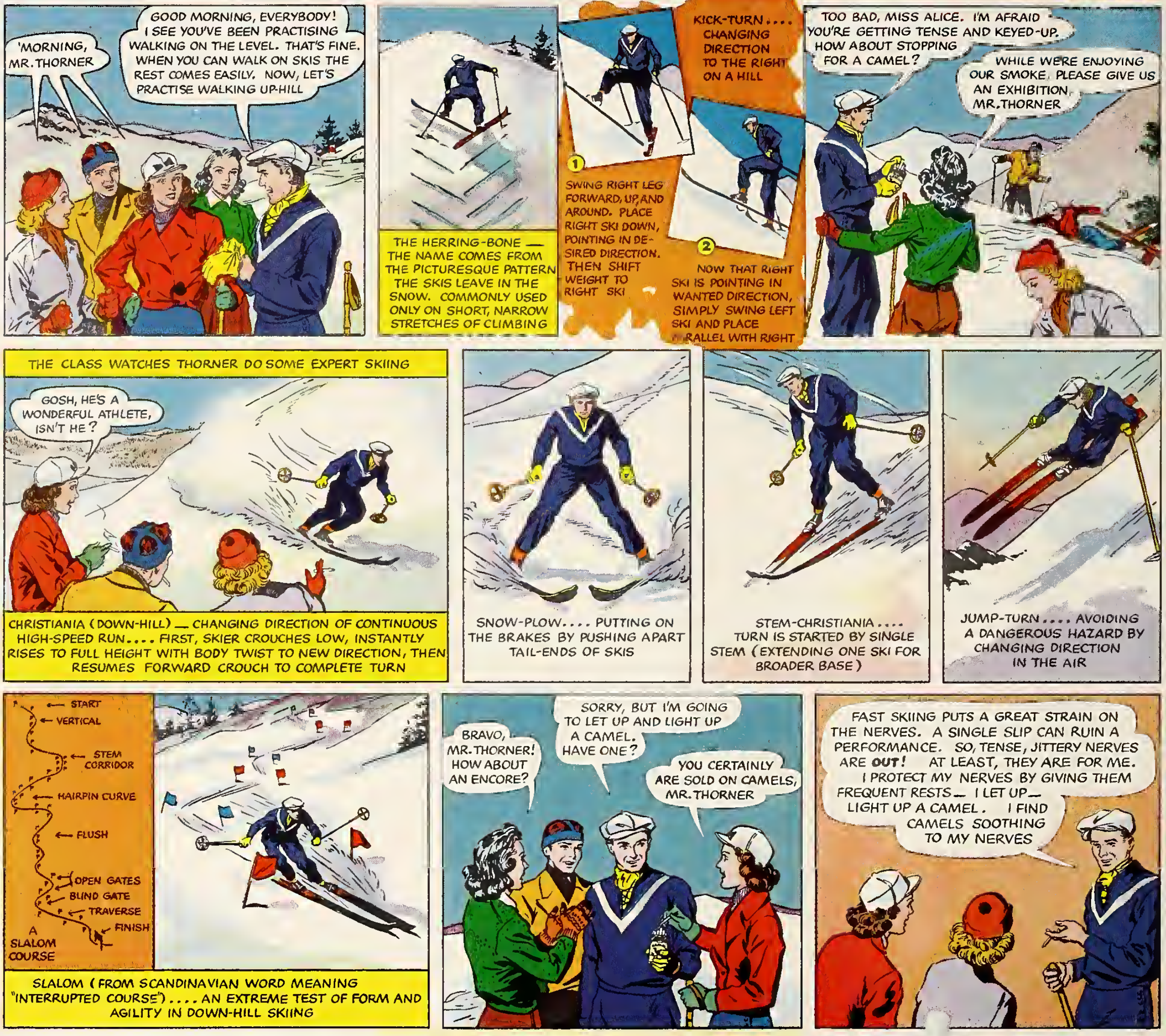
February, 1939

Citizens, U. S. A.

"SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE"

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT

HANS THORNER, DIRECTOR MOUNT WASHINGTON (N.H.) SWISS SKIING SCHOOL



'MORNING, MR. THORNER
GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY! I SEE YOU'VE BEEN PRACTISING WALKING ON THE LEVEL. THAT'S FINE. WHEN YOU CAN WALK ON SKIS THE REST COMES EASILY. NOW, LET'S PRACTISE WALKING UP-HILL
THE HERRING-BONE — THE NAME COMES FROM THE PICTURESQUE PATTERN THE SKIS LEAVE IN THE SNOW. COMMONLY USED ONLY ON SHORT, NARROW STRETCHES OF CLIMBING
KICK-TURN.... CHANGING DIRECTION TO THE RIGHT ON A HILL
① SWING RIGHT LEG FORWARD, UP, AND AROUND. PLACE RIGHT SKI DOWN, POINTING IN DESIRED DIRECTION. THEN SHIFT WEIGHT TO RIGHT SKI
② NOW THAT RIGHT SKI IS POINTING IN WANTED DIRECTION, SIMPLY SWING LEFT SKI AND PLACE PARALLEL WITH RIGHT
TOO BAD, MISS ALICE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GETTING TENSE AND KEYED-UP. HOW ABOUT STOPPING FOR A CAMEL?
WHILE WE'RE ENJOYING OUR SMOKE, PLEASE GIVE US AN EXHIBITION, MR. THORNER
THE CLASS WATCHES THORNER DO SOME EXPERT SKIING
GOSH, HE'S A WONDERFUL ATHLETE, ISN'T HE?
CHRISTIANIA (DOWN-HILL) — CHANGING DIRECTION OF CONTINUOUS HIGH-SPEED RUN.... FIRST, SKIER CROUCHES LOW, INSTANTLY RISES TO FULL HEIGHT WITH BODY TWIST TO NEW DIRECTION, THEN RESUMES FORWARD CROUCH TO COMPLETE TURN
SNOW-PLOW.... PUTTING ON THE BRAKES BY PUSHING APART TAIL-ENDS OF SKIS
STEM-CHRISTIANIA.... TURN IS STARTED BY SINGLE STEM (EXTENDING ONE SKI FOR BROADER BASE)
JUMP-TURN.... AVOIDING A DANGEROUS HAZARD BY CHANGING DIRECTION IN THE AIR
START
VERTICAL
STEM CORRIDOR
HAIRPIN CURVE
FLUSH
OPEN GATES
BLIND GATE
TRAVERSE
FINISH
A SLALOM COURSE
SLALOM (FROM SCANDINAVIAN WORD MEANING "INTERRUPTED COURSE").... AN EXTREME TEST OF FORM AND AGILITY IN DOWN-HILL SKIING
BRAVO, MR. THORNER! HOW ABOUT AN ENCORE?
SORRY, BUT I'M GOING TO LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL. HAVE ONE?
YOU CERTAINLY ARE SOLD ON CAMELS, MR. THORNER
FAST SKIING PUTS A GREAT STRAIN ON THE NERVES. A SINGLE SLIP CAN RUIN A PERFORMANCE. SO, TENSE, JITTERY NERVES ARE OUT! AT LEAST, THEY ARE FOR ME. I PROTECT MY NERVES BY GIVING THEM FREQUENT RESTS — I LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL. I FIND CAMELS SOOTHING TO MY NERVES

(*left*) **THE BOSTON TERRIER,** shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our own, but with an important *contrast.* Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down—*instinctively!* We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves *regular* rests. Do it the pleasant way—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.

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LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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We Leave It to You

Foremost in the thoughts which pass through our minds with regard to the recent Supreme Court decision and the inevitable application of a Negro to enter the University of North Carolina, is the struggle we have with ourselves between our rational minds and our emotions or prejudices. Whether we are Northerners, Southerners or Westerners makes little difference to the fact that we all have peculiar emotional traits which, built up over a long period of time, usually are definitely not the result of pure "cussedness" on our part.

It is an undeniable fact for example that the experience of the average Southern student is ample explanation of his belief in the inferiority of the Negro. For the Southerner has only known the Negro in the role of a janitor, shoe-cleaner, tenant-farmer, waiter or nurse. What other conclusion can he make from his experience than that, if the Negro always holds such menial positions as in the South he does hold, he must be inferior?

Realizing that we are introducing as contributors to this issue of The Carolina Magazine, Negroes who have had the best that is to be had in the way of education and who are, themselves, in the top rank of educators; we are forced to reconsider an attitude taken at a time when the "educated Negro" was nothing more than a legend. Apart from the question of what a Negro *ought* to be is the fact that many of them are the equals in every way of the whites. But there is also the complementary fact that most of them are not our intellectual equals, just as a large number of whites are not our intellectual equals—and probably never will be.

In other words, there seems to be a fundamental class split, irrespective of race lines, which marks off the educated Negro and the educated white from the uneducated Negro and white.

And there is our problem. Few Southerners meeting and knowing the educated Negro will be anything but courteous to him. The real problem is that of the treatment of the uneducated Negroes and whites who have not, under the present economic system, had the educational opportunities we have been fortunate enough to obtain.

The problem of our treatment of the educated Negro does remain, however, a real problem for at least one very good reason. Should we allow ourselves the privilege of dismissing this difficult problem emotionally it is perfectly possible that we may build up in ourselves habits of thought whereby we have a tendency to dismiss *any* difficult problem on an emotional basis. The dangers involved in building up these habits are obvious.

As a closing point we might add that Northerners, for all their righteous declarations of good treatment towards the Negro, do not allow him much more than the doubtful privilege of riding a streetcar on an equal basis. Discrimination in the North is present, but more subtle.

The problem is still to be solved. And it is to the South—a region which understands the Negro —that the nation may look for a solution to this long-time phenomenon of race—a solution not built along the insubstantial lines of Adolf Hitler and his fellow maniacs.

And largely it is on the younger generation in the South that this problem rests. We, the students of the University, must solve it in our own hearts and later with our votes and the votes of others of the new generation—which gives no tradition the right to say it nay.

James T. Taylor

Higher Education for Negroes

A Dean of the N. C. College for Negroes Gives His Views

Now that the shouting and the tumult are subsiding, it is possible that we can look at the question of graduate and professional instruction for Negroes here in the state, as mature North Carolinians. In its simplest terms, this question reduces itself to the following considerations: (1) Is there need for such instruction in the state? (2) Should such instruction be provided by the state? and (3) How can this best be done?

In 1934, Governor Ehringhaus appointed a commission of fifty persons—twenty-five white and twenty-five Negroes—to study problems in the education of Negroes. I was a member of that commission, and served as a member of a subcommittee to study the problem of graduate and professional studies. At that time, our investigations showed that during the five year period—1929-34, two-hundred seventeen graduates of state and private institutions pursued graduate work looking toward securing an A.M. or Ph.D. degree. Sixty-seven of that number secured the master's degree but had no additional training. Twelve had some additional training, and one had actually received the Ph.D. degree. During this same period, thirty-four students from the state institutions attended institutions outside the state for the study of law, medicine, dentistry, commerce, ministry, pharmacy, and library science. On the basis of these facts, our commission at that time stated, "It is rather obvious from the facts revealed that the state should be immediately concerned with providing graduate work leading to the master's degree at least." Furthermore, we took the position, "that complete justice would require that the state make the same provision for the education of its Negro citizens that it makes for the education of any other group."

In 1934 then, a commission of white and Negro citizens, after painstaking investigation of the problem of graduate and professional instruction for Negroes, not only felt that there was a definite need for such instruction but that "complete justice" required the state to make provision for same.

The General Assembly of 1937 in Resolution Number 28 set up a commission to study public schools and colleges for colored people in North Carolina. Governor Hoey appointed from the senate J. W. Noel, Chairman, and J. H. McDaniel, and from the House of Representatives, H. G. Horton, vice chairman, F. H. Brooks, and George

JAMES T. TAYLOR *is Dean of Men of the North Carolina College for Negroes. The State has called on Dean Taylor many times to assist in preparing reports on Negro education to be used in the formulation of legislation.*

Uzzell. Dr. N. C. Newbold, Director of Negro Education, State Department of Education, was asked to serve as secretary of the Commission. After two years' study and investigation, the Commission filed its report. In the section dealing with graduate and professional instruction, the Commission reported, "Our state has not made provision for graduate and professional training of its Negro citizens. Eight southern and border states have made such provisions. *The need for this type of work is increasing in North Carolina.* By the 1930 census, there were 918,674 Negroes in this state. That was twenty-nine percent of the population. In 1935, the United States Census Office estimated the Negro population in North Carolina to be 990,000. The State Negro College Faculties in 1937-38 included six with Ph.D. degrees, nineteen with two years of graduate training, and sixty-four who had earned the master's degree. All this graduate instruction, amounting to 120 years of such training, had to be secured outside of North Carolina."

In the face of these facts, there is little doubt as to the need for some sort of provision of graduate and professional studies for the 990,000 Negroes of the state. At great expense to themselves, the poorest third of the state's population has struggled to fit themselves to serve the youth of their own race, to keep their self-respect, and to promote the general welfare of their state.

In answer to the question: "Should the state provide graduate and professional studies for its Negro citizens?" the Governor's Commission of 1934 was of the opinion that "complete justice" required it, while the Commission authorized by the General Assembly of 1937 states in its report, "we believe our State should make a beginning in providing graduate and professional training for its Negro citizens."

The attitude of these two commissions regarding this question is in line with our State Constitution which states that, though separate, equal provision for educational opportunities shall be provided for its white and Negro citizens. This attitude also is representative of the feeling of North Carolinians in general. We have come to a point in our thinking about the education of youth, when we feel that the state is obligated to provide equal educational opportunities to all its citizens, rural and urban, white and colored, and to that end have committed ourselves to a policy of state-wide support of public schools. It would be rather inconsistent for us to commit ourselves to such a program for our elementary and secondary schools and then proceed to follow a different policy in dealing with our institutions of higher learning.

On the basis of constitutional provisions, the sentiment of the people generally, and the policy which the state is following in regard to the lower levels of instruction, I feel reasonably safe in concluding that an affirmative answer can be given to our second proposition.

II

About the third question: "How can this best be done?" there is violent disagreement, and a controversy sometimes more heated than intelligent has raged; whereas, what is actually needed in discussing such an issue as this is a minimum of heat and a maximum of light. To this end, I shall set down as accurately as I possibly can the proposed solutions to this problem and some representative reactions to them.

Three proposals have been put forward regarding our third, and most widely discussed question—(1) It has been suggested that the state provide scholarships for Negroes to pursue graduate instruction in institutions outside the state. (2) It has been proposed that graduate and professional instruction be offered at some one or two of the Negro state-supported colleges, and (3) It has been proposed that Negroes be admitted to the graduate and professional schools of the Greater University of North Carolina.

In 1934, the Committee, referred to elsewhere in this article, said in respect to the question: "How can this best be done?" "The problem of providing these opportunities (graduate and professional instruction) may be met by one of two ways: make the work available at institutions in this state or, through a subsidy, enable students to attend institutions that offer the work and that are open to them. Your committee believes the former is the ideal but that the latter may be the practical temporary solution." Such a solution would, at that time, have met with general approval among Negro educators and professional groups. That, however, was before the Gaines Case in Missouri and the subsequent Supreme Court decision relative to this question.

The Commission established by the legislature of 1937 to Study Public Schools and Colleges for Colored People in North Carolina, from whose report I have previously quoted, would solve the problem by making graduate and professional instruction available to Negroes within the state. On page fifty-eight of their report, the Commission states: "We believe our State should make a beginning in providing graduate and professional training for its Negro citizens, and we recommend:

"a. That courses leading to graduate and professional degrees be offered at the North Carolina College for Negroes in Durham, and that provision should be made in the fields of agriculture and technology for graduate and professional training at the Agricultural and Technical College at Greensboro.

"b. That sufficient sums be appropriated for these two colleges to:
   (1) Provide necessary buildings and equipment for the beginnings of graduate and professional schools.
   (2) Employ faculty members with requisite training to head and teach in the new departments.
   (3) Provide necessary library and laboratory equipment for the advanced courses offered."

III

At the outset, it should be made clear that there is difference of opinion among Negroes concerning the best way to solve the problem of providing graduate and professional instruction for Negro citizens. Some will be found who favor each of the proposed methods of handling this issue, and are ready with, what is to themselves, at least, convincing arguments for the position they take. This is as it should be when questions of this nature arise. Difference of opinion on public policy and procedure is as essential to democracy as conformity and regimentation are to dictatorship.

Some Negroes feel that it would be unwise for North Carolina to attempt to provide graduate instruction at any Negro College. Their argument is, that due to the amount of money required for such studies, the type of instruction provided would be inferior. Furthermore, even if money were available, they contend that at the present stage in the Negro's educational advancement, it will not be possible to find Negro faculties of the type needed to man these institutions. They think that Negroes should be admitted to the existing graduate schools. This point of view is represented by a statement from a Negro now teaching in a private school in this state. In a meeting where this question was being discussed, he stated, "Of course, there are many Negroes who wouldn't go to the University of North Carolina if they could. I believe, however, that they should be permitted to do their graduate work there, and that a few could be admitted without causing any serious difficulty."

There are other Negroes who take the position that Negroes can best be trained in their own schools, and by their own teachers. These Negroes feel that the Negro by training, experience, and character is just as competent to teach on the graduate level as are teachers of any other group, and that the educative process goes on best in an atmosphere of congeniality and friendliness, and they have grave doubts as to such being the case in the event that Negroes should be admitted to existing graduate schools within the state. In fact, this group states that even in the north and west where Negroes are admitted to the colleges with the whites, they are being made increasingly aware of the fact that they are not exactly wanted.

A young Negro business man in Durham was asked by a reporter of a Negro paper, his opinion regarding the admission of Negroes to the University of North Carolina. His reply was, "Graduate schools in the south are inferior to those in the west and north generally; so if the Negro must attend a graduate school that is not up to the standard of the best in the nation, I prefer that he attend an inferior school where he will be surrounded by people of his own race and an atmosphere of goodwill than that he attend an inferior one in an atmosphere of hostility. I think this is the lesser of two evils."

A president of one of the Negro state colleges, thinks that, "We underestimate our ability. We can find Negroes amply qualified to teach graduate courses," and a Negro who formerly taught in a state college feels that rather than "seeking admission to white institutions in the state, Negroes should begin building up centers of education that at sometime in the future would have something of such great value and uniqueness for the advancement of mankind that others would want to share it."

The difference of opinion set forth above regarding our third question, seems to me a good argument for an open-minded attitude on the part of everyone. Many factors are involved in this question, each of which should be given serious and thoughtful consideration by both sides. Problems of this nature are never solved satisfactorily either by the extremely practical or the fanatically idealistic individuals but by individuals of social insight who look at a situation steadily and see it whole.

Howard W. Odum

What Is the Answer?

A Leading Sociologist Has a Plan

"The saddest words of tongue or pen" are not, it seems to me, the oft-quoted "it might have been," but the more profound "how oft would I and ye would not." The universality of this profound appeal to humanity may be gauged in a thousand episodes: tragedies of war and its havoc, exploitation of the weak by the strong, race persecution and tragedies in the long road of human development. More recently there is the aftermath of the great war, the threatened war and destruction of civilization in Europe of today, multiple conflict and crises in the United States.

I wish it were possible in the consideration of the new crisis of race relations in the South as it relates to the higher education of Negroes that we might approach this problem in the spirit of a twofold warning, namely, first, that here is a great opportunity to make progress surely and wholesomely if only we would; and, second, that our behavior in this instance is likely to follow the agelong custom of men to use emotions in crises rather than intellect. Certainly that was the case both North and South in the war of brothers, stranger and more tragic than fiction. Yet from all appearances, in matters of race there are multiplying evidences that the same sort of approach and tactics will be repeated with reference to such major problems as the anti-lynching bill and the higher education of Negroes. And all of this in the face of the fact of a world conflagration of race conflict, in which anyone with common intelligence can see the hazards of starting new conflagration in new places.

Although the later historians, including northern writers, have been inclined to blame the North perhaps as much or more than the South for the earlier conflict, it remains that we did have a tendency, and do now have a tendency, to solve our critical problems on the basis of loyalties and emotions. I have sometimes compared the South to Germany in the sense that, coming to the parting of the ways in great issues, we seem especially apt in taking the wrong road. I wish it were possible for us, like the early Mayflower forefathers, to so counsel together for the better ordering of our society as to insure enduring, permanent adjustments rather than new ways of conflict, prejudices, and retarded progress.

Symbolic of the emotional approach, both North and South, is the extremely bitter criticism of President Graham with reference to this issue. The fact that the bitter attacks come from white and Negro, from North and South, and that they represent uncompromising extremes ought to indicate the need for a careful, enduring, factual, and intelligently planned solution of this problem.

I should like to test out a formula which I am constantly recommending to my students in the facing of major issues and in the determination of policies and action. Our main question is always "What is the answer?" We seek a multiple solution through the following series of questions:

What of it?
What are the facts?
What do the facts mean?
What are we going to do about it?
What will happen when we do what we are going to do about it?
What, then, is our final revised judgment?
In the light of this, what are the best next steps?

II

Now looking at the situation which faces us, we have not only a number of applications of Negroes for entrance into the higher brackets of education, but we have also a United States Supreme Court decision as witness to the merits of the case. Of course, we were bound to have such applications. It was inevitable and logical. It is in line with the tenets of American democracy. The South is a great respecter of the Supreme Court. The South is an increasingly important and hopeful region

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of the nation. It is not possible that the South can forever go on being different in many fundamental aspects of life, and it cannot maintain an isolationist policy. The South, like other regions or nations, must seek to find an adequate and reasonable solution of its major problems and crises. Surely no harm can come from facing the facts and seeing what they mean.

There are, however, many kinds of facts. Among the simplest of facts in the first series which we may examine are those relating to the Negro and his facilities for higher education. Concerning the Negro himself, there can be no doubt that individuals have shown, both by actual achievement and by tests, capacity to carry on in the upper brackets of education and culture, and they have shown furthermore a great deal of evidence of potential extension of their present achievement. The second set of facts here is that the Negroes do not have in any degree equal opportunity for higher education. Manifestly, then, here are facts, basic to a situation which cannot be enduring, calling for fair and equitable adjustment.

There is another and different sort of series of facts with reference to the Negro and race relations. We must face these, too. We would agree, for instance, with our distinguished anthropologist, Dr. Franz Boas, when he insists that in all of our discussions and planning for race relations the facts must dominate. The facts are, however, of two sorts. We could very well agree with him again that the facts which the sciences of anthropology, biology, psychology and sociology have discovered do not justify the conclusion that there are inferior and superior races in the world. These conclusions come from hundreds of laboratory researches in anthropometrical, physical measurement, mental testing, cultural analysis, and the like. They are valid, authentic facts. They constitute the basis for realistic action and thought.

On the other hand, the more imminent and powerful body of facts in the current situation is found in the existence of race prejudice, of race discrimination, of well nigh universal racial differentials in the economic, cultural, and political world. These are not only facts demonstrable in the field of actuality; they are not only "real" in America, but in the uttermost parts of the world; they are not only powerful in the present world, but they are facts in the sense that high up in the catalogue of the tragedies of error in the long cultural evolution of human society is the phenomenon of race conflict, discrimination, and the exploitation of minority peoples, with its long train of resulting structures, processes, cumulative conditioning and conflict. When, therefore, special groups or individuals seek reality in the field of race relations, they must find it in this two-edged and powerful reality of both physical facts and relational experience. This is reality.

III

I have pointed out in *Southern Regions* that these assumptions are, of course, basic to an understanding of the difficulty of the South's problem. Manifestly, it is asking too much of a region to change over night the powerful folkways of long generations. Manifestly, too, it is too much to expect of a region to throw off its recent sectional conditioning of slavery and reconstruction without at the same time providing new ways of changing certain of its culture practices and arrangements. It is this problem that next faces the region. What the thousands of young white students want and the thousands of Negro students want is hard-boiled, realistic, evolutionary hope for the future, rather than closed doors of opportunity and change. What is needed is not to make the picture of southern treatment synonymous with all the black injustice of races, but rather to magnify the episode and the treatment of the Negro both South and North, as a supreme example of race tragedy under conditions which need not exist any more in civilized society. There can be no doubt about the enormity of the tragedies and injustices. But it is too big a burden to place upon one or two generations the task of changing the powerful folkways of the centuries at one stroke. It is unfair to characterize the southern pattern as one isolated and exclusive. It is too big an omission to ignore the great strides made by the Negro, by the nation, by the white South and the white North, contrasted with what was yesterday in the uttermost parts of the world and in particular before and during the reconstruction period in the United States.

The logical and normal nature of the southern situation may be made vivid by a certain type of illustration. In the past we have been accustomed to set up a three-fold shibboleth of patriotism, loyalty, and bravery for the good citizen. "For God, for country, and for home" are values for which men live and die. Now in the evolution of the white South it is very clear that post-war reconstruction and the aftermath of slavery have made the Negro question synonymous with this: "For

God," being brought in through the northern church; "for home" being interpreted as racial purity; "for country" loyalty to the southern cause. Manifestly, people of a great race and of great zeal and religious idealism, following cultural conditioning as all people always follow cultural conditioning, are good people and not bad people. Manifestly, also, this conditioning is ineradicable. It is psycho-physical and is an organic part as natural as the laws of gravity. Manifestly, these are facts of experience and of relationship and behavior more powerful than all the laboratory facts of science. The reality of these facts is accentuated by the very existence of such radical differences of viewpoint.

Now there is still another set of facts with reference to the southern situation supplementing the powerful facts of cultural heritage. These are the facts of legislation and law. Due to the unreasonable and absurd policies of reconstruction contrary to all historical evolution or cultural evolution or administrative soundness or democratic principles, it was necessary for the South to develop powerful folkways which would negate the reconstruction, carpetbag stateways. These folkways, of course, retarded progress in the recognition of Negroes and in their orderly progress. Later in all the Southern States the folkways were made to coincide with the stateways, and these principles and practices of race relations became organic law. They are incorporated in state constitutions. They face law-abiding folk at every turn, and they are the objective, measurable ways of testing the reality of the situation.

There is another set of facts in the modern world which need to be examined before we proceed to ask the question as to what we are to do about it. These are the facts of race conflict in the world today, the smouldering fires of class conflict, and more particularly the powerful anti-Semitic movement in Germany threatening to spread. Among the facts that are facts we may record many situations in the United States in which groups are ready to be organized into race persecution and anti-Semitic outbursts, waiting only for an excuse of some other sort to start spreading the torch. The South has been extraordinarily free from this sort of prejudice and has, both on the part of its leaders and many of its followers, hoped that it might maintain a great liberality in this respect. We must ask, then, what will happen if over enthusiasts and irresponsible folk do set flames of emotion, hatred, and mass race conflict in motion.

IV

What to do about it? That is the question.

Manifestly, there are several avenues of approach. One is to do nothing. Clearly this is untenable.

Another approach is to have the states hypocritically authorize existing institutions, ill equipped to do graduate work, to become graduate training centers and characterize that as opportunity. Manifestly, this does no justice to southern ideals and statesmanship, Christianity, and honor.

Another plan is to have wholesale application of Negroes into southern white institutions and force their admission through the courts. This course is advised against by both the presidents of Negro institutions and Negro leaders everywhere as well as by white leaders and liberals.

The simplest way out would be the gradual admission of well equipped Negro students, tested by the same standards of preparation and equipment as are the whites, into selected professional and graduate schools, followed by a critical and progressive experimentation to the end that ultimate adjustments might be made.

Manifestly, however, this cannot be done for two reasons. One is the realism of the facts of race relations and culture of the South already set forth. The other is the more direct and simpler fact of the illegality under the present situation.

An approximate solution which would lead to ultimate equitable adjustment can be found in the setting up of certain Negro centers of graduate education in which the standards of work will be guaranteed in three ways: first, the strengthening of the undergraduate Negro college; second, appropriation for the building up of reasonable graduate and professional instruction; third, nominal appropriations to enable professors from the larger southern white universities to cooperate in instruction in those areas and courses where it is not possible to provide adequate instruction in the Negro colleges; and, fourth, provisions for Negro students to attend graduate seminars in the larger universities, credit for which would be transferred to the Negro colleges and universities.

Such a program manifestly has many merits. It helps build up Negro institutions, upraise standards of Negro teaching and scholarship, gives employment and recognition to Negro leaders, and enables the Negro colleges to train leaders in the South among their own people in relation to realistic situations. Moreover, it sets up an inter-institutional and interracial program of cooperation in which faculty and students demonstrate a practical and realistic program of actual cooperation. And in the next place it makes genuine progress commensurate with the fundamental laws of cultural evolution and of race development, of democratic principles, of common sense, of Christian fellowship and sacrifice.

The practicability of such a plan may be illustrated by referring the base of such a program to a number of centers in the South: in North Carolina, Duke University and the University of North Carolina cooperating with the North Carolina College for Negroes; in Atlanta, Emory University and the University of Georgia system cooperating with Atlanta University; in Nashville, Vanderbilt University and George Peabody College for Teachers cooperating with Fisk University and others; in New Orleans, Tulane University and Loyola cooperating with Dillard University.

Our final and most important questions are, after all, what are the ends which we seek? Which are not only the practical but the surest ways of attaining these ends? What will happen in each case if we follow selected procedures?

W. T. Couch

Negroes and the University

I do not believe any good would come from the admission of Negroes to the University; and if any situation should develop under which Negroes were admitted I think it is possible that extremely serious trouble might ensue. When I say this, I feel no certainty that my opinion is right.

The difficulty of this problem was expressed years ago by Lincoln when he was discussing slavery. "If all earthly power were given me," said Lincoln, "I should not know what to do as to the existing institution. My first impulse would be to free all the slaves, and send them to Liberia, to their own native land. But a moment's reflection would convince me that whatever of high hope (as I think there is) there may be in this in the long run, its sudden execution is impossible. If they were all landed there in a day, they would all perish in the next ten days; and there are not surplus shipping and surplus money enough to carry them there in many times ten days. What then? Free them all, and keep them among us as underlings? Is it quite certain that this betters their condition? I think I would not hold one in slavery at any rate, yet the point is not clear enough for me to denounce people upon. What next? Free them, and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this, and if mine would, we well know that those of the great mass of whites will not. Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment is not the sole question, if indeed it is any part of it. A universal feeling, whether well or ill founded, cannot be safely disregarded."

I have long been convinced that the South needs to give Negroes and whites equal educational opportunities, better than now afforded to either race. (By "equal" I do not mean "identical.") The two chief obstacles are lack of means, and lack of ideas how to use the available means to best advantage. Of these two obstacles, I think the second is the greater. While the South suffers seriously from poverty, from having little or no cash, it suffers more from the application of unsound and unworkable ideas of education. The maintenance of separate schools, from one point of view, is a serious financial burden; but from another it is a means of providing jobs for Negroes who otherwise would not get them. In their separate system, Negroes have a chance to abandon the tradition-ridden, sterile processes of white schools, and discover and give the kinds of training their people need.

In the fields of graduate and professional education I have hoped that the Southern states would not separately attempt to develop institutions for Negroes. The sensible course would seem to be for the Southern states to pool their funds for this purpose and establish in Atlanta or Birmingham or

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Nashville a first-class university for Negroes. But after the rulings of the Supreme Court in the Missouri and Maryland cases there is little likelihood that this course will be followed, though it seems clearly the best one.

Good graduate instruction could be given in North Carolina in Durham. Already Negroes can use books from the libraries of Duke and Carolina, and arrangements could be made for these institutions to assist in instructional work. Something like this will have to be done if the situations which have arisen in Maryland and Missouri are to be avoided. But it seems clear beyond question to me that this is not the best solution of the problem.

Glenn Hutchinson

They Call It Equal Opportunity

Facts amd Figures on Educational Discrimination

The little Negro lad looked at the black board and scratched his head. The teacher had just written down the arithmetic lesson for the day and it looked pretty stiff. However, he grabbed up his pencil and started on the first problem. "If two plus two equals four when does one dollar equal four dollars?" He chewed his eraser for a few moments. "Boy, I bet de teacher doan know de answer to dat one."

As it happened, she did know the answer, and she told him. "You see, Johnny, this is the way the white folks here in the South figure. Lots of big people like governors and legislators say we have got to have equality of opportunity in white and Negro schools. So they give us one dollar for every pupil and the white schools four dollars for every pupil and that is equality.

"Of course, the arithmetic is different in every state, but that is the general average for the South. In Crittenden county, Arkansas, they figure one dollar to the Negro is about equal to thirty for the white. Down in Macon county, Georgia, one dollar is equal to twenty-five. Mississippi folks figure nine white dollars equal one Negro dollar, and here in North Carolina you have to say $2.50 equals $1. If you travel about you have to learn a different system in every state. Just stay at home and you'll have to learn only one."

The little fellow went back to his seat, bewildered. "Dem white folks must be crazy. I'm gonna stick to de colored folks' figurin'. If one doan equal one—dat's real confusin'."

Well, it is confusing and bewildering. The Federal Constitution says "no discrimination." The North Carolina Constitution says "separate schools for the races" but "no discrimination." Governor Hoey says we will not tolerate mixed schools but we do believe in "equality of opportunity."

To the Negro seeking for the chance to live more adequately and abundantly that phrase "equality of opportunity" is indeed a queer one. To the colored children sitting on rough benches, using their knees for desks, in cold, leaky, one-room country schoolhouses, while their white neighbors study in warm, well-equipped, consolidated schools it is a crazy kind of arithmetic. Of course this is not always the case, but it is typical. In 1934 the value of school plant and equipment in fifteen southern states averaged $157 for each white pupil and $37 for each Negro pupil.

The movement towards consolidation of rural schools has been largely among white schools, leaving colored pupils with inadequate one to three teacher schools. There were 1,817 such colored schools in North Carolina in 1937. Nearly half of them, according to a recent Federal survey "are small, poorly built, dilapidated, unfurnished, insanitary, and in most every way inadequate to serve modern children in an enlightened, progressive commonwealth. Many of these buildings are not only unsuited for modern school purposes but are in such a bad state of repair that they are both a menace to health and dangerous to life and limb."

In North Carolina in 1936-37 forty percent of the white school children in the state were transported to consolidated schools. Only four percent of the Negro children were transported. North Carolina, along with Alabama, Florida, Georgia

GLENN HUTCHINSON *asked us to stress the fact that he was born and raised in the black belt of the South—Georgia. He is a candidate for a master's degree in sociology this June.*

and South Carolina spends more than three times as much money merely to haul white pupils to and from high school as is spent on *all* the Negro high schools in these states for everything. Dr. Arthur Raper found in 1934 that Greene county, Georgia, spent more to transport 510 white pupils to their consolidated schools than both Greene and Macon counties spent on the total education of their 5,368 Negro children.[1]

Many a young Negro knocking on that door of "equal opportunity" finds it hard to open indeed. In 1932 there were 230 counties in fifteen southern states with more than 150,000 Negro pupils of high school age with *not a single Negro high school;* yet there were white high schools in each county. Governor Hoey's commission to study public schools and colleges for colored people in North Carolina reported recently that only thirty-five of the state's one hundred counties had a sufficient number of accredited high schools to serve the Negro population.

It is not astonishing that southern born Negroes who had attended New York City schools for more than four years averaged 12.3 points higher on Stanford-Binet intelligence tests than did southern Negroes who had been in New York less than one year, while New York born Negroes ranked 16.7 points higher than the Negroes fresh from the South.[2] The fact that *Negroes* in New York, Illinois and Ohio had a median score considerably above the median score for *whites* in Mississippi, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Georgia on the army intelligence tests during the World War should have been sufficient to have punctured our southern smugness long ago.

Inadequately trained and poorly paid teachers add to the lack of opportunity in Negro schools. In 1930 the average white teacher's salary in the South was $901 per year, the average Negro teacher's $423. It is almost impossible for Negroes to finance college training on that basis. Dr. Raper reported one instance where a Negro teacher, with nine times as many pupils as a white teacher in the same community, received $35 per month, while the other received $75.

II

On the college level the same picture of gross inequality continues. North Carolina, by all standards a leader among southern states in education for both races, appropriated during the past school year $150 for each white college student and $73 for each Negro college student. The average enrollment per instructor employed for white students in state supported colleges in North Carolina was 14.1, while it was 27 for the Negro colleges.

During the year 1937-38 North Carolina colleges received only 3.1 percent of land-grant funds, when they should have received 29 percent on the basis of population. Only 10.8 percent of Federal funds for vocational work in the state went to Negroes. During the period 1927-1938 in seventeen southern and border states, the Negroes received only 17 percent of the land-grant funds which should have gone to them on the basis of population.

Last December the United States Supreme Court said in effect to the southern states: "Abolish the Jim Crow distinction in your universities or establish graduate and professional schools for Negroes on a basis of equality with your white universities."

In sixteen southern and border states *there is not a single state-supported institution where a Negro may pursue graduate or professional work;* yet every southern state provides a state-supported university offering graduate and professional courses to some fifteen thousand white students.

A bill is before the North Carolina legislature to set up graduate courses in law, pharmacy, agriculture and technology at the Durham and Greensboro Negro colleges, and also to provide fellowships to institutions outside the South for Negroes wanting other graduate and professional study. The Supreme Court declared, in a 6-2 decision, that providing outside fellowships could in no way exempt a state from the legal obligation to provide for Negroes within the state every type of graduate and professional course it offers white students. Chief Justice Hughes, in reading the majority opinion, declared a state must provide graduate work for the residents of the state "upon the basis of an equality of right . . . the provision for the payment of tuition fees in another state does not remove the discrimination."

Governor Hoey either has a very low opinion of the graduate and professional schools of his own university, or is sadly mistaken in believing that "equality of opportunity" in these fields can be achieved "without the expenditure of a very large sum of money." Real equality would mean that Negroes must have the opportunity to take graduate and professional degrees, including the Ph.D. degree, in every field open to white students. The duplication of library, laboratory and other facilities is out of the question. North Carolina is already one of eight states in the nation which spends more than half of their taxes on education. The governor's recommendation that tuition costs be raised clearly indicates the futility of doubling the present burden.

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[1] See *Preface to Peasantry.*

[2] See Otto Klineberg, *Negro Intelligence and Selective Migration.*

There is now before our graduate school an application for admittance from a Negro woman who is a native of Durham and who was graduated from high school there. In her letter to President Graham she gave as one of her reasons for wanting to study sociology and public welfare here, "that your Social Science Department has developed a series of courses which are basic for any understanding of the social, economic and racial problems of the South, and the names of Professors Johnson and Odum rank high in the field of sociology for their contributions to these problems." Governor Hoey made no mention of establishing a graduate school of social work or of sociology. Any attempt to establish such would be in pitiful contrast to the opportunity at Chapel Hill in these fields.

The lack of graduate and professional opportunity which meets the Negro in the South easily accounts for the fact that anly 29, or less than four percent, of the 764 professors in Negro colleges have the Ph.D. degree. It easily explains why there is only one colored physician to every 3,000 Negroes in the United States while the national average is one physician to every 780 persons. It might also have a little to do with the fact that the Negro death rate in Durham is five times as high as the white for tuberculosis, four times as high as the white for pneumonia, and that Negro infant and maternal mortality rates are about twice as high as the white. It might help explain why in North Carolina in 1936 32 percent of Negro births and 88 percent of white births were attended by a physician.

III

Too many southerners just don't give a damn about such figures. It pleases them as long as the Negro continues to be sicker, poorer and more ignorant than the white race. It would disturb them greatly if that caste pattern were upset and the Negro began to realize a more abundant life.

This noble school of southern thought is ably expressed by the "Rustic" who wrote the following letter to the Charleston, S. C. *News and Courier:*

"A lot of us out here in the backwoods don't want a single dime of our tax money spent on educating Negro lawyers.

"Your suggestion of abolishing the state-supported law school is excellent, the simplest, cheapest, and wisest course. It seems, though, that fledglings won't destroy the incubator that hatched them.

"There are other simple courses:

1) Admit the black applicant, if he insists. The men students at the university can persuade him to rue his course and change his mind within a half hour. If they meet the challenge as they should, a long time would pass before another Negro demanded admittance there.

2) Add to the present qualifications for entrance the passage of an oral examination before a designated committee of white men. No Negro could pass.

3) Use an Hitlerian touch. If the legislature considers itself compelled to set up a Negro law school, it should openly, deliberately, and with plainly stated explanation reduce the appropriation for the Negro college at Orangeburg by at least $25 for every $1 required for the law school.

4) Slash the salaries there into the bone itself, lay a heavy hand upon all its other activities, and threaten worse if there is any repetition of insistence upon 'rights' conferred by an amendment which was illegally crammed into the Constitution.

"Prejudiced? Narrow? Sure. And not ashamed of it.

"South Carolina should be run by white men as they see fit, without any outside interference, and this end justifies whatever means may be required to continue it, legal or illegal, peaceful or otherwise. . . .

"This state is ripe for a movement to squelch the social-minded Negro lovers in our midst, and to put the Negro back 'in his place.'

"That place is in the cotton patch, and not the courts of law."

"Rustic."

"Rustic" bears out the observations of the sociologists that race hatred is most intense among that class of whites who are so low in the social scale that the only way for them to maintain their status is to keep the Negro "in the cotton patch," even if they have to ape Hitler to do it. "Rustic" himself has probably lived all his life in a cotton patch. He is typical of a large group of whites near the bottom of the nation's social and economic scale who have one great consoling fact which bolsters their ego: the Negro is still below them. Try to take away that slender prop from their badly sagging ego and they explode.

Do we in North Carolina feel so inferior and so lacking in status that we must have a large group of subservient colored people around us to say "Yas suh, boss" and bolster our own sense of importance? Are we so small and immature that we are afraid to treat the Negro with the dignity and respect due a human being? Will we take the "dog-in-the-manger" attitude of "Rustic" in the Charleston *News and Courier* and say we would abolish our law school before we would let a Negro study there?

As long as a Negro wears an apron or carries a broom we have absolutely no objection to his presence in our university buildings. When one wants to come, however, as a human being and not as a slave, we quickly slam the door. "You may come here to sweep our floors, but you shall not read our books or use our laboratories."

I am a southerner born and raised in the heart of blackbelt Georgia, but I am not proud of that southern attitude. It says to the world that we are so little and inferior that we are afraid to grant simple justice to one fourth of our people. It is shortsighted. I would like to see the South rise to a new level of human adequacy, instead of clinging to the bottom rung of the nation's ladder and wasting energy kicking the Negro below for fear he might make some progress.

How much nearer we would come to an intelligent understanding of the social problems that confront us in the South if the viewpoint of the Negro could be expressed in our classrooms. What would be more helpful to students in the sociology course on "The Negro" than for Negroes to be admitted to that class to bring the touch of reality to the search for understanding? In admitting Negroes to our graduate and professional schools their gain would also be our gain. In music and drama, in literature and art, in the social and natural sciences, Negroes have made contributions that are remarkable in the light of their limited opportunities. We are impoverishing ourselves as well as the Negro by sitting behind a caste wall in our little academic sandpile and saying that nobody with a black skin can play with our toys.

"To be a Negro in a day like this
Demands rare patience—patience that can wait
In utter darkness. 'Tis the path to miss
And knock, unheeded, at an iron gate,
To be a Negro in a day like this."

Those lines written by the Negro poet, James D. Corrothers, express the deep longing of a race for real equality of opportunity instead of the sort that glosses over terrific inequalities and injustices with high sounding phrases. I have no optimistic illusions as to what will be done, but I would be really proud if the University of North Carolina would be the first in the South to crack open that iron gate which we have closed in the face of the Negro.

To Elizabeth

Some fall, your soul and mine will trace the paths
Our careless feet have trod so many times.
At first we'll talk of only little things
That fluttered moth-like through our laughing lives,
And pause a bit to watch the crimson sky,
A flaming background for the infant moon
And you will tell me how you've spent the years—
Which are but instants in eternity—
And whether you have missed me midst the glow.
And I will hold you close and tell you how
I've wanted you and just how sad I've been
Without your smile, your voice, your touch, your face.
And then perhaps we'll watch the stars come out
And shine above that Autumn's purple haze,
And we'll forget that you've been dead for years.

—Jean Brabham.

R. Nathaniel Dett

A Salute to the New South

Negro Musician Throws the University a Challenge

(Editor's Note: *This paper was delivered as part of the interracial panel sponsored by the Y. M. C. A. and the A. S. U. to discuss higher education for Negroes.*)

In accepting the invitation to be part of this panel, I was not unmindful of the maxim, "Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread," and had the summons come from any other Southern institution than the University of North Carolina, the admonition contained in these familiar lines very likely would have caused me to have declined.

But it is because of other memories, that I am glad to be here; and I ask your indulgence while I recall the forces at work which led me here to participate in a discussion many of whose facets are inherently poignant and far-reaching.

Most of you will recall, that for many years I was director of music at Hampton Institute. Fewer perhaps know that it was I who founded the Musical Art Society there, at that time the largest in existence. Because of the activities of the society, the large amount of money handled, the publicity received because of the number and the fame of the artists presented under its auspices, the society became the object of attack, chiefly because it afforded equal opportunities for the enjoyment of entertainments to both white and colored people.

A destructive campaign was launched and carried on for over eighteen months supported by regular articles in the "Daily Press," which finally resulted in the enactment of the Massenburg Bill, popularly known as the "Hampton Institute Bill," which decreed that, at all public entertainments in Virginia, white and colored people should be given separate seats, under penalty of a five hundred dollar fine or a year's imprisonment.

While the fight was hottest, I contracted for a concert the Glee Club of the University of North Carolina; and I do not think that I exaggerate when I state that every possible device was employed, by the enemies of the Musical Art Society, to prevent the Glee Club from appearing under a Negro management.

The local paper openly denounced the idea; rumors were circulated that telegrams had been sent to the Governor of Virginia and of North Carolina urging that the concert be annulled. A similar telegram was reported to have been sent to the President of this University. Consequently there was tense anxiety on our campus, which increased as the day of the concert drew near.

When word was received that the Glee Club's bus had broken down, every heart sank; but when late in the afternoon, the N. C. boys finally rolled in, Hampton's enthusiasm knew no bounds.

The concert was a great success, and in spite of the campaign to keep visitors away, Ogden Hall was packed. But it was not the music alone which made the occasion memorable.

The Hampton choir had been requested to sing during intermission. When the girls appeared on the stage, every one of your glee club boys sprang to his feet and stood at attention. It was this little added act of courtesy, the show of respect for Negro womanhood, which swept the audience.

A Hampton boy jumped up on a seat and hollered, "What's the matter with North Carolina?" Never was there a yell like the responding "She's all right!" I have spent practically all of my life in colleges: Oberlin, Harvard, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, Lincoln, Lane, Hampton, and Samuel Houston. I have attended the Yale-Harvard football game, but the memory of that cheer tops them all, because it came from hearts touched by those things which have to do with the vitals of living.

II

There was another occasion when this university proved itself. When your players were producing their folk plays, one of their advertising circulars fell into my hands, and I read of the success which they claimed to be having with Negro

R. Nathaniel Dett *of Bennett College, Greensboro, has achieved the front rank among American musicians. Hardly a miscellaneous choral program is given anywhere which does not include one or more of his anthems or motets. His Bennett College choir is internationally famous.*

plays. So I wrote Mr. Koch, and told him that his vaunted success meant little since he had only appeared before white audiences. The real test, I argued, would be for his white company to make Negro characters real to a Negro audience. I challenged him to appear before our student body and their friends. But when he accepted I found that my work was only half done, for when I broached the idea to my students they revolted, and declared that they would not attend a performance where Negro characters were portrayed by white actors.

Perhaps some of you do not realize that Negroes have their prejudices, just as much as whites, and a good deal of it is not based upon any sense of inferiority. At that time I had all of the Seniors and Juniors in Music Appreciation and Criticism, and I immediately announced that any who cut the performance of the plays would automatically flunk the course. As the course was required, the threat had teeth in it.

The fact that in practically all Negro schools, plays are given where Negroes play the part of white characters was recalled and emphasized. Therefore, it was only fair to respect whites who seriously essayed Negro characters. The reply was that there was little or no alternative for the Negro students but to play "white" parts since practically all plays and school books were about white people; but white people played Negro roles only to make fun, to defame Negro life, and to express through the play the contempt they secretly felt, but which it might not be expedient to express otherwise.

However, the N. C. players were programmed, and when on the night of the performance the curtain went up, the faces of our Negro students were a study. Never in their lives before had the majority of them ever seen such make up on the part of whites. There were light Negroes, dark Negroes, brown skins, and "high yallers." There was from the audience, an enthusiastic and spontaneous burst of appreciation right at the start. The evening was again a great success. Mr. Koch afterward told me that that night's applause was several minutes longer than at any previous performance given by the players.

But as in the case of the Glee Club, it was not the artistry alone which was the greatest factor in winning success in the face of difficulty. One of the customs of the Musical Art Society was to entertain its guests at a social in the Museum. Our then dean of women was a Northern white woman who, thinking she knew the situation, had decided that the N. C. Players would be insulted by being invited to a Negro social affair, especially where refreshments were served. Consequently she had all the dishes locked up, and to make sure that she would not be persuaded to change her mind, she left the campus. I went straight to Mr. Koch and told the whole story. Mr. Koch said that N. C. would like to be treated as all of our guests were treated; that his people were all right, and that none would be embarrassed by social contacts with our group. It was this, which, when noised about, had created a sympathetic atmosphere even before the plays began, and had brought to the auditorium some of those students whom even the threat of academic failure had failed to move. So, because I have in a way been through the fire with you, broken bread with you, and seen and felt something of your spirit, it is with no sense of presumption that I stand before you now, to participate in the discussion of a subject vital to the race and to the nation, for I realize that the sharing of a common cause, makes even enemies friends.

III

Before discussing the subject "Higher Education for the Negro in North Carolina," it is well to pause for a moment to consider some of the significances of the late decision of the Supreme Court.

To me, one of the most important phases of this decision, is the recognition of a point which has long been a sore spot in Negro consciousness and a basis of much of the Negro's resentment toward his white brother.

In decreeing that Higher Education shall be provided for Negroes in the South, the Supreme Court recognizes that there are *stratas* of Negro life, at least on an academic if not on ordinarily conceived social lines. But since Negro social life is based on education and achievement rather than upon wealth, as with the whites, this recognition is of utmost importance.

The decision of the Supreme Court also tends to obliterate geographic lines which have been a basis of resentment among both races. Since, as I have pointed out, social lines among Negroes are based on education rather than wealth, the chief ambition of Negro people is intellectual achievement. Hence it is natural that the Negro is more grateful to, and has a higher regard for the North, which offers him educational opportunities, than to the South which denies him such opportunities, even in the face of the fact that, by his taxes he has paid for such opportunities.

Furthermore the decision of the Supreme Court is a challenge to the chivalry of the South: first, because the South claims that it knows and understands the Negro best; then it should know and understand that the Negro wants and should have equal educational advantages. Second, the South knows that it has not been fair to the Negro, and here is the opportunity for the South to gracefully square the account; third the South claims that it does not wish to drive the Negro away, for the South is his natural home; under the decision of the Supreme Court, the South can with honor, and without losing face, give the Negro at least one thing which should go a long way toward making him happier in his native state.

The general effect of the decision will be to raise all educational standards. Higher education for Negroes will mean improvement of lower levels for Negroes, which will of course inevitably mean the improvement of the lower levels for whites. This means universal increased educational opportunity. Universal increased educational opportunity is a great progressive movement, and as such should have the support of every true American citizen, regardless of race or creed or color or section of the country; for it means national health.

When one comes to the method of carrying out the plan of higher education for Negroes in North Carolina, the situation seems more complex. Please note that I said *seems* more complex.

The idea of having Negro colleges do graduate work is not feasible, for it is readily seen that most, if not all, of them have their hands full doing their present job. Moreover, the lack of proper equipment is obvious.

The idea of having white teachers do graduate teaching in Negro schools is not a good one either; for in this case two educational levels, apparently based on race or color, would be established in the school, and the results could not be otherwise than unhappy.

The idea of having Negroes taught in the white college, but in a segregrated building is absurd on the face of it; for if the Negroes do not contaminate the white teachers, why should they contaminate the other white students?

Apparently there is left but one alternative, and that is to admit Negroes to the white colleges of the south, and as Shakespeare says, "Aye, there's the rub!" But why should there be any "rub"? Is not the rub largely, if not entirely in the imagination of those who are in the habit of thinking there must or should be a rub somewhere when Negroes and whites have equal opportunities? What was rubbed off the white teacher who first taught Frederick Douglas, the great emancipator, or Booker T. Washington, the great educator, or Paul Laurence Dunbar, the great Negro poet? What was rubbed off the University of Wisconsin by its having graduated George Carver? What is being rubbed off the University of Boston by its having Roland Hayes on its faculty? What was rubbed off Harvard by its having graduated James Weldon Johnson or Oberlin by graduating John M. Langston, Minister extraordinary to Haiti? Marian Anderson, Negro contralto, has a white accompanist—well, what of that? Instead of fostering hangovers from the past, is it not time that our Southern white colleges proved that they are really doing a good job in education by helping their students to rub out the rub of race prejudice? As for the social problems involved, I believe that these will take care of themselves. There are Negro students, just as there are white students who would never be popular in any college, white or black; there are others born to be favorites wherever their lot is cast, "for affection, master of passion, sways to the mood of what it likes or loathes." And this no man can control. Youth, today, seems to be managing its own affairs.

The University of North Carolina is easily the most outstanding college in the South. Its forward-looking attitude and its progressive trends in all matters give it a unique and dominant position in Southern educational matters. It is looked upon as a leader and moulder of thought and opinion. Consequently a backward step at this time would have a disastrous effect. It would deny the school's tradition, and give the lie to its inheritance. It would establish a bad precedent which it might take years to overcome. It would tend to undermine the national hope and expectancy—the expectancy that education is the way to racial understanding and appreciation.

The situation in which the University of North Carolina finds itself now, reminds me of a situation, of which I was a part on a return trip from Europe. I had heard of how social lines melt away, once one gets out to sea, and of how they are immediately resumed once the Statue of Liberty is espied on the trip homeward.

Returning from our European tour, my choir had been asked to give a concert "on board." We were all travelling third class. I agreed to give the concert but thought that it should be in our own third class concert room. But the captain insisted that the concert be on the first class deck. I stood out that if we gave the concert first class, that every one be allowed to go, third, second as well as first class passengers. This was finally agreed upon, and from that time class lines on the ship were more or less dissolved.

On board were several members of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, which had just completed a tour, similar to ours, under Toscannini. One of the officers of the orchestra and his wife, though of the first class deck, were frequent visitors "down stairs." They often invited my mother and myself to their table for refreshments, and we became very good friends or so I thought.

But when the Statue of Liberty was sighted, class deck discriminations were resumed and our social contacts ceased. I met the lady once, in one of the hallways; I was about to speak, but she cut me dead. To tell the truth, I was rather hurt. In the bustle of getting ready to land I saw neither of them again until I was ready to pass the customs. While I was waiting amidst my luggage, I saw my friends, who had already cleared. They were standing near the gangway about to leave the dock, but something seemed to detain them. As I glanced up, I noticed that they were both regarding me; and as they bowed, I noticed on the woman's face, a very troubled expression. I had an instinctive feeling that I was somehow concerned, but couldn't see how. Then it suddenly occurred to me that maybe the lady's conscience was troubling her because of the way she had acted. A moment later, I knew my surmise was correct, for suddenly she almost ran, stepping over and around bags and packages, and came up to me and said, "Goodbye, Dr. Dett; I am very pleased to have met you; I hope to see you again sometime. Should you ever be in New York, Mr. —— and I would be pleased to have you renew our acquaintance." Then she was gone, and in a moment stood beside her husband, and I watched him, as he put his arm around her, and gave her a smile which should have made the heart of any woman glad.

She had won the victory over herself and her prejudices, and made herself do what she believed was right.

Even so do I seem to see the University of North Carolina. She has gone on, quite sure of herself as a natural leader. But this decree of the Supreme Court has brought a new issue: suddenly we are reminded that this is old America. There looms the old landmark of race prejudice, holding aloft the lurid flame of social equality. Naturally the school has a panicky feeling, and perhaps there is an impulse to fall back on the old traditions of the South.

But just as sure as I stand here, I am confident that, like Andrew Jackson, before Barbara Friechie, "the nobler nature will stir to life," and this University will make the gesture appropriate to the need. And when she does I have the same confidence that, guided by the characteristic American love of fair play, this nation will embrace and bestow upon her the smile of approval which should make the heart of any university glad.

To the day of such joy, pride, and honor, I salute you.

Peace in My Heart

Out of the sorrow
And out of the pain
Peace in my heart
Again, again!
Soft winds a-blowing
The brown leaves down,
Cotton-gins purring
Beyond the town,
Purple smoke mixing
With Autumn rain,
And peace in my heart
Again, again!

—JEAN BRABHAM

Hugh Foss

Dust on the Wind

He had been walking for a long time. On the hill it was still evening with the shadows long under the trees but as the boy went down into the valley the night was there and the road was white and powdery in the darkness. A little wind pushed the leaves along the ditch and then, as though tired of the game, went away again. The dust in the road rose lazily behind his shuffling feet and stayed suspended there. He was very tired and so hungry he felt sick. When he got to the bottom of the hill he climbed over the fence into a field and sat down with his back against a post. He scuffed dirt with his foot but it was dry and hot and the dust got into his eyes so he stopped. The wind was there and it swirled the dust away along the fence line. He watched the white road for a while and presently was asleep.

When he awoke the frost was on him. It spread along the ground and across the field and glistened on the barb-wire of the fence. There were millions of drops of dampness. He wasn't cold because the ground was still warm but he was stiff and when he looked up his neck hurt. His back hurt even more because he had been leaning against the post. When he got up and went on down the road he rubbed his back and after a while it didn't hurt any more. He was so scared that he began to cry.

After he had been walking for a while in the dawn the sun came up and made everything look different. He wondered how the colors could change so much just because the sun was coming up. The trees were purple and blue and the road was red and the fields in the first light were green like a still sea, oily and smooth and calm.

The wind came up when he got over the hill and it rushed through the pines along the bank and the boy could hear it whispering as it passed. It was talking to itself like an old man who sits in a creaky chair and scratches his head, talking through toothless gums. The boy stood there in the road and listening heard it speak. He was so tired and hungry and scared that he heard it very plainly, a whisper in his ear which formed into words in his head, clear and real. It was more real than anything else to him then.

"I've seen the sun rise on the sea and on the rivers and across the fields," muttered the wind. "I've seen it against a house in the morning so that one side was light with the sun along it and the other side was dark, the shadow of the house filling the yard. I've seen it fill a pail of water with silver, shimmering." The wind sighed away and the boy standing there in the road remembered it that way too.

The sun was coming through the window of the cabin all mottled because the glass was broken and the cracks were stuffed tight with rags. The boy nudged his sister and said, "Look, Annie, how funny the sun looks against the wall." And then very quietly so they wouldn't wake the others sleeping in the room, they stole out to watch the fields light up. The ground was wet with early frost, tiny streamlets of water chased each other through the cracks in the hard, baked ground. A sparrow made a show of himself as he dipped his beak in the water and washed his feathers with a great flurry and shiver—like a man taking a cold shower. The old rooster and his harem flapped off the porch and cackled a complaint at being aroused so early. The hound bitch twacked her tail a few times listlessly on the ground and went back to sleep. "Too early for 'em" said the boy and as they crossed the yard they laughed at old Ben the mule standing against the fence with his long ears forward and his thin tufted tail flicking at imaginary flies. They came out onto the road and started to run hard to see which one could get to the creek first and splash out into the cold water with bare feet kicking up the mud and pebbles which swirled around and went rushing down the brook as though in a fright. The boy let her win the race to the brook because he liked the way she laughed at him with her head back and her little hands scooping up the water and splashing it at him. The squirrels chattered at them from away off somewhere and the birds, which they couldn't see because the leaves were so thick, called and whistled in a medley of sound.

HUGH FOSS *returns to the columns of* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *with a short story. An admirer of Aldous Huxley, Foss attempts a modern technique in this story.*

The time came when the girl got sick and all twisted up in the legs and then it wasn't fun any more and the boy hadn't gone to the brook for a long time.

The wind was talking again way up in the trees with a far-off, sighing voice, rather softly and sadly like a distant stream on a still night.

"I've seen the sun at its half-course with the shadows under the trees in the valleys. I've seen it on the fields when the shadows had hidden under the feet of the men, cringing in the heat with the men sweating so that their eyes were dim."

The boy had seen it that way too.

Mules strained in the rusted harness, their heads low and their powerful legs driving into the hard rough ground. Mules, working hard without a sound because they were made and fashioned for work, stumbling on the rough ground under the sun with their shoulders sticky with sweat and their bellies crusted with the dust. The men in the fields didn't talk at all and the boy, standing apart, watched them bend over their work and strain at the hard ground like the mules. He wiped his mouth with the arm of his shirt and then wiped his hands on his pants to get the sweat off. The dust got into his nose so that it was hard to breath and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth when he swallowed. Lloyd Anderson, the farm owner, came down the road in his car, the dust in a cloud behind him. He stopped by the field and watched the men for a while mopping at his face with a big red handkerchief. 'How you doing, Al?' he asked the boy, looking sideways at him and dabbing at his forehead all the time. The boy said he guessed he was doing all right. After a while he got in the car again and drove away. The boy wished he was in the car and was going down to the brook to swim. His father had told him that Anderson never went down to the brook to swim because he had so much work to do seeing that the fields were growing enough and that the men were working and not just taking his money and giving nothing for it. The boy guessed his father was right.

The wind had risen now. It shook the trees with impatience and the leaves lost their hold on the thinning branches and spiralled away across the field like grotesque dancers. A flock of starlings came down in a rush over the road and, turning, wheeled away across the field, flying low without a sound but for the whirring of their wings. The dust came off the road in long sweeping lines of dirt. The sky which had been clear at dawn was overcast now with high banks of grey clouds along its edge, with huge tendrils streaking out into the yellow blueness. The wind was angry and blustered about with a whimper in its throat.

"The sun heavy and hot in the evening, a red blister against the trees. I've seen the old dog turn in the dust uneasily, frightened of the stillness in the sky and whimper in his throat not knowing the fear in him. The glass in the windows are all streaked and purple like eyes in a drunkard's head. The trees don't move because the wind is dead."

Shivering, with a cringing ache in his stomach, the boy remembered it too and fell sobbing on his knees. He looked at the ground and his shoulders shook so that he looked funny crouching there in the road.

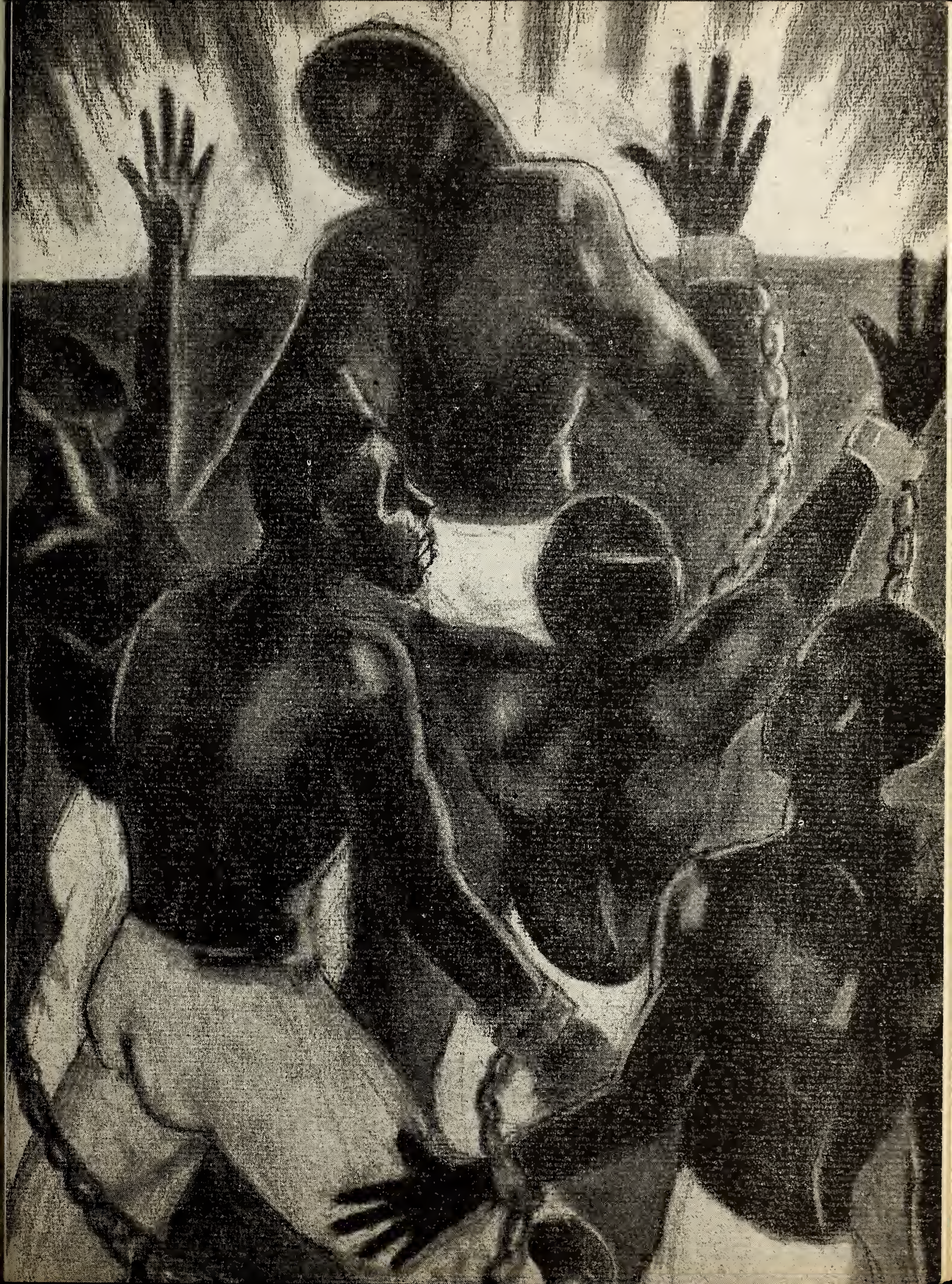
The sun over the corner of the house and the shadow of the chimney slanting away to the wall. His sister standing there on her crutches with thin shoulders humped up over the sticks. She laughed at him and her eyes, turned up to him, looked wide and big like the eyes of an old woman who has seen too much. Then young Anderson, the farm owner's son, came around the corner of the house and walked through the chimney shadow and pushed her down from behind and laughed and pointed at her grinning there with the shadow of the chimney across his face. And a rage had blinded the boy so that he couldn't see and his throat choked up with a great cry. He picked up the brick and threw it with all his hate behind it. The Anderson boy looked queer lying there with his head bloody. The ground was so dry that the blood made a little stream and didn't go down into the ground. He lay along the shadow with one hand in the light and the dust rising straight. Then the boy had run and run until he couldn't run any more and had walked on and on and on.

* * * * *

They came out of the woods behind him off to the right and found him lying there in the road with his shoulders shaking. His black head was covered with dust and his shirt was torn. Anderson raised the shotgun and shot him in the back of the head. He put down the gun and spat in the dust. Walking over to the boy he kicked the body and kicked it and kicked it.

"Black nigger bastard," he said. "Dirty black nigger bastard."

The sun had just come up and the fields were jade green and the trees were purple and the road was red. The dust rose straight up and settled again listlessly because the wind has just died.



Cecil Sanford

Norfolk Island

From Penal Colony to Sanctuary

Far away in the lonely reaches of the great South Sea, within seven hundred miles of the eastern shore of Australia and over two thousand miles westward from Tahiti, lies Norfolk Island, epical garden of Hesperides. Uninhabited save by birds a hundred and fifty years ago, it bears today a remarkable human history.

On the twenty-sixth of January, 1788, a brilliant cloudless summer day, an expedition under the captain-generalship of Arthur Phillip sailed into Sydney Cove and took possession of New South Wales, Australia, in the name of the British Crown. Among Captain Phillip's first assignments was the arrangement of a penal colony on the beautiful, untenanted island of Norfolk. With the venture he intrusted Philip Gidley King, a lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy.

Carrying fifteen convicts, nine of them men and six women, Lieutenant King left Port Jackson in the *Supply* on February 15, 1788, only twenty days after the arrival of the first fleet. He reached the island on March 2 and named the rocks upon which he landed Cook's Rocks in honor of Captain Cook. This was a proper courtesy. Cook himself had discovered the island and named it for the English dukedom of Norfolk, whose Dukes are hereditary Earls Marshal of England and who trace their line back to 'brave Lord Howard' of Elizabethan days. This was, however, no particular honor for the Norfolks.

After long unrest the convicts revolted. The soldiers, enraged at King's leniency toward a prisoner who had struck one of them, mutinied and became almost as dangerous as their charges. By 1803, King had been instructed to abandon the island, and during the next ten years, under the direction of Captain Bligh of *Bounty* fame who was then governor of New South Wales, both the free settlers and the convicts were transported to Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania.

Twelve years of desolation ensued. The marks of occupation were decayed and overgrown, and the island had almost resumed its virginal appearance when in 1825 it was reoccupied.

It was then that one of the blackest chapters in the convict history of Australia opened. It was a chapter horrible almost beyond belief, written of hissing lash and clanking chain, of shuddering cruelties and groaning gibbets. Norfolk Island was set apart as a place of banishment for the worst type of criminal. No women were allowed to be taken there. Major Morisset, the commandant, said years afterward, "My object was to hold out that settlement as a place of extremest punishment, short of death." The chronicles of Norfolk bear out his success. The whole history of this period is a series of mutinies.

In 1834 the convicts hatched a major plot, intending to overpower the guard and run the island for themselves. But they blundered, and the plot was scotched. The only immediate result was a skirmish in which two were killed and a dozen wounded.

So far no singular brutality had marked the struggle between the prisoners and their keepers. But the government sent out Mr. Justice Burton from Sydney to hold an inquiry. With the malevolent mercilessness which characterized Governor Berkeley of the 'Bacon's Rebellion' in Virginia, Burton sent thirty-one men to the gallows. Father Ullathorne, afterwards an Archbishop of the church of Rome, undertook to shrive the condemned men. Never, he recorded later, had he witnessed so heart-rending a scene.

The turnkey unlocked the door of the first cell and said, "Stand aside, sir." The stench that poured from it was so terrible that the priest could hardly breathe. In the cell five men were chained to a traversing bar.

"Each man who heard of reprieve wept bitterly, and each man who heard of condemnation to death went down on his knees and thanked God," wrote Ullathorne.

The executions took place on two days. One

Cecil Sanford, *now doing honors work in the field of the epic, turns here to the chronicle of a memorable legend. He writes from notes he made last year on the island of Norfolk and in the Mitchell Library of Sydney, Australia.*

thousand convicts were brought to the ground on the first day. On the second day another draft of men, numerically as strong, were made to witness the unscientific strangling of the remainder of the mutineers. In Churchyard Gully the bodies of these victims lie today, an everlasting reminder of Australia's darkest crime.

The second attempt to found a convict settlement on the island had failed. On May 7, 1856, the last of the convicts were taken away.

II

The isle of Norfolk was fated, however, to bear an epilogue of one of the most romantic stories ever to come out of the legend-haunted South Seas. On June 8, 1856, one calendar month after the final removal of the convicts, the little schooner *Morayshire* dropped anchor off the island. A wonderful assortment of men and women, boys and girls, came ashore. Some of them were dark with sharp traces of Polynesian ancestry in their features. Some were lighter with a Caucasian strain predominant. Most of them showed diffuse characteristics of the two, an almost imperceptible blending of the one and the other. For these were the descendants of the men who had mutinied on the *Bounty* for the sake of pretty Tahitian damoiselles, and had borne their dusky charmers to Pitcairn's Island to settle there and hide from the strong arm of the British Admiralty. They had been discovered to the outside world by Captain Folger of the American south seaman *Topaz* early in the century, but save for an occasional passing whaler their isolation on Pitcairn's had been almost as complete as the day their mutineer grandfathers had burned and sunk the *Bounty* near the rocks off Ship-landing Point sixty years before.

Circumstances similar to those which beset the present dwellers of Pitcairn's last spring had combined to drive them from the island. A gale had destroyed their diminutive plantations. A drought had set in. Water was short, and typhoid, the inevitable resultant, was rife. There was no help for them but to leave; so with the paternal assistance of the British government they boarded the little *Morayshire* and sailed westward to Norfolk.

They settled on the island, and, with few interruptions, time has flowed quietly for them. Seven years after the mass hegira, three homesick families returned to Pitcairn's. But that is another story. Most of the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers are living on Norfolk today. They are a homely folk who speak surprisingly good English to visitors, but who, among themselves, lapse into a musical dialect which, like themselves, is half-caste between English and Tahitian. Of the present inhabitants, which number well over a thousand, are 86-year-old George Parkin Christian, great-grandson of Fletcher Christian, and Marianna Sedina Buffet, aged 83—sole survivors of the Pitcairners who landed in 1856.

III

The gods have granted the Norfolks a home of uncommon fairness. In the clear soft air near the center of the island, Mount Pitt soars a thousand feet high, and the white tern builds its nest in the trees along its slopes. On neighboring islets close by, the masked gannets, bosun birds, and noddies squawk by the thousands, and their eggs are almost as plentiful as the sands along the shore. All about there is an intensity of loveliness and color—long banana leaves and scarlet poinsettias, blue-misted jacaranda trees and glossy orange groves—all these, and everywhere is the exotic scent of frangipani blooms. It is an enchanting place. No man living could remain untouched by it.

And like legendary paradise the land is free—free to the original settlers and their descendants, who hold it in fee simple, on a semi-feudal arrangement. There are no taxes as we know them, but every man between the ages of 21 and 55 years pays the administration 6 shillings* a day "for a period of not less than nine days nor more than fifteen days in each year, or in lieu of payment, performs such labor as required of him for the number of days above stated."

So simple are their laws, and so well respected, that the Norfolks enjoy a sort of perfected Doric state. Their island is a sanctuary. It lies near enough to the busy hum of civilization for them not to be entirely dispossessed of the momentary advantages of science, and far enough away for them to discharge time and to live days that pass like the uncounted notes of a song.

Remote, almost forgotten, are the tales of the early tragic victims. Their requiem is only the rustling palms and the murmuring great sea. It is well. For the heritage of tragedy is a deep and abiding calm. The Norfolk Islanders possess their heritage.

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*The value of the Australian Pound is less than that of the British Pound, fluctuating around $4 in our evaluation. The Australian shilling is worth, accordingly, about twenty cents.

Almon Barbour

Passage to Somewhere

Of the never-ending theme again: of the heart, the earth and the stars: their mystic relation. Of cloud banks shifting lightly. Ever again of the sun shining on clustered grapes, on walnut leaves, making shadows that dance in the morning breeze. Of curious gnarled oak features. Of cicadas in the sun singing, to the hot pines clinging.

The earth has exhaled to the sky its breath of passionate mist; the plants of the field are vernal again with liquid flow of life: O when shall I live again in the spring of her love?

The high noble song of the violins; deep strong blueness of the violins—and a clear liquid flute note riding the wind. And of the dark libation of strange grief she poured out of the cup of night.

Trying to follow something: not knowing what it is or why one follows. At night to reach out and grasp emptiness, making with parched lips the letters of a name. To feel that Nothingness may be a woman (it is strange to kiss the mouth of Nothingness.) And are we here to know intolerable beauty only from distances that make us flinch and cry with the agony of beholding yet not holding? Is nothing here but must remain a dream?

Of the eternal dream, the deep impassioned harmony: darkness has no force to alter it, nor can the gall of passion unexpressed make bitter this dear wine that should be sweet. Of the light swift fairy child wandering through a maze twilit and sepulchral; of the fairy emerging thoughtfully from enchanted glooms to find herself enamoured of a rainbow.

She is an arch of colors on the clouds, she is the changing prism of the rain.

I have travelled in misty lands with the shade of her and seen her spirit melt into the loam. We are both of us disembodied and apart—I think how apart from everything we are.

Of words drawn in the sand by a careless hand; of hopes that are playmates' promises; of dreams that are shadows of light.

She exists in a span of blazing colors and I in a dissonant chord or two: her breath is the wind on Jupiter's moons.

But I say these symbols do not matter, that walking beneath the sun is the only thing.

Walking together beneath the sun in the grass endlessly, out of the earthy shallow-deep the same old story-telling: ever refreshing and novel—the sagas of battles and lore of deep-hidden sacred mysteries and blood-fraught epics of love.

Out of them all now, out of the myths and the legends, extract but the surface and symbol and place all the meaning and motion into the hearts of a man and a woman walking together beneath the sun in fields of grass.

* * * * *

A man is not ready to die so long as his loins cry out to the night.

Conflict of the day is child's play to the inner fight of the night.

At twilight the air is still, the dust vanishes: Deepening of the sun brings into play threads of old dreams, building back the visioned palaces where heart's desire was taken for granted.

Not here the outstretched hands groping always for exquisite unattainables, but a living memory of unrelinquished bitterness.

Rapt in contemplation of these the intimate mysteries of earth, the terramoric longing for wings to soar over and so love better.

Not for us here: in our cells we flit about looking for gods we could not find in the skies.

But these, desired and unappearing, leave the dust and ashes again for tomorrow and tomorrow, and tears for the night.

A man is not ready to die so long as his loins cry out to the night.

* * * * *

And these the southland echoes, sounding yet essential liveliness, across the corn-land fall:

Without their voice the wind had moaned to naught by shacks untenanted.

And in the swamp down there a poplar skeleton cuts black against an ashen sky.

Over the tops of pineland still unraped a blackbird covey wings its shadowed way and sits upon the frozen skeleton.

A man stands before the filling-station chewing the stem of an old pipe. He is strong and tanned; he leans upon a red-white sign chewing his pipe stem. In the brown cotton patch nearby a group of ragged children play.

A woman stands in the kitchen minding the potatoes and the soup; she glances out the back door. She is red-headed; she is with child. He married her last November.

It is cold now, the wind blows. The fields are gray: in summer rows of corn glistened beneath the sun after the rain. At dusk when the work is over there is the chanting of guineas and one can faintly hear a freight train whistling and the bray of mules from afar off.

Is this the southland a strange myth, these the southland echoes only the song of a thrush at dusk singing in the swamp?

* * * * *

If they or we have been in love with death, if they or we have been morbid, Earth-Mother, it was because of a thirst for draining this proud and copious beaker to the lees . . . to savor all strong feeling: sensing all to comprehend all—this mad intentness for you, Mother.

We are always finding peace but have never found it.

Now we know the seeker for this final chord of limitless affirmation must strike through haltingly a thousand noisy gamuts . . . no final peace to be unveiled in one aspect alone, one color, tone, sensation . . . but through a seizing of the passing moment.

Yes, stay! Thou art fair!

And we have fused no idols, Mother, except they be in the warm young image of your most female self: your straight young daughters.

* * * * *

Do not wait, do not deceive yourself:

The winds of today will be the same tomorrow; the sun will glint on the corn the same; your heart may strike a novel rhythm; only the color of your consciousness will change.

Do not wait: do not deceive yourself with waiting:

There is peace in the fury of many passions.

Seize upon this instant as it passes.

Inevitably it follows: the joy, the fight, the endless passage to somewhere.

And I stop and think of the grass bending beneath her footfalls as she passes.

Adrian Spies

The Wearing of the Red

Waiting for Billie, Aulden leaned back near a hotel entrance and listened to the wail of records from a movie house down along the city street. They were lush vignettes from the picture within, whining hints of a Hollywood love story. The little dialogues of passion were puny things in the longpushing streams of city people.

Aulden blew his cigarette smoke into the weird fluorescence of night lights. The slim grey puffs curled into the red of the hotel Neon above. Aulden saw his smoke lose itself in the red and was pleased. For Billie would be wearing red. And it was nice to think of the shy greyness of himself as a part of Billie. The wisps of grey tribute into the dominating elegance of the red was like his whole affair with Billie. But even now, remembering the failure of his courtship, he blew the smoke in tenderness.

And he knew that Billie would be wearing red.

Looking for her in the faces of pretty girls who passed, Aulden wondered why he knew. Billie hadn't said anything when he phoned yesterday. (With Aulden just home for his vacation, and clothes still unpacked, and his family still sleeping, and the softness of dreaming months and unsent letters in his voice.) She had never been easy to speak to on the telephone. Even in High School when they were younger and his strange love was a novelty to both of them. For she had always sat by her mother's bedphone, and been guided into proper monosyllables by her mother.

There was shouting near him in the street, and Aulden looked back into the reality he stood in. A group of college boys were marching with banners. Large home-made protestations of fascism abroad, and fascism in America. They moved slowly with their banners, and were serious with the messages they carried. A few people stopped to read them and laugh. Aulden saw them small and young in the congested apathy of the city. And he wanted to run to them, and tell them that he understood their fears, and that he wanted to walk with them. But he was waiting for Billie, whom he loved. So he turned his head from the college boys and their signs. When he looked after them the banners were passing the movie house. The amorous rolls of the records were shouting again, and Aulden realized that he was the only boy who bothered with the noise. He was disgusted with his cowardice.

II

Suddenly she was with him alone by the wall. Billie in red and smiling and polite and only saying hello. Aulden was happy again and hurt again. And only saying hello.

The people whom they passed on their way to the Italian restaurant hardly noticed the boy and his girl. The city never knew the poem that a boy sang to himself as he walked with a girl. But it might have heard him ask her about the snow up at Smith, and about her mother, and about her grades. Aulden heard his words and knew that they were stupid. But they were only things to say to the colored air of the night while he told himself that he was with Billie, and that Billie was wearing red.

At dinner they spoke polite and clever things, as Billie chose the topics. He followed her sophistications and wondered at the cool blueness of her eyes. Aulden mused of the same blue in split waves half way across the Atlantic—when he had stood nostalgic on a deserted ship-deck. And of the same blue in turquoise stones on a desert in Arizona—when he had hated a guide who told him how much each jewel was worth. He had seen them and thought of Billie. Now, with her, he remembered all the loveliness he had seen. And all of them were Billie. Then he recited a joke, and she laughed and moved her hand. Aulden loved the grace of her hand and told another joke.

Their waiter was a little Italian with a large nose and laryngitis. He was the finest and friendliest waiter in the world. In forced hoarseness he commanded their courses, pureed cheese over their ravioli, and interpreted the orchestra's Neopolitan songs. And although he brought them new wines with each of the bulging courses, he allowed only

Adrian Spies, *writing of broken hopes and ideals of today, expresses his protest, a protest that grows stronger with time, of the tragedy of the struggle of youth for its place in the sun.*

sips of each. And he smiled as they sipped, and said that they were fine young people. When the orchestra sobbed into an Italian love song he ordered them to clink their wine glasses. And the glasses kissed each other, and some red rolled down Aulden's hand, and some one from Italy sang of a dark eyed maiden who died by the sea.

As the song ended the waiter wiped his eyes with a napkin. "Ah, that song is so sad. I hear it every night. And every night I cry. The Italian love song, it's the most beautiful in the world." Then he looked at the young ones quickly. "But there's plenty beautiful love in America too. Only it no make me cry. You gentleman, you are married?" Aulden smiled, and Billie smiled, and he said that he was not.

"No? Well then you must be in love. Everyone who comes to sit at my table is in love. It's far away in the corner here. And the light is good for holding hands, no? That's why I work at this table. Me, I'm a silly man. I like people in love."

Aulden felt like a fool and remembered why he had chosen this poorly lighted table in the corner. "Naturally I'm in love. (He was winking at Billie and wishing that he wasn't.) We're going to be married soon. She's a honey isn't she. And smart too. She goes to Smith."

The little waiter was pleased. He leaned all over Billie. "And you Miss. You love him too, yes? I like to hear people say these things. I cry with the music then I laugh when people at my table hold hands. When two are like this together, then all the business of the world is nothing. I know. I live by myself in a furnished room." His little face and big nose were smiling, and he waited for her answer.

Billie asked him for another glass of wine.

III

Later, with no more sophistications to say, they left the Italian restaurant and walked silently into the cacophony of the streets. On their way to a show, they were a part of the tragedy-streams of people.

They passed two hungry boys looking at a marine enlistment poster—with picture promises of flowery native islands — in listless credulity. "There's our generation," Aulden said, "looking for a free meal and a boat ride with the Marines. Sweet, isn't it?"

Billie's hand was on his arm for a moment. "You sound so bitter Aulden. Like you did in that letter when you said there was going to be a war, and that they would make you fight, and that you were afraid. When I read it I thought of you in college, with quiet plans for writing. And I cried for the shame of it, Aulden."

He was watching the blue-white crystalline reflections of night lights in her eyes. "I'm afraid all right, Billie. More than I can say I guess. Afraid of standing somewhere like a fool with a gun, or maybe lying dead somewhere with a gun. All the questions and mysteries and beauties that I've been chasing are being burned before I have a chance."

"There are other beauties, Aulden."

"Yes, I know. But give this world time. They'll kill them all, and leave me to write odes to a hole in the ground. Or maybe I'll be dead, and I don't know which is worse. All that I know is that all this business about growing up into ripe peaceful manhood is the bunk. Manhood—that's a laugh. You remember, Billie. The manhood they kidded us into in High School, and the manhood I strutted with you at my senior prom."

"We had fun strutting at that prom. We were kids growing up then, and I guess we still are. And there's nothing to do but go on dances and dates and study. Maybe everything will be all right by the time we've grown up. At least 'til then we're having fun."

"Having fun is slang for everything pretty wonderful. And for me it means living with beauty and planning for beauty. You're that to me, Billie."

"Beauty's all right I suppose. But it's not me. I'm just a girl. Let's forget it and enjoy ourselves."

And Aulden heard himself reciting the letters he had never sent. "I have to talk this way Billie. Just once to explain a lot. One day you got on a crowded school bus and sat down next to me. That's all there was to it. You see, I used to fancy things away from this decay around us. A sort of great poem, too wonderful to be written. For some crazy reason you were that poem of mine. But some day, you see, I wanted to feel it and write it. So there were those stupid dates in High School, when I sulked like a fool. And nights down at college, and phone calls during the holidays, and this last phone call. And here we are now. Standing together in a dung heap with the greatest poem that was never written."

They were before their theatre. Billie was looking at her hands and saying that she'd heard the show was a scream. "So for God's sake let's be like everybody else and laugh like hell." They found their seats and, sitting back, were ready to laugh like hell.

The show *was* a scream. Everyone laughed but Aulden, who was pleased to hear Billie laugh. A man on the stage burlesqued a woman's breasts with two red balloons. One of them burst and it was very funny.

IV

Walking into her parlor Aulden felt the sameness of everything. The anthology he had sent her was still in the bookcase unread, and the portrait of Billie as a baby was still on the piano. She sat on an arm of a sofa and he stood before her smoking cigarettes. His shadow rolled over her and she looked soft in the paleness of parlor lamps. And Aulden whispered to the softness he saw.

"This is a sleepy room you have here."

"You're a dreamy sort of guy."

"If I am, this room is in a lot of my dreams, especially those final ones before a morning class when I learn the vital statistics of the vice rates in Kansas City. You're nicer than statistics."

"That's a funny sort of praise, Aulden. A poet can do better than statistics."

"Only a poet could forget them today. So maybe I'm a poet after all. Because they are all about the dirt of the streets we just left. And I hate their clear neat truths. I'd rather think of you."

"Some day, Aulden, you're going to be a great statistic. Writing the beauty you always speak of. . . . Will you ever write about me?"

"I couldn't Billie. It would be so tragic that it would read like burlesque comedy. Fools would laugh and slap my back. And none of this has ever been very funny. So I guess I'll go now, quietly and without hysterics."

Then neither of them spoke. Aulden watched his cigarette smoke roll through the shadows to Billie, who wore red. He remembered his smoke lost in the red sign hours ago, and he felt it leaving his throat in warm sobs, and it was still lost. They walked to the door, and Billie stood next to him and looked at him. He wondered if she expected him to kiss her.

"This night's been lovely Billie, and sort of like a dream. Let's have the happy ending of dreams." He put his hands on hers, and looked to her lips. It was going to be the first time.

But the girl had pulled away and was laughing. Then she said something that was lost in her laughs. And this was all that Aulden heard. He mumbled that he was sorry, and that he had enjoyed the evening. He was reaching for the door when it opened from the outside. And the cold of the outside killed the last sleepy warmth of a boy and girl together alone.

It was Billie's mother, leading a tall young man. They ran past Aulden to Billie, saying that they had been looking for her all night. The mother was holding both their hands, and speaking to them with pleased intimacy. And Aulden stood by the door forgotten. The woman was explaining that Norbert, the tall one, had just learned of a Governor's banquet that all ambitious lawyers "just have to attend, and with girls from, well, from the better families. It's tomorrow night. And I know that you would have hated me if I hadn't ruined my sleep and run all over town looking for you. Norbert must know now, so that he can wire his reservation. And he told me that he just wouldn't think of having any one but you. Isn't it wonderful, and terribly kind of Norbert?"

Billie had wakened to a graciousness that Aulden had never seen. And telling Norbert how sorry she was not to have been home. There was night chill in the doorway as Aulden stood and watched the tall young man. And he saw that he was at least twenty-five years old, and proper, and looking for a wife. And he realized that Billie knew, and was satisfied. Norbert held her hand and smiled to her lips. Billie leaned to him, and announced that she would wear her new evening dress. "The red one, mother. You like me in red, don't you Norbert?" And the tall one said he guessed so, but that he'd never noticed.

And none of them noticed Aulden touch his fingers to his lips and wave them at the little girl picture of Billie on the piano. And none of them saw him leave.

Somewhere in the city a movie house rented two hours of love for fifty-five cents and an Italian waiter lay alone in a furnished flat, and college boys slept with picket banners in their room. A boy dreamer's love for a girl dangled over the top of a trash can, and near it in the dirt lay the plans for a beauty too lovely for the rest of the world.

The filth of the city was in the street and Aulden walked into it. The monotony of the city was in the regularity of the sidewalk and he stepped even with the blocks. Aulden saw the reflection of a boy crying in a store window.

He celebrated by getting drunk and telling the bartender that Billie had worn red.

Allen Green

Decoy of the Reich

Entirely oblivious of the crowds of laborers hurrying homeward along the Kirchestrasse, the young man was leaning against the side of the newsstand, seemingly engrossed in a copy of *Der Sturmer.* Evidently one of the University's poorer students, he attracted little attention from the crowd as he stood there, his coat collar turned up against the cold, and a battered felt hat pulled low over his eyes. From time to time he looked up from his paper, and rapidly surveyed the windows of the tenement house across the street.

Ernst Vogeler, crouched before the window of his tenement room, cautiously watched the street below. He noted the student loitering by the newsstand across the street with suspicion. Could it be that he was under observation? Two black shirted troopers came swaggering up the sidewalk, elbowing their way through the crowd. They stopped to read one of the gaudy placards on the newsstand front. The student shrank into a corner, burying his face in the paper, as if he were trying to avoid being seen by the Blackshirts. As the troopers moved away, he stared squarely up at Ernst's window. Ernst dropped flat on his belly. There was no doubt about it, the student was watching him.

He crawled rapidly along the floor, carefully keeping himself below the level of the window. Once in the center of the room he sprang to his feet. He was caught like a rat in a trap. As long as the student kept his post, there was no way out. The only exit from his room led down the outside stairs, in full view of the newsstand. Ernst glanced swiftly around the little room, its walls lined with his books, his desk littered with papers in one corner. He had been a fool to remain here. Now they had trapped him. There was nothing to do but wait for the night, and take his chances on getting down the stairway unseen. He crept back to the window. The student still waited by the newsstand. Sweat ran down Ernst's face. If only Eric were here. Eric, had been his best friend. Eric would know how to get him out of this mess.

The night after Professor Falkestein had been beaten to death on the streets by two Blackshirts, Eric had taken Ernst out to a deserted beer garden in the suburbs. There had been three others there around the table under the trees; Emil Ritter, Max Schultze, and Hermann Volker. All had been close friends of the kind old man. Together they had planned to avenge his murder. He, Ernst, had stood guard with the others while Eric had followed the two troopers into the dirty little brothel and shot them down in the hallway there. As they fled across the city, he had twisted his ankle, running through a dark alley. Helpless with pain, he had lain there, listening to the Blackshirts searching the buildings around him. He would have died under their rifle butts that night had it not been for Eric. Eric had come back to find him at the risk of his own life, and Ernst had been saved.

II

The street was practically deserted now. It was almost night. Down at the corner, a cue of women, ration cards in hand, was forming at the chain food store. But the student still watched from across the street; Ernst could see his form, half-hidden in the shadows of the newsstand. He clenched his fist despairingly on the window sill. Would he never get a chance to escape? A long, triangular scar ran across the back of his hand. Ernst sickened as he looked at it and remembered that ordeal. The secret police had been responsible for that.

He had been standing in the center of a harsh, glaring circle of light, facing the Kommissar of the secret police. Only the Kommissar's head and shoulders could be seen across the desk. Beyond the circle of light, the darkness of the room had been full of the shadowy forms of troopers; he had heard the creaking of their boots as they moved impatiently.

The Kommissar had spoken in a loud, grating voice. His cold fish-like eyes had probed deep. "You were a student of Falkestein's, Vogeler. He sneered at our new government and he has paid

Allen Green *uses this time a foreign scene instead of the familiar mill village which has been the subject of his former stories. Green's literary imagination seems to produce as authentic material as his tales from actual experience.*

the penalty. Two of our men were killed by students in retaliation. You know who did it. Give us their names and you are free man. We will protect you."

He had refused. The Kommissar's expression remained unchanged. He made an almost imperceptible sign. A fist struck Ernst on the side of his head, sent him spinning across the room. He tripped and fell heavily. A trooper had kicked him in the side as he tried to rise. Then they had dragged him across the floor.

They had thrown him into an adjoining room and fallen on him in earnest. Blows rained along his body out of the darkness. He had tried to protect his face with his arm. A club hit him just above the elbow and his arm dropped limp. A heavy boot smashed into his mouth. Someone kicked him viciously in the groin, and he had almost vomited from the wave of nausea that swept over him. The storm of blows had continued until every muscle in his body was taut with pain. Then they had left him lying on the floor of the dark, stuffy room, slamming the door behind them.

The door had opened again, letting his unseen tormentors in upon him. Swiftly and efficiently they had clubbed him almost to the point of unconsciousness. Then they had left him. Again and again and again the door had swung open. Until there had come a time when, at the sound of its opening, he had heard a voice that he dimly recognized as his own rise to a great steady sobbing scream. Between sobs, he had told them all they wanted to know.

III

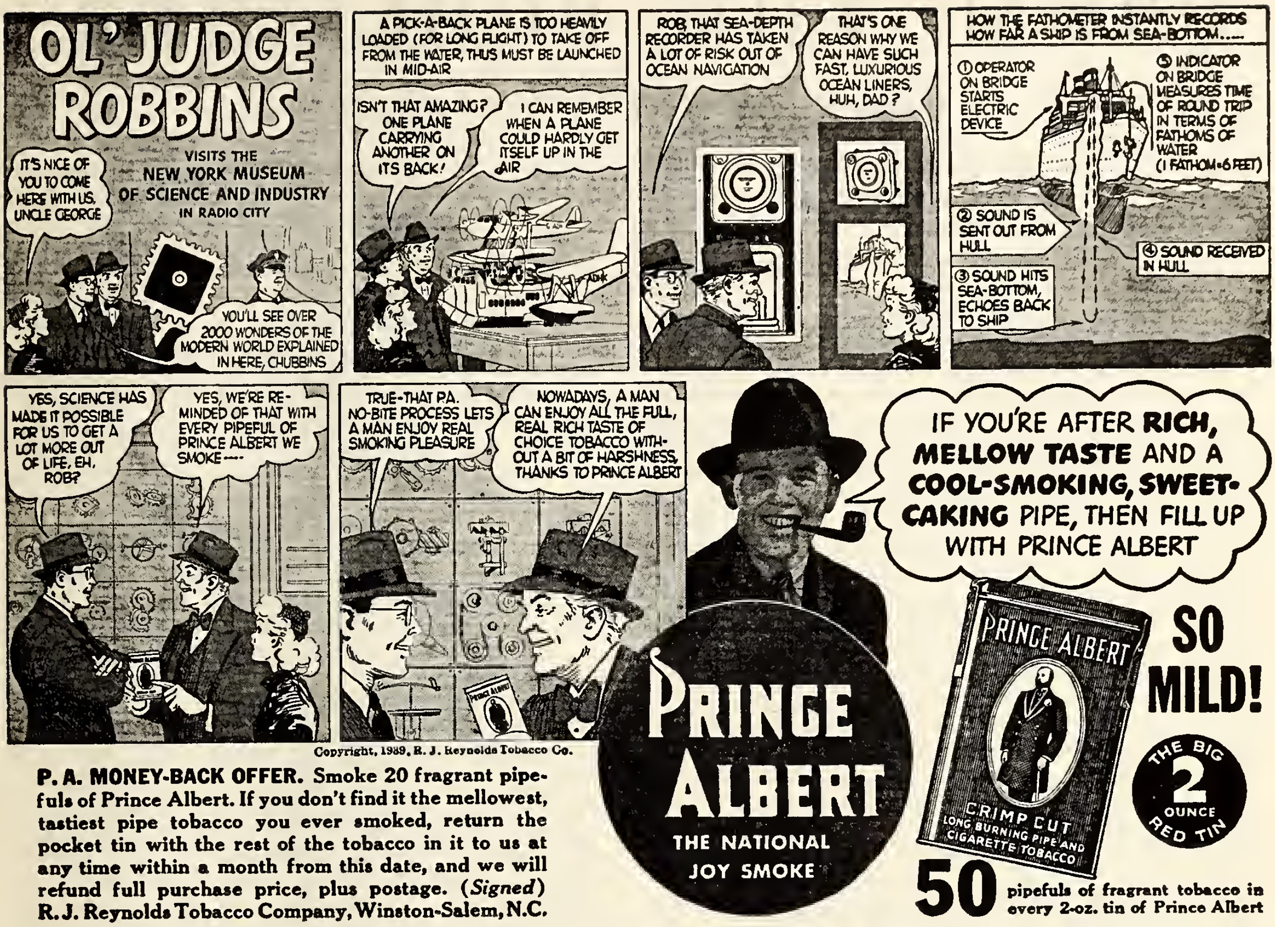
Ernst stared out across the street, shaken by the memory. As he watched, another man came out of the night to join the figure waiting in the shadows of the newsstand. After a moment, the two moved out under a street light. Ernst saw them plainly. There was something about the newcomer that was vaguely familiar.

In his imagination he heard again the precise voice of the uniformed officer behind the judge's tribunal. ". . . for conspiracy against the State, I sentence you, Eric Steffen, you, Max Schultze, and you, Emil Ritter to death by the firing squad." One of the five had been missing—Hermann Volker.

The student under the street light was Hermann Volker! Ernst tried to rise. His muscles refused to function. Volker was coming to kill him because he had betrayed Eric and the others into the hands of the Blackshirts. The two men crossed the street quickly and disappeared into the darkness beneath his window. Ernst sat there in a stupor. Thoughts were racing through his head at a great rate. Was there no way out? Eric—but Eric was dead. He looked desperately up and down the deserted street.

From a house near the corner a patrol of Blackshirts came out into the street. Ernst caught the glint of rifle barrels as the troopers spread out silently. A wild hope surged up in him. The Blackshirts had seen Volker. He leaned forward excitedly. But what were the troopers stopping for? He could see them waiting, rifles at the ready. Suddenly he realized why the secret police had freed him. They had wanted him for a decoy. And now that they had used him, they would kill him with the students. They had been fools to kill the two troopers. They should have forgotten Professor Falkestein. There was nothing else to do.

Now Ernst could hear footsteps on the stairway below him. Down the street, the Blackshirts pressed forward slowly.


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
VISITS THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY IN RADIO CITY
IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME HERE WITH US, UNCLE GEORGE
YOU'LL SEE OVER 2000 WONDERS OF THE MODERN WORLD EXPLAINED IN HERE, CHUBBINS
A PICK-A-BACK PLANE IS TOO HEAVILY LOADED (FOR LONG FLIGHT) TO TAKE OFF FROM THE WATER, THUS MUST BE LAUNCHED IN MID-AIR
ISN'T THAT AMAZING? ONE PLANE CARRYING ANOTHER ON ITS BACK!
I CAN REMEMBER WHEN A PLANE COULD HARDLY GET ITSELF UP IN THE AIR
ROB, THAT SEA-DEPTH RECORDER HAS TAKEN A LOT OF RISK OUT OF OCEAN NAVIGATION
THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE CAN HAVE SUCH FAST, LUXURIOUS OCEAN LINERS, HUH, DAD?
HOW THE FATHOMETER INSTANTLY RECORDS HOW FAR A SHIP IS FROM SEA-BOTTOM.....
① OPERATOR ON BRIDGE STARTS ELECTRIC DEVICE
② SOUND IS SENT OUT FROM HULL
③ SOUND HITS SEA-BOTTOM, ECHOES BACK TO SHIP
④ SOUND RECEIVED IN HULL
⑤ INDICATOR ON BRIDGE MEASURES TIME OF ROUND TRIP IN TERMS OF FATHOMS OF WATER (1 FATHOM=6 FEET)
YES, SCIENCE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO GET A LOT MORE OUT OF LIFE, EH, ROB?
YES, WE'RE REMINDED OF THAT WITH EVERY PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WE SMOKE----
TRUE-THAT P.A. NO-BITE PROCESS LETS A MAN ENJOY REAL SMOKING PLEASURE
NOWADAYS, A MAN CAN ENJOY ALL THE FULL, REAL RICH TASTE OF CHOICE TOBACCO WITHOUT A BIT OF HARSHNESS, THANKS TO PRINCE ALBERT
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Of Constancy and Love

Mister Eddie here's your 'juice
And your bacon's coming up.
Here's the paper and a spoon—
Move that arm boy! Near burned you with this cup.

Home again to break my back
With dirty college shirts
Yellin' at me jest as loud—
Stop them dreams boy! Forget them college flirts.

Lord you're like a baby still
Excusin' wrong by winkin'.
With all them A's and biggey books—
Eat them eggs boy! Eggs don't call for thinkin'.

See you sit to study news
Actin' Mr. wise one.
When you turned to such a man?
Shet that stuff boy! You're waddlin's hardly done.

You're a great one with them plans,
Teachin' lessons to your kin,
I done learned you from the Bible—
Don't deny boy! Liein' is a sin.

No need whinin' for the toast
I ain't been wrongful yet.
I ain't blessed with roller skates—
Hush that talk boy! Them books has made you fret.

Mister Eddie eat some jam.
You see I ain't forgot.
Now you're grown to books and plans—
Take your time boy! To serve you's all I got.

—Adrian Spies.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

The Literary Life and the Hell with It. By Whit Burnett. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 276 pp. $2.50.

Here's the bed book of the year. It's better than listening to the radio these cold winter nights and lots more fun. Whit Burnett, co-editor of *Story Magazine*, is one of those rare personages who is not only acquainted with hundreds of successful literary people but has fathered many of their rejection slips and knows a good story about each of them. In the years since he and his wife, Martha Foley, turned out the first issue of *Story* on a second-hand Hungarian multigraphing machine in Vienna, they have been credited with discovering more young literary geniuses than any two editors in Europe or America. A good proportion of them has been the young would-be writers who could not get the other magazines (those with editorial policies) to publish their stories. Burnett has now offered these doubtless moral, but nevertheless human, young men a chance to take a sock at him, and to be sure they will not miss the opportunity, he has attached his name to this volume of humorous essays about our literati.

The essay is probably the most unpopular literary form now being written and the easiest in which to pick flaws. But if these nineteen short pieces are nothing else, they *are* funny. This volume affords many amusing and hitherto secret glimpses into the backstage regions of the writing profession. All manner of odd and curious facts are to be discovered here: that Tess Slesinger began her literary career as a liar, that John Gunther when he gets a good poker hand laughs so long and loud everybody knows it, that Tom Wolfe (just everybody knows) rode up to his publisher's office in a truck with the manuscript of "Of Time and the River."

Burnett is not much of a humorist himself. The humor that is here is in the tales themselves, and if the author and his pen are not always funny it is because they merely have an insufficient stock of such tales as the one about Gertrude Stein being delivered at the Swedish Maids Employment Bureau by an elevator man who could recognize at a glance where his passengers belonged.

But all is not fun. There is advice for those who seek it—for instance, a delightful chapter on how to move a lake for writers who would like to change the face of Nature and letters from William Saroyan in which Bill, as always, tells what is wrong with everything.

Addison would have trouble finding anything familiar in the form of the short pieces that compose this volume, but there exist many of us who are pleased by rambling, diffuse, educated, informative gossip which combines odd sidelights on literary people.

—Raymond Lowery.

Yoke of Stars. Frances Frost. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50. 368 pp.

"There ought to be limits to what the body can endure, but strangely, the more your mind expands, the more your tired mortality seemed to expand too, to hold the growth. Like a tree. She clambered over a stone wall and leaned back against the piled and fitted boulders, staring at the scarlet oak whose June leaves still retained the fresh yellow-green of birth. It must be hard for trees to keep themselves inside of their bark."

Blood and thunder are snubbed in *Yoke of Stars.* Frances Frost, a poetess, writes with the sensitivity of a true artist. Instead of a novel about the filth of slums and the slime of society, instead of a novel attempting to solve the problems of mankind, instead of working for a contemporary Great Cause she forgets the influences of the age and writes exquisitely of the tribulations of a single woman, Judith York. The book is a relief: the book is like a drink of champagne to wash down hardtack. Social novels have their place in literature: some of the greatest novels written have been purely social by nature. But when one has read thousands of pages about the yellow jaundice of society, one is in a psychological state that almost demands he like something "Tender as April, and oh, so sweet." For that reason, if no other, *Yoke of Stars* is delightful, invigorating, profound, and needed. One might say, and not with the sarcasm the term implies, that Miss Frost "has an eye for all God's little things." Her novel would have been a poem had she bothered a little with metre: Miss Frost has a natural feel for beauty—and words.

Judith York passes through what Frances Frost calls "the seven ages of woman." Judith is sensitive: her purpose is the composition of music. She has to write the strains she feels. At "Age Seven" she feels incoherent tunes throbbing through her: she yearns to express in notes the emotions that fill her. She studies, passes through a few more ages, and becomes a notable composer. But Judith does more than write music. She comes from a much-alive family. She is first a child, then an adolescent, a young woman, a little older woman, and eventually an "Age Forty-nine" woman, the last age Miss Frost uses. Through the phases of Judith's life, Miss Frost covers delicately the emotions of womankind. Judith is a composer, friend, mother, and lover. Judith loved Tommy: when he died, Judith turned to him for help, and in long conversations, got his opinion of things. Here Miss Frost shoots at a star with a BB gun: strangely enough, she almost hits. But the sudden transition from the heritage she has from Jane Austen to a bit of Barrie-ishness, somehow, even though one realizes a sensitive woman would be capable of imagining the conversations, falls a trifle short: the conversation is too good. Austen and Barrie mix worse than Stein and Odets.

Miss Frost meant to write the story of a breathing, sensitive woman: she did. Her technique is commendable and her style simple, poetic, and striking. *Yoke of Stars* ought to have the same appeal a gladiola would have in a bed of stinkweeds.

—Simons Lucas Roof.

The Wedding. Grace Lumpkin. Lee Furman, Inc. New York, 1939. $2.50.

If Grace Lumpkin is given to writing pot boilers, *The Wedding* is one of them. It is a simple enough tale, told in a charming way with much useless digression and the after effect of reading it is simply, "What purpose was served by writing such a book?"

With a background of the Civil War feeling in Georgia expressed in modern times, Miss Lumpkin writes of the difficulties two people have in making up their minds to be married after a quarrel the night before the marriage is supposed to take place. Much space is given to the anguish of the father of the bride over the amount of money he has spent on the wedding—which seems about to go to waste because of the quarrel of the bride and groom.

However the quarrel is patched up at the last moment by the best man and after a few more digressions which involve the bride's sister Susan in some discomfort, the marriage takes place. An anti-climax is reached when the wedding does not go off according to the plans: a damn yankee participates in what was to have been an all-confederate wedding.

There are some charming passages in the book, penetrating in their understanding of the feminine heart—at least in the understanding of one feminine heart. If one is absolutely lost for a book to read we would recommend *The Wedding*, but for a fast moving age, we wonder if people have the time for mere charm unaccompanied by some sort of significance.

THE BEST SHORT PLAYS OF THE SOCIAL THEATRE. Edited and with an Introduction by William Kozlenko. New York: Random House. 456 pp. $2.50.

This is a collection of ten plays, including the famous "Waiting for Lefty," Irwin Shaw's "Bury the Dead," Paul Green's "Hymn to the Rising Sun," Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock," and the Auden and Isherwood verse play "The Dog Beneath the Skin." As Kozlenko says in his Introduction, drama rises out of conflict, and since the chief conflict in contemporary society is social and not individual, a play which reflects modern life realistically will probably have to reflect some facet of the social struggle. This is not to say that a play must be propaganda any more than every art work has been propaganda; for example, Green's play poses a problem, the horrible problem of the chain-gang in North Carolina, but leaves the audience to determine their own methods for solving the problem. It is not a question of writing propaganda, but of dealing honestly with the real drama of modern life.

But here we have besides a sensitive social awareness a galaxy of other talents—the brilliant satire of Blitzstein and Auden in verse, the fierce intensity of Odets and Green, the skillful technique of Shaw and Odets. Such bits as Auden's satire on T. S. Eliot and Blitzstein's ditty on "Art for Art's Sake" are worth the entire price of admission. I don't have space enough to discuss the plays individually, and of course they vary widely as to merit, but certainly no one interested in the contemporary theatre can afford to overlook this collection of plays illustrating the most significant modern trend, and in view of the exorbitant prices charged for individual plays, this is one of the best book bargains of the year.

—LEE MANNING WIGGINS.

MAN'S HOPE. Andre Malraux. Translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert and Alastair Macdonald. New York: Random House, 1938. 511 pp. $2.50.

Andre Malraux, author of *Man's Fate*, *Days of Wrath*, and other novels, is the sworn friend of revolutionists. He is interested in them as they stand behind the barricades and in front of firing squads. He wants to know what happens inside the mind of an idealist who is faced with the necessity (or opportunity) of defending his ideals in the face of fearful odds and almost certain death. That is why he wrote *Man's Hope*, and in trying to answer these questions he arrives at a far more important conclusion. He discovers the reason why men die for ideas. It is because they believe that their ideas of the present are shaping the realities of the future, and because they are united in a fraternity of death: held together by a bond of virile love which is stronger than the fear of individual dissolution.

Malraux himself is no lily. He organized and fought in the first Spanish Loyalist air squadron. *Man's Hope* was written in spurts between periods of intense stress: bombing raids over Insurgent territory, and hectic night flights in inferior planes. This fact probably accounts largely for the dramatic swiftness and gruesome realism of the book. It also puts into practice Malraux' theory of fiction: that it should be written reportorial fashion out of the stuff of real experience and everyday life. Thus a writer of novels can preserve at once his position as interpreter of vital experience and his integrity as a socially responsible human being.

The multitude of personalities and events depicted in *Man's Hope* renders impossible any logical plot-sequence. It is a jangled and discordant symphony of staccato events, one following another with the melodramatic suddenness of a serial war-cinema. The unity will be found in the idea of fraternity, which is built up in the conversations of men in the trenches and of *milicianos* awaiting execution behind the enemy lines.

—ALMON BARBOUR.

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The Song of the Highway

I am the Highway,
Long, white, winding Highway,
Binding coast to coast
And people to people;
I am the spine of the earth.

Over the hills I glide
And then, come swooping down
To some deserted spot.
Over river and lake I stride—
Through farm and field, and town,
Through desert sands, white-hot.

I laugh when the brooklets laugh,
And weep with wayside trees
So bent—so broken by the wind.
Sometimes the birds and flowers
Fill my path with song and bloom;
Sometimes a fragrant breeze
Leaves me drenched with faint perfume.

I hear the sounds of earth—
The low of cattle on the plains,
Clatter of hoof, sound of horn,
Rustling fields of rye,
Of wheat, of tassled corn;
Sweet sounds, so dear—
As through the year
Life marches on.

I am old—sad things I know,
Ache of road-worn travelers,
Lonely hours; the tragedy of pioneers
Who trudged through scorching lands,
Through rain—and snow,
Who bartered with famine—thirst—
And death—to give me birth.

But I go on in silence,
For those who know my life
Will sing my song,
Song of the Highway,
Long, white, winding Highway.

—Pauli Murray.

(A native of Durham, North Carolina, Miss Murray was the recent applicant for entrance to the graduate school of the University. The above poem is reprinted from the anthology *Negro* collected by Nancy Cunard and published by Wishart and Co., London, 1934. The poem is reprinted with the permission of Miss Murray.)

We Too Shall Wonder

We too shall wonder
and endlessly as sea on sand.
We shall wonder
and having seen the glow-worm dart
in grief for stars and kill its gleam
hopelessly, we shall depart
at a new command.
We shall display our reckless part
and wonder finally if to seem
beyond ourselves a time
or two by spell
is not man's certain prime.
Or man's own hell.
We shall wonder still.

—Simons Lucas Roof.

●

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Carolina Magazine for March, 1939 will contain an article examining living conditions among married students. Other articles and stories by Cy Record, Edward Megson and many others will be included.

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University Dining Hall Cafeteria

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Pictures that you will want tomorrow must be taken today.

— WE LEND KODAKS —

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"*. . . to bring to this generation an understanding and appreciation of the Negro's contribution to American life.*"—From a review of *Sojourner Truth*, by Arthur Huff Fauset, in the *Pasadena Star-News.*

This aim applies not only to **Sojourner Truth** but to our other books about the Negro—

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Chesterfields give me
more pleasure than any
cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

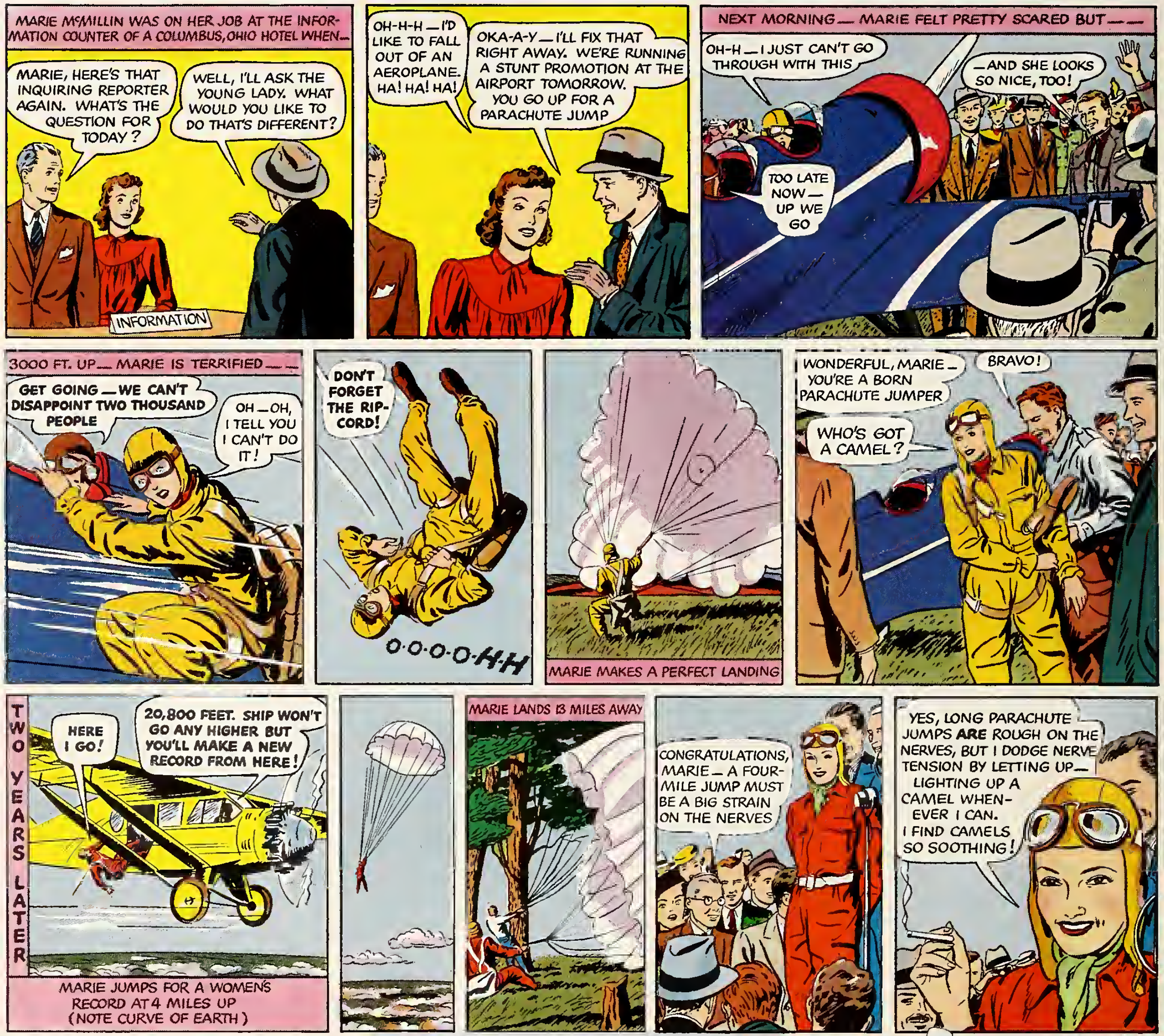
MARCH
1939

STEPPING INTO THIN AIR

4 MILES UP!

HOW A FORMER INFORMATION CLERK JUMPED 20,800 FEET TO A NEW RECORD

MARIE McMILLIN, RECORD-HOLDING WOMAN PARACHUTE JUMPER


MARIE McMILLIN WAS ON HER JOB AT THE INFORMATION COUNTER OF A COLUMBUS, OHIO HOTEL WHEN—
MARIE, HERE'S THAT INQUIRING REPORTER AGAIN. WHAT'S THE QUESTION FOR TODAY?
WELL, I'LL ASK THE YOUNG LADY. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THAT'S DIFFERENT?
INFORMATION
OH-H-H—I'D LIKE TO FALL OUT OF AN AEROPLANE. HA! HA! HA!
OKA-A-Y—I'LL FIX THAT RIGHT AWAY. WE'RE RUNNING A STUNT PROMOTION AT THE AIRPORT TOMORROW. YOU GO UP FOR A PARACHUTE JUMP
NEXT MORNING— MARIE FELT PRETTY SCARED BUT——
OH-H—I JUST CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS
—AND SHE LOOKS SO NICE, TOO!
TOO LATE NOW—UP WE GO
3000 FT. UP— MARIE IS TERRIFIED——
GET GOING—WE CAN'T DISAPPOINT TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE
OH—OH, I TELL YOU I CAN'T DO IT!
DON'T FORGET THE RIP-CORD!
O-O-O-O-HH
MARIE MAKES A PERFECT LANDING
WONDERFUL, MARIE— YOU'RE A BORN PARACHUTE JUMPER
BRAVO!
WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?
TWO YEARS LATER
HERE I GO!
20,800 FEET. SHIP WON'T GO ANY HIGHER BUT YOU'LL MAKE A NEW RECORD FROM HERE!
MARIE JUMPS FOR A WOMENS RECORD AT 4 MILES UP (NOTE CURVE OF EARTH)
MARIE LANDS 13 MILES AWAY
CONGRATULATIONS, MARIE— A FOUR-MILE JUMP MUST BE A BIG STRAIN ON THE NERVES
YES, LONG PARACHUTE JUMPS **ARE** ROUGH ON THE NERVES, BUT I DODGE NERVE TENSION BY LETTING UP—LIGHTING UP A CAMEL WHENEVER I CAN. I FIND CAMELS SO SOOTHING!

(left) **WHEN BUSY, STRENUOUS** days put your nerves on the spot, take a tip from the wire fox terrier pictured here. Despite his almost humanly complex nerve system, he quickly halts in the midst of any activity, to relax—to ease his nerves. So often, we humans ignore this *instinctive urge* to break nerve tension. We may even take pride in our will to drive on relentlessly, forgetting that tiring nerves may soon be *jittery nerves!* Yet the welfare of your nerves is vital to your success, your happiness. Make it your pleasant rule to pause regularly—to LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL. Start today—add an *extra* comfort to *your* smoking with Camel's costlier tobaccos.

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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¶ *Published eight times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina.* ¶ *Material appearing in the columns of* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor.* ¶ *Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial.* ¶ *Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.* ¶ *Subscription price of $1.50 per year.* ¶ *Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

We Leave It to You

It has been the policy of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE throughout the present regime to face the facts of the various subjects we have discussed with accuracy and fearlessness. Criticism notwithstanding, the general reactions to our previous attemps among the students, in state papers and in national periodicals have been favorable—we have made our points. It would be foolish, then, to drop that policy in favor of the frightened attitude usually held on sex matters. In discussing sex and courtship as it is related to this campus, we do not feel it either wise or helpful to govern our policy by the dictums of the older, conservative element which obtained its education and knowledge of sex matters at a time when there was a much more general misinformation with regard to sex than there is now.

An attitude on the part of this element, developed at a time when the discussion of sex was almost completely taboo, has been the final result of two thousand years of Christian morality. It has taken that length of time to obscure the moral conscience of mankind.

Due to the valiant efforts of pioneers in the field the Western world is gradually realizing its mistake and coming to give sex its normal part in the life of the individual. But it is still true that there are few moral problems studied with scientific objectivity and willingness to learn from the new discoveries rather than depend exclusively on the old traditions.

Perhaps one of the most unreasonable aspects of the whole of Christian morality is its attitude towards sex education. We train our youngesters to be chemists, English scholars, doctors, teachers, and everything else under the sun. But the one thing that is fundamental to the happiness of the majority of people in the country is either neglected or, much worse, misinterpreted. A man or woman may receive long training for becoming a teacher, but no training at all for marriage.

The direct result of this is to be found in the statistics on divorce and the copious evidence of incalculable marital misery. One sixth of all couples married in the United States in any one year end up in the divorce courts. One third of all marriages are known to be unhappy—that is, one third of the total number of married people married the wrong person. Another one third are merely indifferent about the relationship—their incompatibility is not so bad that they feel forced to do something about it. The final one third are what is known as "happily married."

That only one third of the total number of married people really obtain proper, possible happiness in the most vital of fundamental sources of human happiness is a scandal.

Through the ministers, the church's insistence on the sin in sex has caused more trouble in the relationship than almost any other one source. And in spite of their moralistic preachings syphilis remains our third most important disease.

The parents role in sex education is more often than not also limited to "don'ts." If two thirds of the families in America are not appreciating the possibilities for happiness in marriage one cannot expect them to be able properly to advise their children in this important matter.

The educational system spends almost no time on sex. In this University there is only one course in marriage being given—a good one, but one that does not reach anything like the number of students it should reach. The hygiene course for the freshmen, taught by physical education instructors, treats the conflicts which may be present in a student's mind with great inadequacy.

The contributors to this issue of the MAGAZINE have not attempted to deal with the subject of sex or courtship in any great detail. But they have attempted to examine the situation as they find it and make some helpful suggestions and a generalised analysis of some of the major problems. Obviously the scope of the MAGAZINE is limited and complete information can only be obtained by further study. It is the hope of the editors that the students who need the information about sex most will be inspired to further study.

It goes without saying that if the majority of us are planning to be married, if we are going to obtain some sort of satisfaction of our biological and psychological needs we cannot be content with the inadequate facilities for marriage training available to our parents. If we are to spend one half of our life after marriage at home it is common sense that we make that half as happy and productive as possible. And it is a standing disgrace to our civilization that under the present scheme of things we have so little opportunity of learning how to do so.

William Daniel

So You're In Love!

Undoubtedly dating and courtship have a social and mutually beneficial purpose. Men date women because they enjoy it, but also because they benefit from it. And it is the benefit, the enjoyment and some of the hazards of dating and courtship which this article proposes to discuss.

Dating, in college and at home, furnishes the young man with excellent opportunities for growth and the achievement of independence. It often marks the original impetus in breaking home ties and establishing independence from the family.

The desire of the young man to love, maturing with adolescence, is shifted from his nonsexual attachment to his family to more or less sexual interests outside the home environment. While his love for his family may continue unabated throughout his life, his emotional dependence on family ties tends at this period to be brought to a normal end.

The shift is of primary importance in the life of the young man. His independence of thought, his further development of character depend upon his ability to stand on his own feet and it is natural that his maturing sex needs, satisfaction for which cannot be found within the family, should neces-

WILLIAM DANIEL, *graduate student from Antioch College, puts into the above articles the essence of an under-graduate thesis on the subject of courtship and marriage. In process of writing the thesis, Daniel read an enormous number of the best books on the subject and presents here some frank and challenging ideas.*

sitate his seeking some socially accepted form of companionship with the opposite sex.

II

Courtship, as it is known to our society, by its very nature is not an ideal prelude to marriage. And the chief reason it is not is the anachronistic role women are expected to play in it. It is very unreasonable to suppose that the present system in which the woman is allowed to take little if any initiative in the courtship procedure can be anything but a handicap to the socializing of the two sexes.

A girl who expresses her liking for a member of the opposite sex in the natural manner in which she expresses it for a member of her own sex is immediately labelled a "loose" woman. She is called "forward" by her friends and, such is the strength of the custom, that even men are likely to be repulsed rather than attracted by behaviour which, in their own sex, they would regard as perfectly natural.

But the desire to have a reasonably happy relationship in face of these handicaps is strong in the woman. And one way in which she can have a say in her relationship is by resorting to deceit and subterfuge—attempting to dominate while seeming not to.

Since there is a proviso in the social code against women having brains, she usually hides any intellectual interests she may possess in order that the man may not have competition in fields which he regards as his own. Since a woman cannot choose a man of her own accord, she must simulate interest in most of the men who seek her out in the hope that at least one of all of them is worth something. She must allow her own entertainments to be dictated by men. While men go around in unpressed suits, without ties, in sloppy polo shirts, she has to be tremendously careful of her dress in order to rate at all in the social scale.

The frustration and strain involved in such an artificial relationship contributes to making the average woman more emotional than the average man. And the artifices which, throughout time, women have been compelled to resort to in order to gain their ends have probably been responsible for their reputation for being unpredictable and enigmatic.

But the necessity for using practical psychology in her everyday relationships makes the woman more adjustible and more flexible than men. And it also tends to make her seek out the best of her companion on a date and emphasize that part.

The man on the other hand does not come out so well in the courtship experience. The flattery the woman indulges in as part of her subterfuge bolsters his ego and self-confidence. If rebuked, instead of taking what may be a valid criticism in the spirit it is given, he immediately drops his companion and looks around for one more conscious of her "place."

Deceit on the part of the woman may be the reason for much disappointment in the subsequent marriage. Once the woman has secured her partner, she is no longer forced to use subtle, clever devices to get her way and may drop them. As she gives up the indirect methods and asserts herself in a straightforward manner, the man is disillusioned and feels that he has been misled.

The fault is of course, not all the woman's. To some extent the woman expects the man to play a dominant role and he naturally has the desire to maintain his own integrity in this respect.

Throughout the whole discussion it has been clear that the dominant note between men and women in courtship is one of artificiality. Something special about the sex differences makes it necessary to build up an elaborate, confusing and often detrimental mass of attitudes on men-women relationships which result in difficulty in the initial stage of the courtship relationship—getting acquainted.

Courtship is a poor sort of prelude to marriage when the woman can assert herself as an individual only in as much as the man can take it—especially when most men can't take it at all.

III

Perhaps one of the most conspicuous problems of the courtship period and by far the most difficult is that of intimacy. With the automobile, unchaperoned dates and arboretums more demand is made on the self-control of the individual than ever before and more sincerity in the relationship has become a vital consideration. The conflicts which are apt to appear during courtship are caused by the tension and uncertainty in the relationship. The tension is probably caused by unsatisfied sex hunger which has been augmented by secondary sex stimulation, but not satisfied. The uncertainty is primarily the result of the fact that the woman cannot express her feelings with regard to the relationship at all frankly. It is not even possible, for instance, for the girl to call up the boy when she wants to, she must always wait for him to do the calling.

But it is all very well to write articles about courtship depicting the difficulties which appear during the period, but that is not what we want. We want some information on what we may do about these difficulties.

To begin with there will be no attempt to moralize the issue. The church's role in the whole affair is rather narrowly concerned with marrying a couple when they announce their wish and making it difficult to get a divorce if they find they have made a mistake. The Bible's list of "don'ts," misconstrued by generations of ministers, still leaves the problem unsolved. The home environment, though it may in some cases be a grand source of encouragement and counsel, too often is merely the source of another list of "don'ts." We are still up against the original problem. "It is all very well to love my church and my parents; but I also love this girl. How about telling me some means whereby I can reconcile all of them?"

The first thing that courtship is likely to lead to in its natural course is petting. We shall call "petting" some form of love-making in the realm of what the psychologist would call secondary sex expression. In other words, some sort of sex experience, short of sex intercourse, which leads to full sexual satisfaction—whether it be merely kissing or mutual masturbation.

It must be emphasized at this point that it is extremely important not to forget the entire personality if one plans to engage in petting. Sexual satisfaction for the moment may be obtained easily, but if this sexual satisfaction is reached at the expense of ideals and religious beliefs there is liable to be serious trouble for the couple. Sex expression which runs counter to the training of the pair may have the effect of completely destroying the entire relationship and ruining any possible future normal life together. For it must always be kept in mind that sex, while fundamental, is only a part of the human experience.

Petting in the sense of the word defined above has one very serious defect. In putting the relationship on a physiological basis it may make more complete sex expression difficult or impossible in marriage. If the couple have been responding completely, that is with orgasm, to what is normally but the prelude to sex intercourse, they may have built up over a period of time, responses which permit complete satisfaction without actual indulgence in sex intercourse. In other words petting may take the place of sex intercourse and become socially disadvantageous and perverted.

Aside from this it is found that, if the woman allows sex intimacies to go too far, the value the man has for the woman may fall. Further, intimacy may involve premature committment. If this is the case the relationship may be continued through a sense of obligation, when it ought to be broken off. It is essential that both members of the partnership should understand what they are about and be careful that absolute frankness is present in the discussion of their actions.

On the other hand of course too much restraint may lead to building up of barriers that may be difficult or impossible to remove after marriage. If the couple have found it necessary to build strong inhibitions, to encourage and develop negative attitudes towards sex expression, they may be unable to throw these aside after some form of marital ceremony has been performed.

IV

All this sounds very good, but the question is not "Do we have a sex urge?" But rather "How can we keep it within bounds?" A study of the problem presented by sex passion in pre-marital situations leads to a few pertinent suggestions.

First of all, of course, a lot could be accomplished if we were to face frankly and honestly sexual experience before marriage rather than leave it an unsolvable mystery. A great deal of heartache and worry would be saved if students were to sit down and really find the facts on sexual problems. They are to be had. Numerous books are available which give accurate, specific information on all forms of sex needs.

It would be anti-social and absurd to suggest that social relations between the sexes be cut off. But those having the opportunity to date could put the emphasis of their activities on sex-releasing rather than sex-stimulating situations. It is quite possible to recognize the factor of sex and sex desire in a date without deliberately augmenting it. Take, for instance, dancing—certainly a most delightful pastime and one with some sex meaning.

The test of whether it is a sex-releasing or a sex-stimulating activity in which the couple are indulging is to be found in an examination of whether the emphasis is on the dancers themselves or on the whole environmental situation including the music, the partner and so forth. In other words, if, in dancing, the emphasis is on the orchestra, the conversation, the wonderful kinesthetic joy that comes with intricate steps in perfect harmony and on other people, it is a sex-releasing activity. An evening of this will leave the couple tired, happy and relaxed.

But if the attention is focused on the couple themselves if their emphasis is on physical contact, then the experience is a sexually exciting one. An evening of this frequently leaves the couple tired but somewhat irritable and desirous of further activity of a purely amorous nature.

The distinction can be made with more clarity. The sex-releasing activity is one in which the sex element tends to be diffused, while the sex-stimulating activity is the one which tends to emphasize sex above all the other factors.

If the couple share the same ideas of sex ethics they will find that mutual appreciation and greater understanding will come through their efforts to live by them. It is not at all impossible for couples to assist each other in making sex adjustments. It is no solution to the problem to avoid the opposite sex, since the kind of adjustment a couple want can be had together.

V

The above to some readers may be little more than intellectualized idealism, or, worse, rationalized romanticism which is all very well inside the pages of a magazine but quite beside the point when one lays down one's reading and takes one's girl-friend for a walk.

It is little consolation for us to say that the person who does not accept what has been put forward so far in this article is a base creature. It seems that his problem is one of defining values. Why is he going with his girl friend? What does he want of her? What does she want of him? Once they have made themselves articulate on these questions, their next is how best to achieve their ends in a manner most compatible with their whole individuality. In other words, how can they be sure that they are not satisfying one need at the expense of another equally important emotional or physical need? In as much as possible *they should remain consistent with their own philosophies.*

One solution is suggested for the problem of unsatisfied sex desire before marriage and that is to have sex intercourse whenever possible and convenient. Anything like a complete exposition of both sides of this question lies beyond the scope of this article. But in order to avoid the criticism of evasion, it would probably be better to accept that of superficiality depending on the intelligence of the average student to find out for himself more complete information on the subject. Enumerating some of the points on both sides it is necessary to stress once more that the reader should weigh the arguments in terms of his own social and religious background.

Against pre-marital sex intercourse there are advanced the following points: 1. Opposition of religion and society and the possibility of serious psychological conflicts. 2. Danger of pregnancy. 3. Danger of putting the relationship on a physiological basis too early in the acquaintance of the individuals. 4. Difficulty of concealing the relationship from friends and the psychological consequences of attempting to do so. 5. Relative impossibility of making the relationship regular.

Arguments for pre-marital sex experience would possibly include these points: 1. Sex is a fundamental organic urge and demands expression. The possible satisfaction and relief to be obtained may be beneficial. 2. The determination before marriage of sexual compatibility. 3. Youth should lead the way to the expression of a new morality which takes into account the naturalness, potency and beauty of sex relationship before as well as after marriage.

This is no attempt to solve the problem for anyone, nor to convince to one side or the other. The real solution to the problem probably does not lie in an either-or answer, but somewhere between the two.

Another solution is through necking and petting to the point of satisfaction. If marriage is not too far off and this method is congenial to both members of the partnership, they may find it no detriment to their happiness and quite satisfactory. They do at least avoid the risk of pregnancy and forced marriage.

Finally there is the solution of solitary satisfaction or masturbation, perhaps the most common solution to the problem of unsatisfied sex desire. This method is more satisfactory for the male than for the female—which probably accounts for the estimates which usually give men a slight priority. It must be emphasized that contrary to unintelligent opinion, there is no physical harm in moderate practice. "Moderate" varies from individual to individual. For some once a week is adequate, for others three times a week.

Masturbation is often accompanied by feelings of self-disgust, repression, nervousness, and morbidity. This is mostly the product of an active campaign on the part of our parents, the church and organized society in general. The habit does not warrant such names as self-abuse, self-mutilation and other epithets implying physical and spiritual devitalization and degradation.

More reasonably however, there is the possibility that the habitual masturbator may have the habit so well ingrained in him as to make its disposal difficult or impossible in married life. Furthermore, masturbation is an ego-centric device—self-centering—and may make difficult heterosexual adjustment.

However, it *is* a tension-reducing device. If masturbation is resorted to, it is perhaps better to do it, get it over with and forget it.

VI

It seems to me quite impossible to assume that in normal social relations between the sexes, there will be no physical expression and it would certainly not be desirable if such were the case. And certainly it is not to be assumed that a vicious danger lurks in every kiss. What we call love is a thing which comes from the whole individual and is not limited to sex expression. And the function of intelligence in courtship is not to curb or kill the physical expression of love, but to interpret it in its true light while at the same time attempting to find some congenial method of adjustment.

If you feel like kissing your girl good night and she you, then don't hesitate to do so. Perhaps the best thing that can be said is that you will have better luck if your good night carresses represent your real feelings, *are* mutually desirable, and you find you are neither embarrassed nor revolted the next morning by anything that you have done the night before.

William Daniel

Mr. and Mrs.?

Considerations in the Choice of a Mate

If you were to ask the average young couple to define love, they would probably refuse. For them, love would be a highly personal matter and they would find it extremely difficult to give any universality to something that they had either taken for granted or assumed needed no definition. In other words, "they just knew."

Well, what is love? Without any further beating about the bush, we must say that love can never be defined in such a way that the definition will suit everyone, for as we have pointed out above, its meaning varies from individual to individual. For one person love may be the desire merely to have a good time—to talk, play, neck. For another love may mean the mutual life-time enrichment which accompanies the bringing up of a family and the establishment of a home. For another, love may mean merely the desire to go to bed with a member of the opposite sex. And of course, love may be all of these things and more.

Dr. Groves has written: "when a man and a woman seek each other in a comradeship unparalleled in its intensity and the grip it has on the desires of each; these individuals may be said to be in love." However, this definition includes the natural love a man may have for his friend, or his mother. It should be broadened to include the specific physical sex element and the effect sex has on the widening of the grip of the desires of each.

A further contribution to the concept of love is to be found in an examination of its origins. It is important first of all to realize that love does not come out of the immediate experience. While we may have met the girl only a few weeks before we discover our love for her, preparation for falling in love with her is found far back in the annals of our life.

A boy may take a girl out on a date and, as is usually the case, find that she has similar tastes and that she thinks along the same lines as he does. He may find she likes to dance, that she likes the same swing orchestra he likes; that she is a devotee of Thomas Wolfe, that she is studying for an A.B. in English; that she hates radicals; that she thinks that religion is a very important part of life; that she likes to be serious rather than frivolous. If he agrees with her, they consciously try to extend the list of common likes and dislikes and before either of them know it, perhaps in a week or two weeks, they are in love.

It is clear from this that there is more to love than sex. Sex may be the initial stimulus, but for the affair to have any success or stability there must be these other things.

And it is equally clear that every experience during the life of both has been training the couple for their acquaintance. Their parents, the church, their friends, their enemies and their education has been working on them to produce a certain individual species of personality as an integrated and independent whole. There is no aspect of the personality then that does not contribute to the love relationship.

The physical makeup of the couple determines the activity of the relationship in its more overt form. If the couple are both athletic they will find companionship in games, hikes and other physical exercise. Important in its influence on the stability and duration of the relationship is the degree of emotionality of the individuals—are they quick-tempered, irritable, or intolerant? The various intellectual interests of course, as mentioned, are decisive. The intellectual calibre and the moral character of the two people generally regulate to a certain extent how far their love-making will go. All these put together make love a very idealistic, aesthetic experience or they are responsible for its being little more than a physiological experience dominated by boredom and annoyance.

II

There are, if we are not too blinded by the passion of the moment to observe them, some distinguishing components by which we are able to evaluate our love for a member of the opposite sex. They vary from individual to individual in the importance of each component, but usually most of them are present.

First of all of course, a state of mutual affection is dominant. This is definitely on an emotional basis and may be recognized by a desire to be with the girl or boy you love as much as possible, a sense of "emptiness" when separated, and a tendency to place the lover "on a pedestal."

A genuine interest of the boy for the girl and the girl for the boy is absolutely necessary. And the interest should be in the lover's own right. The boy should not love the girl because she is like his mother or some other female he has known; but because she is Martha Jones; and there is no one on earth who can beat her. Many people come to be adults too much dependent still on their doting mothers and tend to look for a mate who will replace her. This can never be a satisfactory procedure for no two people can ever be so much alike that one can replace the other without a feeling of inadequacy on one side and resentment on the other.

Comradeship between two people in love can be a highly creative force. Good sportsmanship and a willingness to give and take should characterise the relationship. This would include fairness in considering each other's opinions, ideals and standards. The assumption that a woman cannot have a constructive mind, never has a thought worth hearing, and anyway hasn't got one that the man didn't have in the fifth grade has caused a good many college women, probably making better grades than the men (they do as a rule) emotional frustration which colors the rest of the relationship and jeopardizes its success from the beginning.

A desire to be a better man or woman as a result of the love experience is essential. A sort of magnification of the personality takes place in which both are inspired to improvement to please the other. The boys sees that his trousers are always pressed, the girl puts on a good-looking dress when she thinks she is likely to meet him. If they are interested enough in each other to care about their respective studies, one or the other of them might decide to make better grades. But god help the woman who falls in love with a man *in order to* make a D student an A student. The self-improvement has to be spontaneous or the love affair is liable to lead to a sad ending.

The satisfaction of the need to be of supreme importance to another person is a rather wonderful thing. It is a rich experience to know that because you, miserable John Smith, exist, Martha Jones is happy. If the couple have this they have a lot. If they have all these things, they are in love.

III

But there is another thing which we often think is love and which isn't. It is the thing which our parents often insist we have when we announce our love—an infatuation. This phenomenon has its basis on sex appeal and reaches its climax very quickly. A boy may meet a girl at a dance and before the evening is over be completely carried away by her.

This very common and very strong attraction which exists between two individuals is by no means instinctive in nature. While the sex urge as a generalised thing is a part of the physiological makeup of most individuals, the actual techniques of satisfying this urge have to be learned either by actual trial and error experience or through literature and friends. It is primarily this sex play which distinguishes love from mere sex appeal. In love, physical sex passion is only a part of the whole relationship; in an infatuation sex passion is the entirety.

It is relatively easy to understand how, through training in school, the movies, among friends, certain attitudes towards the opposite sex may be learned and eventually brought to the point of experimentation.

Important in this discussion is the part a woman herself plays in the sex appeal relationship. If a woman dresses in such a manner that she calls attention to specific areas of her body rather than to the general contour, color and pattern of her entire person, she adds something to her appearance other than aesthetic appeal. If her breasts, the curve of her hips and her back are emphasized she has a definite erotic appeal.

If a woman is a prostitute she is usually only erotically dressed and the difference between this and the ordinary woman is striking. The same applies to her manner of walking—the movement of her body, particularly the hips.

Conversation has enormous erotic possibility. Leading statements, cleverly erotic humor, double meanings, and the subtle expression of erotic tolerance as in the enjoyment of dirty jokes are ways of expressing sex appeal.

It must be remembered that sex appeal is not limited only to women, men too have it and express it. And it is definitely not a trait limited to handsome men; in fact it is probably more apparent in men who are not attractive.

The point that should and must be made with emphasis however is that sex appeal is not something to be avoided. Any woman who does not practice it is seriously risking her chance of social success. All we are arguing against is the attracting of the man or the woman purely on this basis. It is the belief of sex authorities that marriage based on sex appeal alone is extremely hazardous since so many of the elements which constitute sex appeal disappear with age. Physical beauty and the novelty of intimacy with women are most prominent in this respect.

Of course sex appeal is a normal and natural part of the courtship relationship and of all social relationships between the sexes, but it should never be of more than secondary importance.

IV

A few more observations on the love relationship might be made. It is useful, for instance, for the couple to have had previous experience with other members of the opposite sex in order that they can have some standards whereby they can judge their final choice. It is dangerous to make the first choice the first wife. There should be many choices before the final step of marriage is taken. Too hasty commitment often leads to a succession of wives, rather than a permanent mate.

The type of experience the young couple have before they are engaged is important. If the boy only sees the girl when she is in an exotic evening dress and if she only sees him in a tuxedo, they are neither of them in a very good position to judge each other with any great accuracy. It would be very helpful if they would use Reverend Don Stewart's specific for a happy marriage, that they should see each other in unlovely situations before marriage.

As Stewart would put it, the morning after the marriage is no time to discover that your wife depends for all her charm on lipstick and rouge. Naive as it may seem, many people think that women are eternally beautiful and well made up, that they are always in beautiful and well-fitting clothes. As a matter of fact women are very much like men. Naturally they are a bit more fastidious than men since the customs of the day demand it, but they sometimes need make up just as a man may need a shave, they may wear a dress too long just as a man may wear a shirt too long.

It is important that the couple have experience together in difficult and trying situations. The girl's reaction to being caught in the rain on a picnic, the boy's on being forced to sit for hours entertaining the girl's dull roommate, are important. The breadth of their sportsmanship should be tested beyond the dance floor.

It is not the point of this article to prove that the proper consummation of marriage can take place only after an impossible state of perfection has been reached by the engaged couple. But it would be encouraging if the readers would realize that marriage is neither all physical nor all mental and that somewhere between the two is a medium which, if found, ought to result in facilitating at least some people's happiness.

After all, if one third of the American married couples are having difficulty with their family life, as they are, there must be some reason for it—and hasty ill-considered marriage is certainly one of them.

There's a lot of fun to be had in life, and a lot of hell to be lived through if you mess up one of the most important sources of personal happiness granted to man.

Jane Cassels Record

Think Fast, Cleopatra!

With all due regard to Sylvia Sidney and George Raft, and to Hollywood in general, marriage à la 1939 is most assuredly not a "You and Me" affair. If all the celluloid romances were stacked in a heap, if all the pulp magazines were piled on top of them, and if a general conflagration were started with the whole lot—then maybe we could discard our rose-colored glasses and face what we are actually up against.

Far from being an exclusively "you and me" arrangement between two people in love, the marital relationship which we see about us reflects a complexity of socio-economic forces; and the sooner we realize that these relationships are an integral part of, and cannot be divorced from, the changing socio-economic scene, the more likely we are to deal realistically with the problems surrounding modern marriage. The current forces which exert an influence on marriage are too numerous to consider in detail. Problems arising from such social phenomena as the increasingly general economic insecurity, improved methods of birth control, a broader dispensation of knowledge about sex, the changing position of children,—changing from a family asset to a family liability,—and many other factors are closely related and contingent upon the factor which, for the next paragraphs, will be our major concern: namely, the changing role of women in American society.

Much has been written about the "modern trend of women working." Actually, it is not the fact that women are working that is new. The majority of women have always worked and probably always will. In ancient times women tilled the fields and reaped the corn. In our grandmother's day they wove the cloth and did innumerable other tasks of a productive nature. But in our day a new set of problems has been introduced into marriage, not because women are working, but because they are working in different places and under changed conditions. Our question becomes not "Are women working?" but "Where are they working?" and "What new problems are emerging as a result of this change in where they work?"

Let us go back to our fundamental premise—that the majority of women have always worked, and by their working, have shared in the responsibility for the family's economic security.

Take a look one hundred years back at Grandma. Not the fragile old lady with the lace cap and pale slender hands, who poured tea gracefully into thin old China cups—there were few of these. The great majority of Grandmas had hands roughened by household tasks. Our grandparent's days were filled not so much with tea-pouring as with the business of feeding and clothing the family. She contributed heavily to the family's economic support by weaving, sewing, gardening, canning, cooking, and tending a house full of children she did not know how to keep from having. Grandpa, in his capacity as head of the household, was something of a petty capitalist-employer, furnishing the tools with which Grandma worked: the land, the house, the stove and so forth—of course Grandma brought the feather beds and linens with her! But Grandpa made all the major decisions for Family, Incorporated. A woman's only hope of economic security lay in marrying a man with these tangible assets. And her occupational opportunities were limited to the marital arrangement.

Today all this has been changed. Industry has moved from the home to the factory, and Grandma, in increasing numbers, has moved with it. If some women have stayed in the home it has been because they were economically able to do so and not because of any the-woman's-place-is-in-the-home ideology. If the woman must through necessity help feed and clothe her family she no longer gets out her loom and gardening tools, she goes into a factory and, with her wages, buys shirts from Sears and turnips from the corner grocery.

Since the wife of the man in the lower income group has already solved the challenge of the change in the productive forces of society from the home to the factory, there is not much need to comment on her. It is not necessary to ask her to justify herself with regard to the goods and services she consumes.

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But the burden of proof is falling heavily on us, as middle class women, to prove that what we do in the home is as valuable to society as what we might do in a job outside the home.

First it is obvious that almost none of Grandma's jobs have been handed down to us. The 1850 household was not the mechanized vine-clad cottage we usually grace. Grandma had no telephone with which to order the week's groceries; no automobile in which to run to and fro doing the family shopping; no vacuum cleaners, electric refrigerators and the thousand-odd mechanical contrivances which are fast tending to make housekeeping a state of mind rather than a matter of elbow grease. Particularly in the South where household employees can be hired for less than nothing a week, this problem of what the middle class home woman is doing becomes clearer and sharper.

But what about children, you say? Does not the fact that women have children today, as Grandma did, justify their position of comparative idleness in the home before they come and after they have been born?

The answer to this is that the effectiveness of modern birth control methods has caused the modern household to shrink far below that of Grandma's day.

The average family quota of the upper income group is one, two or three children, carefully placed so as to protect the mother's health and, supposedly, to provide more individual attention per child. As a result mostly of a desire not to have children, implemented by expert knowledge of birth control methods, most middle class families fall short of reproducing themselves.

Modern wives *are* bearing children, but the statistics show that the middle class woman is not taking anything like her fair share of the responsibility of bearing them. It is the low income group that is reproducing the race. The women who are the recipients of most of the nation's wealth, do least in producing workers to make that wealth.

For the middle class women much of the grandparent's "minding" of the children has been taken over by the nurse. This is noticeable for instance in Chapel Hill. The faculty wives leave the major part of the bringing up of the children to the Negro nurses (working wives themselves most of them!) whose wages are a scandal and an insult to decent working women. While the nurses are caring for the children sunny afternoons on the lawn outside Graham Memorial the faculty wives are probably somewhere playing bridge.

Kindergarten is rapidly replacing mothers' apron strings for children over four. And school takes them away after kindergarten so that there is no comparison whatsoever between the amount of time spent on children today and the amount of time Grandma was forced to spend.

It becomes increasingly clear from this that there are two angles on the question of the expenditure of a mother's time with her children: quality of time and quantity of time. With regard to quality of time, should we assume unquestioningly that a marriage license and the experience of childbirth necessarily provide a woman with the prerequisites to adequate motherhood, and that her time spent with the child is more valuable than that of some trained governess? Could it be that the few hours a day which the working woman devotes to her child might be of more value to the child's growth and training, than a whole day-shift of hours devoted by the home woman, who is altogether-too-often blissfully unaware of the world of work and reality?

But even at the point of quantity of time spent with their children, the middle class woman is being put on the defensive by such studies as the one done by Mary Fisher at Columbia University, which indicates that professional women often spend more time with their children than do middle class home women! While working women plan very carefully so as to devote all the time possible to their young ones, the average home woman, following a rather unorganized schedule of bridge-golf-and-social-service, finds increasing amounts of her time spent outside the home.

If the middle class home woman does not reproduce the race, cannot contribute very considerably to the growth and training of her one or two children, does not lift a finger towards the production of the nation's wealth; we may well ask her how she justifies the disproportionately large amount of goods and services she consumes.

If a woman can really find genuine fulfillment of her productive function and happiness in the home, in the training of her children and the management of her house, then of course she should do so. But labor-saving devices, household employees and fewer children have made it very difficult for the typical middle class woman to prove that she is being really productive in the home. Usually she finds children, household duties and responsibilities demanding so little of her attention as to make it necessary to fill in her idleness via the bridge table. Rather than waste her time there it is only fair that society should ask her to take up some pursuit which will be of use to society, support to the home and in the long run productive of her happiness.

Such an arrangement would necessitate marriage being conceived of as a partnership in which joint responsibility is assumed in the economic duties necessary to the support of the home, in the bringing up of the children and the household duties. There is no room in such a conception for the outmoded ideology of some modern husbands, "I will not have my wife working!"

Birth control has freed us from the necessity of bearing children in rapid unplanned succession and our potential earning power has opened the opportunity outside the home for a real productive contribution to society. And it is through this opportunity that marriage can be made a union of mutual faith, mutual love, mutual respect and a basic fulfillment of the need for complete personal expression. Only by the acceptance of this responsibility can advantage be taken of the freedom granted to us, the middle class women, for the first time in history. We lustily demand the *right* to work, but just as strongly refuse to take the responsibilities that our obtaining the right to work involve.

Far from what marriage *can* be it seems that we women of the middle class, deprived of the necessity of contributing productively to the society through the home, are content to waste our freedom on bridge clubs and other instruments of mental stagnation. To accept the challenge of a new civilization technological advance has opened for us we must qualify as members of a highly productive society in deed as well as in name. Not to do so is to become mere unproductive ornaments on which to hang the benefits of civilization. Think fast, Cleopatra, ornaments can be discarded!

Nathaniel Rhynehart

Commercial Education

Life Begins at Chapel Hill

When Freddy the Freshman arrives in Chapel Hill he is, typically, age 16, away from home for the first time, has attended a few dances, is still uncomfortable in a tux, has promised to write to the girl back home at least twice a week, has heard a home town Rotarian tell himself and his high school classmates that life is real and life is earnest—in fact he is pretty much of an adult.

This same Freddy, in spite of his grown-uppedness, soon discovers he is a pretty naive individual sexually. Let's look at some example of his naïveté and then see what avenues of sexual sophistication are available to him. What in particular is the university going to do to replace his naïveté with sexual sophistication?

If he listens in on the dorm store bull sessions, and he probably will (timidly at first), he will hear tales about the Commercial Hotel, the versatility of Hillsboro Annie, the possibilities of post-dance walks in the arboretum, the imprisoned Meridithites, fairies, etc. Freddy is too grown-up to ask for much elucidation. When he beats a confused retreat to his room he looks at the high school graduation photo of his girl back home for reassurance. He silently renews his vow to be true to his one love.

As Freddy becomes more and more an active participant in campus life he become increasingly aware that these tales heard in the bull sessions are facts indeed. He discovers that it is a conservative estimate that one Carolina man in every four has to resort to pick-up dates of one sort or another, most of them in Durham, as his sole means of obtaining companionship with the opposite sex. He also finds out that about one student in twelve patronizes such "professional match-makers" as the night clerk at the Commercial for physicial gratification.

One observation Freddy made to confirm his

NATHANIEL RHYNEHART, *from Raleigh is interested in the subject of sex education as a sideline. He believes more of it should be included in the college curriculum and here attempts to present a running commentary on the present methods by which the average student obtains his sex education.*

hunch that prostitution is not a myth at Carolina was to check up on the cause of a dislocated shoulder an upperclassman sustained last Spring. The injury was received jumping off the fire escape of the Commercial during one of the infrequent raids on that bawdy house. Or, if this had left Freddy skeptical he might have checked with the former tenants of one of Franklin Street's better rooming houses. The two former tenants are likewise former U. N. C. students expelled from school for entertaining a professional prostitute in their room.

With dances beginning, Freddy has to decide whether he is going to attend the dances or not. If he decides to go he may (1) join the stag line, (2) import the girl from back home or (3) get himself fixed up with a date, probably through an upperclassman. If he chooses the first alternative he will probably enjoy feminine company four steps at a time, ten minutes of each hour, and finally wander up to Harry's and "beer off" any excitement caused by the brief contacts with the other fellows' lady loves. He can't choose the second alternative very often because of the expense. And even if he does import the girl from back home she is apt to appear at a disadvantage when he contrasts her with the older, more sophisticated dates of the upperclassmen. If he is fixed up with a date he will probably be making the first step in a weaning process which may result in either a wholesome broadening of his circle of feminine acquaintances or, because occasions of this sort are infrequent, he may simply initiate in himself a conflict between unsatisfied desire and fidelity to the home-towner. Since Freddy is a typical freshman he tries all three possibilities during the course of the year. The last two inevitably turn his footsteps sooner or later to intermission or after-dance walks in the secluded paths of the campus. Freddy must decide just what shall constitute satisfaction on these strolls. During the course of finding out the answer to this little problem he may lose his imported date, or, if he has resorted mostly to fixed up companionship he may have to sort over several potential girl friends before he finds just what he is looking for.

He "hitches" over to W. C. with several friends and is there made aware of the marvelous advances electrical illumination has made. He finds that every shadow more than one foot in width, every street with any semblance of privacy about it, is "out of bounds." This is not very satisfying. He decides he'd better try Meredith. He soon discovers his mistake. There, even closer surveillance is kept. He recalls his commencement address back home and tries to remember what convinced him that, as a high school graduate, he was an adult.

One night in a bull session he heard mention made of "fairies." It made him feel creepy. He thought his roommate was real swell; a great guy. Yet he wouldn't want to show any signs of queerness around the dorm. He might get labeled.

These are Freddy's observations. It is pretty obvious that he has some questions which demand answers. What are the answers, where in the campus scheme of things can he find the answers?

II

Freddy was told in freshman hygiene that promiscuous relations carry with them the threat of social diseases. Yet he may very well decide to gamble on the odds quoted for getting the disease. In a campus life situation where dates with coeds are at a premium it isn't hard to start gambling against such odds. Among the things about promiscuous relations he probably isn't told emphatically enough is the fact that gratification of his sex desires via prostitution gives him a very unsatisfactory picture of sex life. He isn't made to realize that a trip to the Commercial Hotel will destroy his *belle ideal* in women. Only after the experience, when he thinks it over, does he taste the mental anguish resultant from the clash between his church-attuned conscience and his seemingly foul desires. If he had been given some first rate information on what constitutes a conscience, how it is tied up with what in a new situation may quite possibly be misleading dictums of the church and the home, he would have profited much. At any rate he would prabably have preferred less statistics on the prevalence of syphilis and more information about reliable prophylactics. In other words, in spite of the purple patches in the hygiene lab instructor's mind with regard to syphilis, he is still going to the Commercial Hotel. The University would be doing at least some good for Freddy if it could place in his hands something that would, granting the economic and social system that makes him go to a prostitute, prevent him from getting syphilis.

From his roommate's psychology course he picked up the word *sublimation*. He wished he knew more about it. His roommate had a perfect definition for it. "Redirection of the energy belonging to a primitive tendency into new, non-inherited channels." What his roommate couldn't tell him, however, was how you made it work. How could Freddy redirect his sex drive into some other channel? His roommate told him that this probably was taken up in a more advanced course.

Freddy looked up the word homosexual in the dictionary. He wondered how you could tell one. His admiration for his roommate came back again and the definition didn't seem to help much. He would have been grateful at that time if someone had told him that affection for members of the same sex often is natural enough and occurs in all of us. A reliable modicum of knowledge about the psychological aspects of personality would have put his mind at rest.

After much fumbling around with bull session sex education, augmented by his own experiments in the arboretum and in the Commercial or Royal Hotels, a light dawns on Freddy. He happens to glance through the catalog and discovers that there is a course on marriage given. That ought to have a lot of the answers in it. Then he reads on and finds he must wait until his senior year before he can be allowed to take it and even then it is only an elective.

* * * * *

We quote Freddy three years later, holding forth in the dorm bull session, "Now take Hillsboro Annie...."

Allen Green

Wife In Retreat

The room had been the Sunday parlor before Esther came. Now the new double bed and the red net curtains on the windows contrasted strangely with the big family Bible on a table in one corner, and the stern portraits of dead and gone Johnsons which lined the walls. It was her room, hers and Sam's; a place where she could get away from Mother Johnson and Phil for a little while each day. Sam, her husband, had done everything he could to make things pleasant for her, but his mother and brother resented her presence and tormented her all the time. They were both indignant that she and Sam had taken the best parlor for their room instead of moving into Sam's former room up under the eaves of the rambling old house. Esther had fixed it up the best she could, buying gay rugs for the floors, and covering up most of the cracks in the plaster with calendars from the store. Only a big spider-shaped crack in the ceiling remained. It was always the first thing she saw when she woke up in the morning.

She got up and walked to the window. Outside, the dismal winter's afternoon was giving way to night. On the other side of the paved road that ran in front of the house, the red clay fields in which dead cotton stalks were standing, stretched away over the hills as far as she could see. Here and there the sky line was broken by isolated islands of tall, cathedral-like groups of pines. To the right of the house, the tall steel towers of the power line marched along in an unbroken line until they were lost in the dusk. The unlimited view was the only thing Esther liked about the place. On clear days she could see as far as Fall City where the power plants on the river sent electricity to all parts of the state.

A blast of wind rattled the window. Esther turned and walked back to the open fire. She hadn't been comfortably warm since she had come here in the fall. It had been warm and sunny in the hospital in Blakesburg where she had been in training before she met Sam. Sometimes she wondered if she had done wisely, marrying so soon after graduation. Some of her friends were making as much as two hundred dollars a month doing private nursing. But Sam had been so helpless, so obviously out of place in the bustle of the ward where he was recuperating from an appendicitis operation.

On the mantel over the fireplace was a little cedar chest Sam had given her during their courtship. Esther opened it and took out a package of cigarettes. Mother Johnson thought it sinful for a woman to smoke and this was the only place in the house she could do it. She selected one and tapped the end of it against the mantel before lighting it.

Allen Green, *major in English, has developed within a year a fine writing style of which this is another example. His characters remain realistic and lifelike.*

Sinking down into a chair, she gazed thoughtfully into the depths of the fire. If she could only persuade Sam to move to Blakesburg. He would never make a successful living here. And there, he could get some sort of a job she was sure. She could do private nursing to help support them until they were settled. If only he would go! She would never be happy as long as they remained in this dilapidated old house with Sam's people. Taking one last pull on the cigarette, Esther dropped it into the fire. It was time for her to go and help fix supper.

II

Mother Johnson and Phil were sitting before the fire in the front room. Mother Johnson was a withered old woman of some sixty years, dressed in a speckled gingham dress over which she wore a dingy white apron. As Esther came in, she looked up, a frayed snuff stick jammed in one corner of her wrinkled mouth.

"Well child, it's about time you was getting down here. Almost dark, and supper ain't started yet. Sam'll be coming in here terectly." She spat expertly into the fire. "I'd help you more myself, but seems like I can't do more'n look after my chickens. At least I don't spend my time up in my room smoking cigarettes, with my nose stuck in a book." She sniffed virtuously.

Esther tried to slip past them into the kitchen, but Phil caught her wrist and held her. He was a thick-bodied, bald headed man with bristly red eyebrows. A three days old beard sprouted from his cheeks. He had worked on the power line in his youth, until a fall from one of the towers he was helping to erect had left him with a bad limp and a perverted sense of humor.

"What's the matter honey, don't you like us?" He grinned up at her. "Spending all your time over in your room with your head in a book. Reading's bad for you, it'll spoil your pretty eyes. And that's no way for a young wife to act, sulking up in her room away from her husband's folks. Stay down here where we can look at you." He chuckled loudly.

"Phil! You quit picking on the child and let her go on about her business. It's time you was bringing the cows up from the back pasture and getting your milking done. Now get out of here with you!"

"All right Maw, I'm agoing." He released Esther and pulled himself erect by a corner of the mantel piece. Picking up his cane, he stumped out of the room. In a moment they could hear him in the yard, whistling for the dog. Esther hurried into the kitchen before Mother Johnson could say anything more to her.

The kitchen was a dark and cheerless place, smelling of stale food and the slop pail. A fly buzzed above the remains of the midday meal, hidden under a limp cloth in the center of the oil cloth covered table. Esther lifted out the lids of the stove and shoved a piece of newspaper into the firebox. Her hands shook with the cold as she hurriedly laid a fire with the smaller sticks of stovewood. Finally she doused the whole mass with kerosene and struck a match to it. The flames sprang up immediately. Esther replaced the stove lids and brushed off the top of the stove with a rag. She went over to the table by the outside door and pulled the cloth from over the water buckets. They were nearly empty. She would have to go to the store and get Sam to draw some water and get in some stovewood. And if he were alone, it would be a good chance to ask him about leaving. She picked up the dipper and drew up a dipperfull of the water. It was dark and murky. Shuddering with distaste, she managed to drink a little of it, and threw the rest into one of the slop pails.

III

The store, gaudy with new paint, stood in one corner of the yard, its two gasoline pumps fronting on the highway. The Johnsons had once been farmers, but since the death of the old man, Sam had neglected the few acres of farmed-out soil to devote all his time to the little store his father had run as a sideline. Just before he had married her, he had completed a new and bigger store at the opposite end of the yard. As she picked her way through the stones and mud of the yard, Esther could see the big sign, SAM JOHNSON, GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Sam was very proud of his new store. It was going to be hard to talk him into going to Blakesburg.

She pushed open the door and entered the store. Sam had just finished pumping up the two gasoline lanterns with which the store was lighted at night. They burned with a brilliant light, illuminating the shelves behind the counter filled with canned goods, tobacco, automobile accessories, seeds, and household necessities. At one end of the store, the shelves were devoted to bottles of wine, and a keg of beer stood nearby. Sam did a big business in wines and beers, especially on Saturday night when the Negroes came in to do their trading. Sacks of flour filled one corner of the store, and a tank of oil stood near the door. Sam was seated on the red drink refrigerator, idly swinging his legs. A little Negro boy was squatting behind the stove in the center of the room.

Sam slipped quickly to his feet as she came in. He was a stout, placid-countenanced young man, about twenty-one or twenty-two, with curly yellow hair.

"Hello, Esther honey. Supper ready?"

"Not yet Sam." She smiled affectionately at him. "I'm ready to fix it, but there isn't a bit of wood or water in the house. And Phil's gone for the cows."

"O. K. honey, I'll see what I can do about it." He vaulted over the counter and walked around to where a block of cheese stood on the counter. Cutting off a slice, he tossed it to the little Negro.

"Here Sambo, you run around to the woodpile and cut Mrs. Johnson some stovewood. When you get that done, fill up the water buckets in the kitchen." The boy scampered out.

Sam came around the end of the counter and seated himself near the stove. "Come on over here honey, and talk to me awhile."

Esther went over to him, and he pulled her down into his lap. She relaxed against him with a sigh. Sam was so nice. For a few minutes she was content to remain resting in his arms. Then she straightened up.

"Sam, I've got something to ask you."

"What, honey?" He stroked her hair slowly.

"Sam, let's move to Blakesburg. You could get a job there, I know you could. And I could do private nursing to help you. We could be so happy there."

"What's the matter, Esther? Don't you like it here?"

"I'm so lonely here, while you're out working in the store. There's no one here for me to talk to except your mother and Phil. And they don't like me. Let's go away, Sam. I know I could support us until you get a job. Private nurses make good money."

"Now honey, you know I couldn't have my wife working. You wait. Soon as I get a little money, I'll have the place fixed up so you won't even recognize it. I'll have the house roofed and painted, and maybe by next year, we can get electricity."

"There's no use of us staying here, Sam. You'll never be able to make more than just a living, selling groceries to the Negroes on credit. Oh Sam, why don't you leave now, while you're still young. It's your life you've got to live, not your mother's. You could make a success away from here. And our boy. We don't want him to be born here, and grow up to be just another farmer. You'll never make enough in the store to give him the things we'll want him to have. Let's get away now."

"No Esther, there's no use talking about it. I can't go off and leave Maw and Phil to shift for themselves. When I was a kid, I wanted to go off somewheres and get a job. But I never could get away. First it was Phil getting crippled, then Paw died, and somehow I never made it. You'll just have to get used to staying here, I reckon. Maybe something'll happen so we can go. Maybe we could go next fall. But we can't go now, so let's not talk about it anymore. You run along and fix supper."

She got up to leave, then suddenly bent over and kissed him on the forehead. At least he had wanted to leave. Perhaps something would happen before next fall.

IV

It was almost nine o'clock. Esther sat drowsily by the fire in the front room. Her supper had made her sleepy. Soon it would be time for Sam to come in from the store. On the other side of the fireplace, Mother Johnson was shelling peas from a bushel basket by her side into a pan on a chair. She was dropping the empty hulls into her apron. Esther watched her sleepily.

The battered old clock on the mantel chimed nine times. Mother Johnson got up and emptied her apron full of bean hulls into the fire. Then she hitched her chair close to Esther's.

"Esther, you're with child, ain't you?"

She looked up, startled. "Why yes, Mother Johnson, I think I am."

"Well then, maybe we'd better get a few things straight before we go any further. Having a child ought to make you settle down and get some of those crazy ideas outen your head."

"Crazy ideas? What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. All your fancy ideas about how cooking and housekeeping oughta be done. And staying away from everybody up in your room, smoking cigarettes and reading, instead of being out here helping with the work."

"But Mother Johnson, I help as much as I can."

"Shut up, I'm going to have my say out, and I want you to mind what I say. I know you think you're too good for us, and you're more'n likely trying to get Sam to run away with you. Well, you can get that right out of your head. Sam's still my son, and he'll do what I want him to. This farm was good enough for his father, and it's good enough for him and his children. And as for you, young lady, you'll have to come down off your high horse and help around here. Beginning tomorrow, you and him's gonna move outa my best parlor and take them red curtains with you. And you'll have to quit smoking them cigarettes. Not only is it a sin and a sight before the face of the Lord, but it's bad for the baby. You understand?"

Esther was too stunned and hurt to answer. After a moment, Mother Johnson turned to the mantel. She opened the clock case, took out the key and wound the clock. Then she shut the case with an emphatic snap and left the room.

V

Esther opened the creaky front door and slipped out on the porch. The cold night air stung her cheek as she walked rapidly across the porch and down into the yard. She had to see Sam at once and tell him they must leave. He would understand when he found out how Mother Johnson had acted. She couldn't stay in the same house with her any longer. Sam would be kind and sympathetic, he always was. She tripped and stumbled over the rough ground in her eagerness to get to the store.

Just before she reached it, the sound of loud voices coming from within made her pause. She couldn't go to him if the store was full of customers. Instead of going around to the door, she went to the little side window and looked in.

Besides Phil and Sam, there were three or four men lounging around the stove. They all seemed to have been drinking heavily. Empty bottles lined the counter. Sam was perched precariously on the back of a chair, a half-empty glass of beer in his hand. She saw with a sudden start of disgust that he was drunk. He weaved back and forth uncertainly. Phil was watching him from behind the stove and grinning at his antics. Sam said something, and the men all laughed uproariously. She pressed a little closer to the window in order to hear him.

". . . and my wife don't like it here. Thinks my folks ain't good enough for her. Wants me to take her to Blakesburg so she can get a job nursing. But I ain't a fool. I wouldn't trust no woman of mine, nursing a man."

His glass slipped from his hand. He tried unsuccessfully to catch it, sprawling ludicrously on the floor as he lost his balance. The men roared with laughter. He scrambled to his feet.

"I'll show her. Thinks this neighborhood ain't decent enough for us to raise our kid in. But she ain't gonna put nothing over me. She'll stay here and like it. I'll show her who's boss." He leaned over the refrigerator and yanked out another bottle.

Esther turned away from the window. Tears blinded her. Sam, her Sam, drunk and talking like that. And she thought he loved her. She almost ran towards the house. She couldn't stand it any longer. Sam, the only one here to stand up for her, belittling her to a bunch of drunks. Well, she was leaving him. The last bus from Fall City would be coming by in a half-hour. She would take it and go to Blakesburg. She could get along somehow. And Sam Johnson could stay here and rot for all she cared.

Star

"Come down to earth, young fool," the old man
said,
"And plant your wayward feet on solid ground."
"My feet are on the earth," the youth replied,
"But temporarily my head must swim
Among the stars. You won't believe me, but
I also find the earth to be a star."

—William Michaux.

Phil Russell

A Worker's School in Action

Significant in the drive of the CIO to unionize the South is the fact that 35 men and women from the mills and farms of Dixie gathered at Asheville, N. C., in the middle of July to study trade unionism and labor problems in a six-weeks session at the Southern Summer School for Workers.

Under the direction of Louise Leonard McLaren the school concluded its twelfth annual session on August 31. This year for the first time it was held on the campus of the Asheville Normal and Teachers College. Previously it has been situated at some camp in the mountains near Asheville.

The workers' school has no affiliations and is operated by an independent board of directors which includes Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of the University of North Carolina; Dr. Lois McDonald, of Columbia University; and Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, better known for her writings as Fielding Burke.

Pale but fiery young women from company-owned cotton mill towns in Mississippi, a steel worker from Chattanooga, Tenn.; a 57-year-old sharecropper from Arkansas; a slender lad of 19 years from the pecan fields of Texas; skilled knitters from the full fashioned hosiery mills of North Carolina, garment makers, a laundress and several domestic workers composed the student body.

To the classroom this group brought their experience of the picket lines, union halls, stretchout factories, cotton fields and unfair courts of the South. When Leo Huberman, economist and author of *The Labor Spy Racket,* lectured on findings of the LaFollette civil liberties committee his listeners knew what he was talking about without referring to a textbook.

These students stepped only momentarily out of the fight of workers to build unions in the South. Of their number nine persons from different regions had cases on appeal before the NLRB—decisions which in every case had ordered the worker's reinstatement and had been appealed by employers; three were black-listed textile hands; two were WPA employees and five held jobs in plants temporarily closed. The others were on leave of absence from their jobs.

Representing six international unions and nine states, all of the students attended the school on scholarships. Three unions—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Ladies Garment Workers and the American Federation of Hosiery Workers—contributed money. Other funds for the school were obtained from liberal-minded individuals.

Many union officials are still lukewarm in their support of workers' education. Some regard it as ineffectual theoretical discussion. Some think it spoils and softens workers for the hard-boiled business of organizing; some see it as threatening their own power and therefore fear it. To determine whether or not it is worth while ask the rank and file who made up the student body.

Ask Ernest Jones, black-listed textile worker from Greenville, S. C.; ask Jimmy Coxe, who because of his activity for the ILG in Tupelo, Miss., was carried to the edge of town, beaten and left for dead by company-inspired thugs a few months ago; ask Bertha Hendrix, wife of Red Hendrix, the only convicted worker in the famous Gastonia strike who has served his prison sentence.

"We know how to fight," said the 27-year-old Jones who has been fired from three different plants for union activity. "We've stood in churches and halls and urged our brothers to join unions. We've distributed leaflets by night and solicited workers in their homes. We've won strikes and we've lost them. We've been jailed and we've gone hungry, but it took Leo Huberman's class in economics to explain why some of these things we've fought against are wrong and show us how to change them.

"Our study of the early trade unions in England, of the slavery system and the industrialization of the South, of the provisions and meaning of the Wagner act, of the organization and methods of the NLRB will help us to be more effective unionists. Most important of all is the feeling of solidarity we have developed here. I, for example, realize

PHIL RUSSELL was at the Southern Summer School for Workers last summer and is acquainted both with its personnel and its purposes. He is now connected with the University Press.

more vividly than ever that the problem of the South is not simply to raise the wages of textile workers in my home town of Greenville. The problem involves every worker in every industry and on every farm—black and white—and we must all stand together.

"Some of the girls here come from towns where there were not more than two or three members of the CIO. They were isolated and frightened—hanging on to the union because it offered them their only hope. Now they know why they hung on and they know that workers all over the country are with them. Such knowledge is especially important to us in the South."

The answer given by Jones is supported almost unanimously by the other students.

Aside from developing a spirit of comradeship that caused sadness to envelop the school as it came time to close, the students had some very tangible results to show for their weeks. On the final night they had produced Irwin Shaw's anti-war play, "Bury the Dead," as a part of the aim to learn how to promote recreation in the union.

Each carried home a mimeographed book containing their own accounts of strikes and conditions in their communities; original cartoons drawn by student-workers; types of letters they had written to legislators and newspapers; charts showing the distribution of income in the United States and other facts; and questions which had been asked in the economics course.

In addition each was provided with a list of books to be read and sources of information. More important, practically everyone went away with a genuine stimulation to study. They returned to the looms and land determined to lead in the labor movement of the South.

Members of the faculty under which they had studied included Mrs. McLaren, Mr. Huberman and Grace Lumpkin, author of *To Make My Bread*. Among the many visiting speakers who conducted seminars were: Lucy Randolph Mason, of Atlanta, public relations director of the South for the CIO; J. R. Butler, of Memphis, Tenn., president of the Southern Tenant Farmers union; Ruth Scandrett, of the U. S. department of labor, and numerous organizers for the CIO.

The work of the school can be evaluated only by the years. Its aim is to give workers with little or much formal education a grasp of their problems as workers. It visualizes a trade union movement that will not only strive for more dollars per day but which will also shape the cultural and social life of its members.

Sonnet

I never knew a Spring like this till now
Nor ever knew such loveliness could be:
The cherry blossoms heavy on the bough,
The swaying sweetness of the Judas tree,
The Bridal Wreath that banks the winding lane
Where violets in little clusters grow,
The gentle swishing of the wind-blown rain,
The yellow jonquils nodding to and fro.
In other Springs your love I had not known;
In other Springs there came no songs from me.
A glory now bursts forth from grass and stone
And makes my voice break out in ecstasy.
My spirits like a swallow swiftly soar;
I never knew a Spring like this before!

—Jean Brabham.

Edward Megson

Greasy Faces

I pressed down on the pedal and gave the electric truck the juice. I guess I was going around the corner into the main aisle too fast, 'cause the whole load started to slide. I jammed on the brakes and, fella', let me tell ya', I was sweating. Only a couple of bars rolled off though before I could stop her, but I had to balance the whole damned load again, anyway. I did it right there in the middle of the main aisle with all the big shots passing by all the time. If old Bronson had spotted me, he'd have given me hell, or knocked down my pay. Bronson made me sore every time I thought of him or saw him—the big, fat, belly-swelled bastard. If it wasn't for Bill, I'd go out on strike with Anderson and the rest of his mob, just to spite Bronson.

"Whatsa' matter, kid, having engine trouble? That steel looks kinda' scabby."

I wheeled around plenty scared. With Bronson on my mind and all, I thought it was him. But, it wasn't. That pimply-faced mug, Anderson, was standing in the middle of the aisle with his hands on his hips. Him, standing there like that, just made me wanta knock the living hell outa him.

"Yeah," I said, "maybe ya' right. But it's kinda' greasy too. That makes it slippery. And it's dirty plenty. Just like a lotta' things around this joint."

"Say, guy, why don't ya' get wise to yourself?" Anderson was looking up at me and kept talking as I drove the truck.

I looked at that upturned, greasy, broken-out mug and wanted to push it down into the oil soaked cobbles.

"Why, you and these guys down here have been working in this rotten, stinking mess so damned long, Anderson, ya' think everybody else is dirty inside and out too."

I was mad. Anderson knew it and didn't open his yap again till we got down to the gearjob.

"Kid, you're a sucker; still a straight sucker," he yells at me as he ducks into his cage.

I kept my trap shut tight. It was so tight my lips were white. That's what Jack Brewer said, anyway, when I got down to the test houses and started unloading the steel.

"Yeh!" I said to him. "It's the weather. Pretty cold up near the gear job."

Jack looked up at me. He knew what I meant.

"I get ya', kid," he says to me. "Tell 'em to go to hell. If Big Bill is sticking, I am too. He's worth about twenty of those mugs."

That made me feel pretty good, to know another guy liked Bill that much. Bill just made guys like him, though. He always said the right things at the right time and made men feel better after he talked to 'em. He was boss of the Receiving Dept. That's where I worked. Of course, that lets him get around a lot and a guy like him can make a lotta' friends.

I didn't say anything till we got through unloading and I was ready to move out.

"Do ya' know just what time those guys are gonna walk out tomorrow, Jack?" I asked him.

Jack looked up kinda' surprised-like. "Some time in the mornin', I think. That's what Mike says, anyway."

"He isn't going out, is he?"

"Yeh! He tried like hell to get me but I told him I wouldn't go out for all the damned grease monkeys in the world, and Big Bill had more on the ball than all of 'em put together. He was scared to call me a rat, but he don't speak to me no more."

"Well, Jack," I told him, "Keep looking at it the right way. If we're suckers, those mugs are damned fools. As long as Bill sticks, I stick too." I gave the empty truck the juice and moved out of the test house into the main aisle.

II

Big Bill was writing out receiving slips when I got up to the department. He looked plenty big, standing there in front of the desk. He used to play tackle on the Penn. football team, back about ten years ago, and he was pretty good too, from what I hear. Bill didn't tell me that. He didn't tell nobody nothin' about himself. One of the most modest guys I ever knew, that's what he was.

EDWARD MEGSON, *major in journalism, contributes this short story out of his experience. He has worked some time in Northern heavy industry factories.*

"Well, I got rid of all that bar stock, Bill." I moved up to his desk. "What's next on the program?"

"Take it easy, kid. Take it easy. Ya' don't hafta' work so hard. Wait'll they unload those crankcases."

I looked out on the platform. Two big lugs were piling up partly machined crankcases. Big Bill kept on writing.

"Don't be a sucker, kid. Take it easy, I tell ya'."

That got me.

"Sure, take it easy! Take it easy! How can a guy take it easy with those monkeys down on the gear job all hopped up and hounding ya' all the time? Tell me, how can a guy take it easy? They're calling me a sucker, too. And they don't like your guts a hellva' lot either, Bill."

"Take it. . . . Watch yourself, kid. Don't let those guys get ya' down. They're just gullible scum, that's all. They can't dope out anything for themselves."

I didn't say a word. Bill's eyes were shining plenty bright in his face. I guess, for the first time, I really checked over his face. It was greasy. The large pores seemed to be oozing oily sweat. Yeah, for the first time, I really checked over his face.

"Anderson said. . . ."

"Anderson's a dirty chiseler, kid. Don't let him fool ya'. He's getting his cut from being president of that goddam union. He's getting plenty, kid, and you can bet that."

III

I got to work at the usual time the next morning but I was plenty tired. I hadn't slept more than an hour all night, and then I'd dreamed about slapping belts, grinding wheels, and greasy faces. They nearly drove me nuts. Old John, the cop at the gate, yelled at me and waved as I went through.

"Nice day, sir."

"Yeh, John," I yelled at him. "It is now."

John was a dopey old guy with white hair. He'd been a coachman or something for one of the big shots in the company, and now he had this job. I guess the big shot didn't wanta' pension him off. Maybe, he just didn't wanta' give him somethin' for nothin'.

I moved steel around the first part of the mornin'. When I went down past the gear job, I felt kinda' funny with all those guys looking at me as if I was a rat. It gave me a sick sorta' feelin'; that is until I saw Bill. Then, I felt mad when I went down past those jackasses. I wanted to clean up the whole damned bunch of 'em.

Just as the buzzer snapped ten o'clock, I was riding up the main aisle. Guys began to stop their machines looking kinda scared-like. Then, they started untying their aprons. Most of 'em looked as though they were goin' to play hookey from school. Others of 'em looked straight ahead with jaws so tight that the muscles on their face showed. I guess they thought they looked like martyrs or somethin' like that. It made me wanta' laugh, but I couldn't 'cause I was feelin' kinda sick in my gut again. Some of 'em started up the main aisle without their dinner boxes as though they were just going out for a smoke and would be right back. One of the old boys told 'em to take their dinners.

It was funny watchin' 'em go down the aisle in the middle of the mornin'. They looked as though a cop was gonna pinch 'em any minute. I guess when a guy gets to quitting at a certain time every day for twenty years, he feels kinda' guilty if he quits any other time. That's the way they looked anyway.

I wheeled the truck down to the Receiving Department before the aisle was jammed with strikers. I wasn't scared of 'em, mind ya, just kinda' sick-like in my gut. You know what I mean. They didn't say a damned thing as I honked the horn and drove through 'em. They just looked as though I was the scum and they weren't.

I watched 'em from the office door of the Receiving Department, after I put the truck out on the platform. Big Bill was beside me.

"Damned lot of fools," he muttered to himself. "They're nuts. We can get along without 'em anyway. We've got enough men in here to run the machines."

I looked up at him.

"Yeh," I said.

Bill was right. About four hundred guys were sticking. We could see 'em down in the shop. Most of 'em knew Bill and the rest had their own reasons.

The mob was thinning out, now. I saw test-house Mike walking fast down the aisle with his head down, looking neither right nor left.

IV

We didn't do much the rest of the mornin'. The big shots came down and acted like fathers to us. They reminded me of guys who owe me money. They were so polite and nice. All the men were scattered out in the shop to make a skeleton crew.

It worked out pretty good too. The guys that'd stayed in looked funny. They looked almost as guilty as the fools that'd walked out, and they didn't talk much. I guess they were just thinking a helleva' lot about how to get through the picket line at quittin' time. I was thinkin' the same way too, brother.

Ya could see the strikers outside from the windows. They bunched around the gate a lot at first and it seemed like they didn't know what to do. Pretty soon they got a flag from somewhere and started to march behind that and two guys with a drum and horn. They looked funny as hell, marching behind the flag. It made me laugh, and I went to find Bill.

He wasn't around the office and Glosson said he went away somewhere in the place with Bronson. That stopped me. The less I saw of Bronson, the better I liked it. I looked around on the platform and piled up a few crankcases. Then the phone rang. I answered it and it was some gink from up front who wanted me to see if there were any more 1835 automatic mixture controls down in storage. I told him I'd check up on it.

"Where ya' goin'?" Somebody yelled, as I hopped on my truck. I turned around and saw it was Glosson.

"What the hell do you care?" I called back. "I'm goin' to China. Wanta' go with me?"

That guy got under my skin.

I put the truck wide open down the main aisle. I had always wanted to, but never had. The big shots might have caught me. Now, I didn't give a damn for the big shots. I knew they owed me a favor.

I had to hop off at the sliding doors and prop 'em open, before I could get through into the storage room. Everything was boxed up in piles and rows.

I looked down one or two alleys and parked the truck. "Christ," I said to myself, "there's a lotta' money wrapped up in this room."

Boxes were piled twelve feet high and airplane engines with canvas covers on 'em took up half the room. They were old models. Good for some South American big boy, if he was crazy enough to buy.

I climbed up on top of a pile of boxed mixture controls and just sat, looking over all that junk. There wasn't anyone back there and it made me feel good to be alone and so quiet. Ya' could still hear the belts and wheels, though they were faint. They sounded funny, being off so far in the distance like that.

I musta' nodded a bit, I guess; for a while, anyway. When I came to, I heard voices. They were right below me. Let me tell ya' brother, I was scared. I just lay flat and listened. I could hear Bill's voice. I put my face over the side of the box and was just gonna yell when I saw Bronson. He didn't see me, though. I lay flat and kept on listening.

"Well things look pretty good all around, Johnson." That was Bronson's voice. "You've done a good job, even though you have been rushed lately."

I wondered what they were talking about. Old Bronson never told nobody they did anything good. It had me guessin'.

"Thank you, J. B., but has it been worth my while?" Bill's voice sounded kinda' hoarse and strained-like.

"Yes, Johnson, you've helped the company out tremendously with your good work and diplomacy during the present crisis." I twisted my neck. "You'll be amply rewarded when everything is normal again. You may take my word for that. There's talk in the main office of a new assistant supervisor's job being added to the personnel. You know what that means."

I began to feel sick deep down in my gut like I had in the first part of the mornin' and I wanted to cry.

"Maybe I'm getting soft, J. B., but I feel funny about the way I played those men in the shop. Most of those machinists like me."

I grabbed a corner of the box.

"Nonsense, Johnson. Some men are born fools, others aren't. If you can work some of the suckers for fools, go ahead. Rook 'em for all they're worth. After all, you know, they're only dirty, stupid animals with greasy faces."

I wanted to scream. I wanted to scream louder than I ever have in my life. Then the men began to move away. I could tell because their voices started fading.

"That's right, sir. That's right." I heard Bill say. Then, I couldn't hear 'em anymore.

I don't know how long I lay up there on those boxes. Maybe an hour, maybe more. I just lay there thinking and getting things straightened out. Then I got down and walked up to the front office. I asked for my pay. They gave it to me and told me I was a damned fool to strike. That made me laugh in their faces, and I told 'em they were crazy, I was crazy, the whole world was crazy and I wasn't strikin', I was quittin'.

Charles E. Israel

"Heil Hitler"

"HEIL HITLER"

Oh, the Devil and his demons are a-shining up their drums
And they're heating Hades hotter for Herr Hitler when he comes,
And he'll get a rousing welcome when to earth he bids farewell
And they'll greet him with "Heil Hitler!" on the boulevards of Hell!

They have given Hell's best blacksmiths orders for brand new pitchforks
And they're working day and night shifts in Hell's ancient brimstone works,
And they're forging chains and fetters for Der Fuehrer's grand entree—
For King Satan has proclaimed it Hell's first legal holiday!

He will have a special escort of Hell's prominent young Jews
And the Devil's own shoemaker will adjust his red hot shoes,
And he'll wear a copper helmet heated to a cherry red
With a ring of flaming serpents on his pseudo-Arayan head!

Ay, there's eager preparation in that realm beyond the Styx
And a bedlam of excitement 'mongst the Jews and Czechs and Micks,
And there'll be a mighty shouting and a rolling of the drums—
For all Hell is waiting, waiting for Herr Hitler when he comes!

—Riley Scott.

Riley Scott, drunk, unkempt, and incoherent; Riley Scott, "the greatest poet in America"; Riley Scott, trite, indelicate, but fascinating. When, Riley, will you awaken? Or have you awakened, and are you raw modern American art? Is our Hemingway a surface dilettante, hating superficially, forming the facial expression of America; while you, dirty with the soil of which you are a part, unaffectedly form a backbone? Riley Scott, we do not admire you—you are repellant, disgusting, unoriginal. But, Riley Scott, we salute you. . . .

II

We sat in Harry's that night, Horace and I, conversationally at ease. He appeared before us—no, Riley Scott never appears—he drifted up to us, tall, gaunt, his shoe-box of poetry under his arm. He was drunk, and he was selling his poetry for a nickel to "regular fellows." Riley Scott's brown mackinaw hung down to his knees, shapeless, voluminous, several buttons missing. Under his mackinaw he wore a crusty red and black checked shirt, around his neck he carried a shabby black knitted tie. His poetry he allowed us to read freely; we were regular. His hate of Hitler was laggingly and incoherently evident in his words, as it was more clearly though tritely expressed in one of his poems.

"I was in Berlin, and do you know what I saw? I saw a bastard with a little black moustache. . . . There's a little city named New York. Do you know it? Have you ever seen it? Well, there's a little rabbi there named Wise. Well, I like him. He and I have something in common—he's got guts, Wise has. No, I'm not going back to Berlin. Hitler's there. I've been drunk in Tokyo and Berlin. . . ."

Riley Scott warmed up to us; Riley Scott sat down with us; Riley Scott was going to beat the hell out of us because we knew nothing of human nature. We were merely "little boats floating on the sea of life."

Riley Scott autographed his poem "Heil Hitler" in a drunken scrawl and opened his bottle of ale. He read us the scrawled inscription on the inside of the lid of his shoe-box, "The world is full of damned people who are too lazy to pull the strings. The Greeks had a name for it—they called it 'hoi-polloi.' "

He drank; he thought. His ruddy face worked beneath his torn golf cap as he thought. He stroked his chin.

"You see me scratch my chin. Do you know why I do that? Because a man's brains are in his chin. You show me any great philosopher, and I'll show you a man who strokes his chin. The brain has something. . . ."

We were a bit patronizing, I fear.

"Where are you from, Mr. Scott?"

"Lexington. Lexington, Kentucky, the Blue Grass country."

Charles E. Israel, *sophomore from Baltimore, Maryland is a member of the T. E. P. fraternity. Previous material submitted to the* Magazine *marks him as a devotee of the realistic school of writing.*

"Are you happy?"

He reflected. "I've met four kings and traveled all over the world. Why shouldn't I be happy?"

"Are you married?"

"Not yet."

Riley Scott sneezed. He sneezed again, then repeated the operation a third time. He made a haphazard pass at the side pocket of his weather-beaten mackinaw. He gave that up, wiped his nose with his thumb and forefinger. A few seconds later, he hauled a filthy towel from his pocket and blew his nose, God knows what for.

Somehow, we had had enough. American art has sprung from the Mississippi levees, from the Northern lumber camps, from New England's pigpens. And Riley Scott is a symbol. Riley Scott lives, but does he live?

We left Riley Scott. As I turned to go, I said impulsively, "Goodbye, Mr. Scott. I wish you all the luck in the world."

Haltingly, but firmly and prophetically, "I'll meet you someday on the boulevards of Hell."

I stood watching Riley Scott for a moment. Fight Hitler, Riley, fight him with the elements at your command, America's soil, America's filthy solidity, America's guts.

My Life Is Like a Garden

My life is like a garden filled
With Spring and lovely Daffodils
When dawn in silver silence shines
Above the eastern hills.

My life is like a deep blue pool
Whereon the mirrored clouds that flow
Across the stretch of moonlit sky
Slowly come and go.

My life is like a firelit room
Where some young mother lulls to rest
Her child whose tiny golden head
Is gently pressed against her breast.

This deep, deep peace is in my heart
Because each day with you I start
For by your side and through your eyes
I see each sunset and star-rise.

Oh, where you are is home to me
In life and all eternity.

—Jean Brabham.

E. E. Ericson

American In Spain

Thomas Joseph O'Flaherty (1914-1938) was the only soldier in the Loyalist army from the University at Chapel Hill. He was and remained till his death, a Catholic Irishman—born in County Kerry, Ireland. I have thought lately of how he might have become a priest rather than a soldier, but I know that if he had, like Chaucer's parson, he would still have been the friend of the masses.

I saw him first in Graham Memorial. It was the year the freshman boxing squad was known as Killer's Row (Novich, Diehl and Medynski were his teammates), so deadly were their shower of fists. He was surrounded by a group of admirers, but they were doing all the talking. Tom was no blowhard; he was not noted for what is known as Irish blarney. You had to know him well before he spoke much, and then his speech was like his boxing, a satirical jab that had a sting in it or, on more rare occasions, a torrential diatribe that overwhelmed his opposition, like his famous left hook that so often gave an opponent what the boys called the "tweet-tweet." But on most occasions he was not inclined to say much, preferring to listen and to observe.

I came to know O'Flaherty through another boxer in one of my classes, a boy who liked to describe his own mental status as "being aware of things" and that of Tom's as "coming." He liked Tom as a person and day by day built up an epic picture of the young fellow he wanted me to meet. Then one day I ran into him in Ab's book-shop—Ab, the Friar Bacon of Chapel Hill, alike misunderstood and feared, but whose bookshop, and the browsing done there, is an invaluable, though bar sinister, adjunct to our University. At this time Tom had been declared ineligible for boxing and, as is well known, alumni interest in "giving young men an education" rarely extends to inactive athletes. In Tom's case it was Fra Ab that extended his home and afterwards a job in his branch shop in Greensboro.

II

Tom became a teacher. Out in Carrboro the boys who read the *Daily Tar Heel* and saw the boxing matches were impressed by him. "Unleashing a perfect two-fisted attack, O'Flaherty took little more than a minute to flatten Brandon, the V. P. I. entry. Tom was not even breathing hard at the finish." This was illustrative of what the Carrboro boys read about him. Imagine their joy when he offered to come out and teach them boxing. And then, with certain others in his group, they began to have bull sessions during the rest periods and after boxing was over.

Some half-dozen boys began to think. They could not answer Tom's socratic questions, Why are Orange county farmers poor? Why two closed mills in the town and people without adequate clothing? Tom gave them things to read. An emancipated young preacher helped. To this day the leaven is working in this odd little neighbour town. The boys have never forgotten Tom, and their keen interest in social problems is an enduring monument to him.

In 1937 Tom left Chapel Hill and spent his time in various cities studying the labor movement and taking part in it, always, as was his habit, working unobstrusively, content to pass the glory if the work got done. The C. I. O. picked him as a good man for the National Maritime Union—seamen despise sissies—and his last job in America, before leaving for Spain, was with that organization.

The Abraham Lincoln, or the Fifth International Brigade, as it was formally called, left New York in January, 1938. Congressman Dies resented the use of Abraham Lincoln as a designation, but that was because Dies had forgotten the Gettysburg address with its "government of the people, for the people, and by the people." Tom was in the scrap from the beginning. During the summer his name was mentioned as one of those fighting along the Ebro River. When his outfit was bested by superior numbers, he was one of the half-dozen who got back by swimming the river under fire. It was at about that time that he wrote a friend of mine, telling him of how he and a pal had discussed interpretative dancing and the new theatre, punctuating their remarks with firing at the enemy.

E. E. Ericson, *popular professor of English, makes it his business to be interested in students outside the classroom as well as inside. It can be said that he has awakened intellectual interests in many students who have remained undented by the University academic world.*

III

I have collected a few of the letters he wrote back to his friends in Chapel Hill: a brief one in March, 1938: "I have no time for long letters describing this and that. You can find all the news in the papers. My job is to fight."

Later in June he wrote: "Lots has happened since I saw you. . . . I am a veteran now of some of the biggest attacks ever pulled on this earth. . . . As to experiences: well, you know most of the guys from the great war never talked about theirs and most of us never will; we only discuss them among ourselves and then we leave out a lot. Every day is full of experiences. Maybe someday I may bull about mine—maybe.

"I am a battalion scout and in case you don't know what that is, here goes: we precede the battalion to learn the position of the enemy, do maps of the terrain, and then take the battalion into position. We are known as the Suicide Squad."

Later he wrote, more intimately, "This letter is going to be very brief, as I am very tired, and have some blisters on my *pieds* (*feet* to you). My buddy's now frying some scraps of bread in olive oil outside our dugout. Soon we will be joined by a few others, who will bull all night about everything under the sun. I'm telling you—I wouldn't exchange this life for anything. . . . Thanks for the cigarettes. I don't need anything except you might slip me a five-cent bar of chocolate sometime."

He writes in August after a tough engagement: "No doubt you've read about our great victory in crossing the river and plowing deep through fascist territory. It was quite a job and executed beautifully—we experienced little difficulty. I say little, now, because I am becoming an old-timer; possibly if it was my first time I would have reason to think it was tough. . . . Our battalion did a swell job—you know the Americans! What the hell do we wait for; let's go on and take the damned thing! . . . We are now in reserve position, and don't know what's what. It looks as if diplomacy abroad suffered a blow. We read the foreign news as anxiously and eagerly as the war news. All day I have been watching dog-fights in the air; so far I have seen three planes come down in flames. All the occupants were of German nationality."

Occasionally he thought of home and his letters struck a nostalgic note: "The last time I saw your face was November 14, 1936, right at the N. C.-Duke game, almost two years ago."

He would even kid me about professors: ". . . a few professors wormed their way into the Lincoln battalion and, by god, turned out to be good soldiers, although they were a decided pain in the beginning; they just couldn't see a lot of things. I remember in training, when I was editor of our company *Wall Paper*, two of them offered their services, but their ideas and mine just didn't click. They wanted articles, literary, 'well-written,' according to those silly rules we all learn in school. . . . I suppose you are still teaching English to those bright young Southerners; it must be a boresome job."

In his last letter he wrote some impressive things: "The war is quite different from what I have seen in the Hollywood movies; it takes a guy a few days to get used to things. The worst from the point of breaking a guy's morale is the aviation. Before they drop their load, they circle overhead for quite a while, and everyone goes nuts from the suspense. Then, when the - - - - flies, it is hell. Plenty die from concussion. The only sensible thing to do is to lie flat on the ground, with the mouth open and the body relaxed; it helps if it isn't a direct hit. Their artillery is wicked; all Nazis run it and they can lay down a barrage a hundred square feet at a time in less than ten seconds—four guns barking; always shooting in squares."

He tells of Swedes and Finns in the outfit, of how the latter handle all the heavy machine-guns, of how nine Finns held off forty tanks one day. We know now the sacrifice these Finns made. When the Brigade disbanded, four hundred came back of the five thousand who had joined. Of the four thousand seven hundred in Tom's outfit, only seven hundred returned. Units surrendered that had only one gun for twelve men; others had guns but no ammunition. Such were the contributions to Democracy that its boasted champions made! The Fascists—Italians and Germans—supplied their side with guns and men; the Democracies withheld their support and thus helped to destroy the gallant republic.

"May see you when the war is over," were the words which ended his last letter, "unless my name is on some bullet. *Salud.*" His name was on a bullet. The lines in the hometown paper tell the story: "Official notification of the death of Thomas Joseph O'Flaherty while fighting for the Loyalist forces at the defence of Madrid, September 12, 1938, reached here today. Survivors of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade reported that he died in action."

He died at Sierra Caballa when struck by a raking machine-gun fire. The incident occurred within four days of the withdrawal of the Brigade from that sector. Eye-witnesses reported that O'Flaherty volunteered, in his capacity as scout, to stage a foray on a machine-gun nest which was harrassing the line. He blew up the nest, but lost his life in the effort.

IV

He came into the world during the Big War, one that was to save the world for democracy, and one that it was hoped would be the war to end all wars. He died in a war, the war of the Spanish Republic, in which democracy was basely sold out by its erstwhile saviours, sold out to the barbaric forces that seem destined to turn the world into another holocaust, one that will make the World War a skirmish by comparison. If democracy is to be saved there must be more Tom O'Flaherty's, more young men who believe that what civilization has achieved through the centuries is worth fighting for, worth dying for. He would give me the horse-laugh if I began to sentimentalize about him, but he would want me to say that much.

For the People of Spain

When I saw you, vigilant, rise in city and village,
workers and peasants leaving the machines and
fields,
standing in lines waiting to be armed against oppression:
when I saw the Great Idea on the march again,
the dear love of comrades uniting you
in willing and determined battle to the death:
I saw the growth of centuries advancing to fruition
in the struggle for dignity and justice.
I also heard the chorus of your heroes
and from my heart I sent back the challenge:

Courage, comrades in far lands!
you in whom the faith in man still lives,
who late have fallen in the lines:
though the foreigner holds your land in shallow
triumph,
the freedom of your spirit is not broken
and your ordeal will not be forgotten.

For you have struck a chord whose overtones
crash through the brittle lies and false apologies
and sound the keynote for another movement.
Your message is for us, and we are waiting
here where the guns are silent for the hour.

—Almon Barbour.

Hugh Foss

The Bum's Rush

The trees weren't out but the Spring was there. The air had a rich warmth to it which was new. As he walked across the campus he forgot where he was going for a while and watched the squirrels instead. But that sickness in his chest was still there and he remembered again. He put his hands in his pockets and kicked a stone into the gutter savagely. He took out a cigarette and lit it and threw the match away, cursing with all the bitterness in him welling up into the dirty words in his mind. He wanted to hurt something, kill something small and weak with his hands—slowly. He felt sorry for himself and knew it and hated himself for it more than he had ever hated anything in his life He thought about his father and got scared so that the blood pounded and pounded in his throat.

When he got to Student's Hall he walked up the stairs automatically without thinking about anything in particular and sat down in the big room beside a Jew who was talking in an earnest whisper to a friend. The room smelt of stale smoke and the dust swirled lazily in the light cutting through the windows. There were about twenty boys in the room sitting on the hard chairs against the plain, white wall. Almost all of them were smoking. A fat boy over in the corner was reading a magazine. One of the Jews was talking now and the new arrival caught snatches of the conversation.

"Damn it, damn it, I admit nothing. How the hell they can *prove* anything beats me. Listen now, if we can prove. . . ." The voices droned on. The fat boy over in the corner put down the magazine and lit a cigarette without looking at anybody. He got up and went over to the window, pulling it up as far as it would go. It was very hot. A wasp hit the ceiling suddenly and droppped stunned to the floor. The fat boy rolled up the magazine and hit it so hard that it went flat. He hit it again as hard as he could and then ground it under his foot slowly and intensely. He went back to his chair and went on reading the magazine. Looking at him, the boy who had just come in began to think again. "I can say I didn't do it. I can deny everything like this guy here. I can swear I didn't do it before the Almighty God and say that anybody who accused me is just a dirty liar. I can say that I didn't need to cheat anyway and that because my paper looks like the next guy's doesn't prove a thing. Maybe he cribbed off me. Maybe the son-of-a-bitch who reported me just doesn't like me. How the hell a bunch of school-boys—a bunch of pat-on-the-backers who got into their high chairs through politics—can tell me to get out of town in forty-eight hours beats me. Sit there and say it to me. Sit there and look owlish at me and nod your heads and compare your notes and decide that for the great name of our Alma Mater, that for the sake of Rightness and Justice and Good Moral Living I must get out and go home and meet the old man at the door and say, 'Hello, Dad, I got kicked out of school for cheating.' Meet the original heel, folks. Meet the guy who got kicked the hell out of school. How about a job, Sir? Well I got kicked out of college for cheating but don't let that prejudice you, I'm really a good guy at heart. Just got off the straight and narrow for a little while, you know. Compare notes and compile the facts and figures—they look good on paper you know—and then get the headlines in the papers and write the article about the big cheating ring and the drastic steps that must be taken in such cases. I can say I did it. I can admit that I looked at the next guy's paper and put it all down and handed in the thing and got a B on the exam. I can say, 'Well there you have it and I admit it but I won't do it again.' So I get bounced anyway since two and two still add up to a big round four." He lit another cigarette and wondered how long it would be before the councilman came in and said 'You're next.' The door would open as it had done before and the stern blond in the blue pants would walk over to him and say 'You're next' in just the same voice and then turn and walk out and lead the way. The other door would open and he would go in and there they would be and. . . .

Hugh Foss *writes of a problem which is forever of interest to the college student. The Honor system is used in many schools and universities throughout the country but will continue to present a problem as long as an Honor Code remains a vague and unformed theory instead of a practical reality.*

But he was going around in circles. It wasn't any use thinking so much about it and it wasn't any use worrying about it. His father standing at the station to meet him.

A boy came back and said he had been kicked out for a semester. He picked up his hat and put it on the back of his head and walked out. By the end of an hour four boys had come back and said that they had been kicked out. Some had been expelled for a year, some indefinitely. Every time one of them came in again the waiting crowd would look up and listen to what he had to say and then start talking and cursing. There was a tension in the air. Everybody was scared. A tall boy across the room was boasting in a loud voice about how many times he had cheated at school, how he didn't give a damn, how getting bounced didn't mean anything to him anyway. Everybody hated him. The fat boy put down the magazine again and went over to the window. He sat on the window sill, looking out at the campus for a long time. The Jews had stopped talking. The time went slowly. A clock on the wall ground out the minutes and the quarter hours, the half hours, the hours. After four hours a councilman came in and said to come back the next night at seven o'clock. They all got up and walked out without saying very much.

II

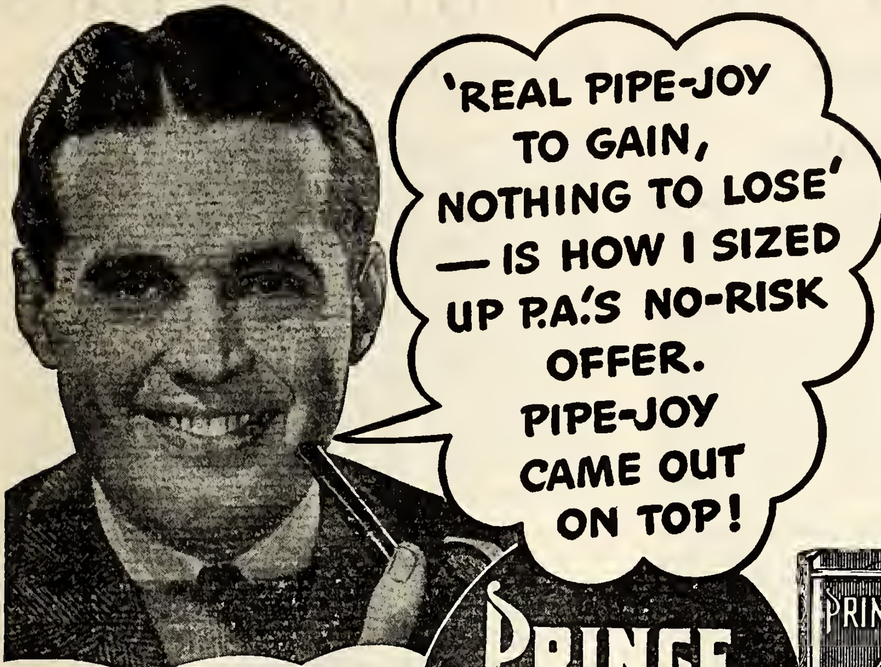
Walking back across the campus the boy didn't think about it because he was too tired. He laughed, caught himself starting to sob and stopped. He went down town and got a cup of coffee and went home. The next day he went to his classes and wondered why he didn't stay in bed instead. One of his classes he liked and wished vaguely that he didn't have to leave it. The other courses he didn't care much about. The day dragged along with a brittle heat in the air and the trees, still bare, standing hard and black against the red brick of the buildings. In the afternoon he went to a movie which wasn't very good and drank some beer with some friends who were pretty drunk and sympathetic. They all said they knew what they would do. Go right up and tell the bastards where to get off and let them do their damnedest. He got sick of listening to them and got out and went home. He wanted to write his father but didn't know what to say. There was that chance that he wouldn't go, that in some way he would be the exception and wouldn't have to go. He would wait and write his father later.

At seven o'clock he walked up the stairs again to the big room and sat down in the same seat. He had a magazine with him. There were four boys sitting on the floor playing twenty-one. They talked a great deal and pushed each other and slapped the cards around. One of them accused another of cheating and they all laughed. The fat boy was there again reading in the corner. He hadn't shaved and his face looked dirty and flabby in the glare of the lights. The Jew in the next seat got out a half-dollar and started to flip it, catching it and slapping it over onto the back of his hand. "Heads I stay in. Tails I go out." He flipped the coin. "I'm in." He flipped it again. "I'm in twice." Someone said "Shut up for Christ's sake," and he stopped. Everyone looked untidy and scared. The blond councilman came in and called the fat boy. He put down the magazine on the chair, picked up his coat and went out looking so white that the boy, watching him from across the room, thought he was going to faint. He wondered where the boy lived and what his father would think. He remembered seeing him in class. He had been one of the brightest boys, always had his homework in on time and read everything the professor assigned.

III

An hour later the Committeeman came in and said, "You're next" and the boy got up feeling sick and went out without looking at anybody. When he got into the room across the hall they asked him to sit down in a chair out in the middle of the room. He couldn't tell how many men there were in the room because he didn't want to look around. He looked at a spot of clotted varnish on the floor intently as though it were a living thing.

They were kind enough. He told the truth and when they asked his opinion of the situation he told them that too. They wanted to know who was sitting in front of him, who he had seen cheating, what other courses he had cheated on. He said he didn't know who had sat near him, he said he hadn't seen anyone else cheating, he said he hadn't cheated on any other courses. A fly settled down near the clot of varnish and he began to make bets with himself as to whether it would crawl onto the clot or not. It started to clean its wings with its hind feet. He tapped on the floor with his foot and it flew away. When they finished asking him questions they asked him to step out into the hall for a minute. They were all very polite and the blond boy got up and held the door open for him. He walked up the hall a little way and got a drink of water and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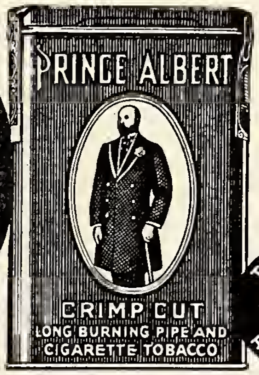

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SO MILD SO TASTY

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

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came back and leaned against the wall. He took out a knife and pared his nails carefully. He looked at his watch and put it back in his pocket, forgetting what time it was as soon as he had looked at it. He began to figure up how many hours he had before he left town. The green-curtained aisle and the fat passengers sweating in the men's room. Washington, Baltimore, New York. Taxis, suitcases, porters, dirty water and soot. He thought of New York at night. He thought of everything in darkness and dirt and his father in the door.

When they called him back into the room he was shaking so much that he felt a coward and hated them for noticing it. He was scared and his knees were so weak that he sat down before being asked. They told him that they had decided on his penalty and that he must realize that they had no other choice under the circumstances. He said he guessed they didn't. The President got out a sheet of paper and read the Honor Code. The boy looked at the spot of varnish and didn't listen. It took about two minutes to finish and the boy was on the train the whole time going home. They asked him if he had signed the Honor Code when he had first come down to college. He said "Yes." They asked him if he had anything more to say. He said he guessed he didn't. Little smears of sweat made his collar damp so he took out his handkerchief and dabbed at it automatically without looking up. He wondered if it was the same fly that he had seen before that was crawling up his shoe. Ten to one it wasn't. They told him that he must realize that the penalty could of course have been much harder but that he had told the truth and had redeemed himself to a certain extent. He said that that was fine. He was told that he was expelled for a year, that the credit for the previous half-year was taken away, that his father would be notified in the morning, that he had forty-eight hours to get out of town.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

Intellectual Idealism

Paradise Planters: the Story of Brook Farm. Katherine Burton. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. $2.50. 336 pp.

The Yankee transcendentalists who established Brook Farm in the eighteen-forties were united "in one thing only—an ideal." That ideal was to live as humane, simple, fruitful and independent a group life as possible in their chosen rural setting. *Paradise Planters* is the earthy story of their efforts along that line, and of how their enthusiasm finally flickered to its conclusion in an unfavorable atmosphere, the contamination of which was due partly to the new fad of Fourierism that swept the innocent dreamers off their feet.

The writing of this book proves that thorough and accurate research need not always culminate in a dry, mechanical summary. It proves also that such work can be imaginative without distorting the historical essence of the material. Miss Burton has played up imagination not so much in her own narrative treatment as in the characters themselves whom she treats—Emerson, Hawthorne, the Ripleys, and Margaret Fuller, to mention a few. To re-create a social movement in these vital terms requires something more than an undisciplined fancy.

On the other hand, her style is a little on the prosaic side and she repeats herself once or twice. In spite of her deftness at arranging chronology and transitions so as to make her story read like the novel that it really should be, we feel that it is overcrowded with characters. This detriment has resulted from her eagerness to make them all live and move, and from the fact that for accuracy's sake she has employed one main method of depiction throughout—dialog. Most of her quotations are drawn from the source documents she studied. However, she is far from obscuring the humanness of these people and their aspirations.

Of course many of the Brook Farmers' principles are now out of date, but here and there the present-day liberal or radical will run across some wisdom of which he may well take account. Brook Farm reminds us in several ways of Black Mountain College. Its chronicle makes interesting and remunerative reading.

—William Michaux.

Aryan Defeat

Address Unknown. Kressman Taylor. New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.00.

This little book—it's less than fifty pages—was originally a magazine short story, but it aroused such wide-spread comment that the Reader's Digest condensed it in one of their issues and Simon and Schuster decided that it was worthy of being published by itself.

"Address Unknown" is a series of letters and telegrams between Max Eisenstein, a Jewish art dealer, and Martin Schulse, his former partner who has returned to his native Germany with his wife and children. It is the year 1933 when Hitler has just come into power. At first the two men just mention him casually in their correspondence, but soon Martin becomes an ardent Nazi, writes his former friend that the Jews are a sore spot on any nation and tells him that their exchange of letters must cease. Max is worried about his sister, Griselle, an actress who is appearing in a play in Berlin and from whom he has not heard for months. Martin finally writes him that the storm troopers have killed her after Martin, afraid of the disgrace, refused to shelter her. Max's revenge is both diabolically clever and horrible in its effectiveness.

For its picture of the birth of a Nazi, for its narrative interest, and especially for its dramatic impact and powerful use of understatement at the end, "Address Unknown" should be read by everyone. The tremendous impression it leaves is way out of proportion to its length.

—Sanford Stein.

More Than a Mystery

Rebecca. Daphne du Maurier. London, Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 1938. 446 pp. $2.50.

Sometimes there appears a novel that you can't put down. *Rebecca* is such a one. Beautifully told, expertly careful in its analysis of a young girl's mind and fascinating in its suspense, this book is the perfect companion for the wee small hours when worry or insomnia have you in their grip.

The descriptive passages in the book are searching and exacting and yet never too technical, too inclusive. Old and beautiful Manderlay, ancestral seat of the de Winters, is no mere abode of stone and tile but a strange and enchanted place filled with memories and the ghosts of former days. In each high-vaulted hall and dark-panelled chamber the form of a long-dead woman, Rebecca, Maxim de Winter's beautiful and charming first wife, moves like a dark shadow behind the faltering footsteps of the young girl who Maxim has chosen to take her place. Rebecca is dead yet this ghost is far more real than flesh and blood could be, more terrible and deadly to the young wife who has presumed to take the place of the lovely hostess of Manderlay. Frank Crawley, the kind and understanding manager of the estate, tries to make the girl forget the past and live her own life, ignoring the phantom forms about her, but in vain for, as she says, Frank 'did not have to sit in the morning room as I did, every day, and touch the pen she had held between her fingers. He did not have to look at the candlesticks on the mantlepiece, the clock, the vase in which the flowers stood, the pictures on the walls and remember, every day, that they belonged to her, she had chosen them, they were not mine at all.'

Rebecca is a glorified mystery story. The weird Mrs. Danvers, housekeeper to the de Winters, stalks through the pages of the book in the traditional style of the horror writers. Manderlay, with all its loveliness, is a gloomy place at best and the reader must feel that the cold grey stones hide many a secret passageway in their silent depths. The plot is startling and original which is a change from the stock mystery story and the finesse with which Miss du Maurier analyses her characters is infinitely far above the pulp.

—Hugh Foss.

Optimistic Journalism

Days of Our Years. By Pierre van Paassen. 520 pp. New York; Hillman-Curl. $3.50.

Out of the topsy-turvy newspaper world of today has emerged another autobiography of another newspaper man. However, in many sharp ways this book differs from the ordinary run of newspapermen's memoirs. Its author, former roving correspondent for the New York World, has created a record of intense action and uncompromising thought. His pages are vitalized with movement and fire, yet, have a deeper, more thoughtful expression in them. Two things set this book apart from the general run of autobiographical books. First, and most noticeable, is the superb writing which moves from first to last page. Second, and decidedly more important, is a quality which can only be described as spirituality. In other words, the author shows us the part religion has played in his philosophy of life. He sees behind the sordidness and cheapness of man to the potential dignity of life.

Mr. van Paassen was born and raised in the Calvinistic atmosphere of a small Dutch town. This Calvinistic doctrine had a great influence on the future correspondent. However, he was touched by the wings of liberalism and soon ripened into a skeptical—but not cynical—modernist. His liberalism is not narrow and partisan. From Holland, Paassen moved, with his family, to Canada, where he was attracted to the ministry. His ambitions in the field of religion were soon cut short however by the World War. He enlisted and served with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France. After the Armistice he drifted into Canadian, and then, American journalism.

The most striking feature about van Passen's book is his earnest effort to portray the truth. Because of this truth which he strives to present to the public, van Paassen has been severely reprimanded and barred from most of the major powers in Europe. In Palestine, Mr. von Paassen presented to the world the utter selfishness and inhumanity of the British policy toward the Jew. In Ethiopia, the correspondent condemned Italian methods of penetration as barbarous and cruel. He even went so far as to ridicule the Italian army. In Spain, the author protested vigorously against the Fascist invasion, and defended in warm terms the democratic government of Spain. Throughout his book, he presents the facts as he has seen them, and does not pretend to cater to the wills of men or governments. Mr. von Paassen is a believer of the truth.

The reader of this book who reads expecting to find the sensational, eye-catching style and substance of the ordinary newspaperman's autobiography will be pleasantly disappointed. The moving, sober, optimistic dignity of the book is the secret of its charm and popularity.

—Edward H. Megson.

Three Musketeers

Lee, Grant and Sherman. Colonel Alfred H. Burne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 216 pp. $3.00.

To the average Southerner, the war was a romantic period of swords and roses, a glorious conflict in which the South was "Defeated Sir, but never beaten!" The average Northerner is not so much concerned about it, but when he is, he immediately adopts a complacent "we won" sort of attitude. Inhabitants of both regions will have their ideals shaken by this British Army officer's account of the War Between the States in relation to the three chief protagonists.

Sherman perhaps suffers most from this precise and unbiased tactical consideration of fact. His chief claim to immortality, the march through Georgia, is not justified by its direct or indirect results. And the fundamental traits of the great commander that he possessed were neutralized by his pursuit of a geographical rather than a military objective, and his failure to crush any of the armies he was sent against. The author's chief criticism of Grant is that he failed to take advantage of the situations his skill created. But this was more than offset by his broadness of concept and singleness of aim, and we gain the impression that Grant deserves to be ranked with the great leaders of all times. Lee is the most distinguished leader of the trio in Burne's opinion. Although he was too complaisant in dealing with subordinates and was concerned with the defense of his native state rather than the Confederacy, his superiority as a strategist and the innate qualities of leadership bound up in his personality make him the outstanding general of the war.

No minor quality of *Lee, Grant and Sherman* is its pleasant readability. One would expect a book by a military expert on so technical a subject to be dry and uninteresting. On the contrary, Colonel Burne's style is terse and clear, his narrative interesting and easy to follow. Almost no technical terms are used, and the anecdotal descriptions so common to books on the Civil War are missing. The book is for the average reader with an interest in the war, as well as for the student of military tactics. It is the best one volume study of the three men and their records on the market today.

—Allen Green.

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•

The
Carolina Magazine

To Alice

> "And from her fair
> And unpolluted flesh
> May violets spring!"
> —Shakespeare.

Alice sleeps so sweetly there
Beneath the depths of starlit sky.
The little roots now hold her close;
The little winds for her now sigh.

Above her sounds the measured beat
Of foot-steps trudging to and fro.
Her feet have left off walking
Oh, these many months ago.

The softly slippered small brown leaves
Now scurry lightly o'er her mound
They cannot wake her for she lies
In sleep so very sound.

When Spring comes round again and brings
Rebirth to life beneath the snow,
May from her pure and guileless heart
A mass of violets grow. —Jean Brabham.

My America

Ride with me swiftly through swamp and through marshland
Sodden with rainfall and soggy with rot
Scrawny raped forests, assaulted by raiders,
Burnt-out and wasted, deserted, forgot.
Mile after mile of a bleak arid landside
Barren, infertile, and sterile to growth,
Spindle-shanked cotton and thin-tasseled cornstalks
Desert of waste that astonishes us both.

Fallen tobacco barns, time-broken fences,
Window-panes eyeless or papered for cold,
Rust-covered harvesters, harrows, no drivers,
Haunted by ghosts of an era of mold;
Haunted by failures of all our fathers
Haunted by dreams of a glory we missed,
Tenanted only by servers and starvers,
Relics of legends that didn't exist.

Hollow-eyed children at play in the dooryard
Crones in the kitchens and sweeping the stairs
Bowed with the burden of bending and bearing;
Faces of farmers deep-creased with their cares
Faces of care—but seeds of the future;
These could create any world that they willed—
We can create—but first must imagine
What new society we want to build—
There each will stand in his ancient dignity
Man to man, equal and free, without shame
There none will live on the toil of another
Each will work proudly and each share the same;
There young and old, black and white, man and woman,
Shall banish forever their hatred and fears,
Agony born out of conflict and poverty
Shall vanish; the spirit can ripen those years.

—Lee Manning Wiggins.

Suggested Readings

The following are some of the best books on the subject of courtship, marriage and sex. Most of these books can not be obtained in the library, but they and many others are available, to those who take his course in Marriage, in Dr. Groves' own personal library.

Folsom, *Plan for Marriage;* Exner, *The Sexual Side of Marriage;* Meagher, *Study of Masturbation;* Tietz, *Art and Science of Marriage;* Vande Velde, *Ideal Marriage;* Dickenson, *A Thousand Marriages.*

At the Bull's Head Bookshop can be obtained an excellent short, specific book for those about to be married, Stone and Stone, *Marriage Manual.*

In the library may be found the following books on the subject:

Knight Dunlap, *Personal Beauty and Racial Betterment;* Sherwood Eddy, *Sex and Youth;* Bromley and Britten, *Youth and Sex;* Max Exner, *Rational Sex Life for Men; Sex in Marriage* and *Marriage* by Ernest R. Groves. Hornell Hart, *Personality and the Family;* Harriet Mowrer, *Personality Adjustment and Domestic Discord;* Warren, *On Your Guard.*

These are only a few picked out of the card catalogue. The student may make his own choices by looking under "Sex," "Marriage," and the "Family" in the main library.

Another excellent book on the subject of marriage today is Dr. Janet Fowler Nelson's *Marriages Are Not Made in Heaven.*

Books on Marriage and Courtship Are Available at

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THE BLEND THAT CAN'T BE COPIED

THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS

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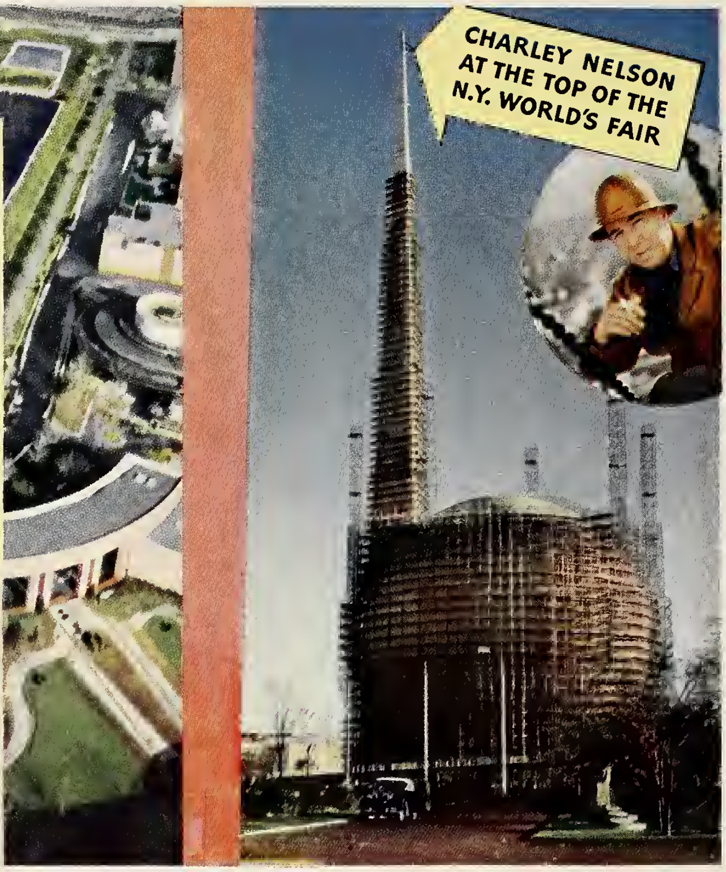
The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

April, 1939

"Clinging to a tiny platform 600 feet in the air puts a big strain on my nerves," says Charles A. Nelson, steel inspector of the New York World's Fair. His rule to ease nerve tension: "Pause now and then—

LET UP—
LIGHT UP A
CAMEL"



LIKE SO MANY OTHERS at the New York World's Fair, Charley Nelson makes it a rule to break the nervous tension of crowded days by pausing every now and then to let up—light up a Camel. Observe, on your visit to New York's greatest exposition, how smoothly everything goes. Also note how many people you see smoking Camels. There are dozens of sights at the New York World's Fair—but don't spoil the fun by letting your nerves get fagged. Pause now and then—let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette for mildness, rich taste—and *comfort!*

THE GREAT "SPIKE AND BALL" (*above right*) is the theme center of the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and the Perisphere—7000 pieces of steel joined by a quarter of a million rivets. It's the trying job of Inspector Nelson to check these two huge shells at every vital point. He says: "I've got to know every inch of that steelwork. It's a nerve-straining job, hanging onto girders hundreds of feet up, but I can't afford to get jittery. I *have* to sidestep nerve tension. It's my rule to ease off occasionally—to let up—light up a Camel." (Notes on the two structures above: The great ball will appear to be supported by fountains concealing the concrete foundation pillars. At night, the ball will seem to rotate—an illusion to be created by lighting effects. The towering Trylon will be the Fair's broadcasting tower.)

300 FENCING MATCHES and exhibitions are credited to Rosemary Carver, expert with the flashing foil. "Fencing drains the nerves," she says. "But I can't take chances on being tense, jittery in the midst of a fast parry or lunge. Through the day I rest my nerves—I let up—light up a Camel. I find Camels soothing, comforting. And Camels *taste* so good!"

EDDIE CANTOR—Listen in to America's great comic personality in a riot of fun, music, and song. On the air each Monday evening over the Columbia Network. 7:30 p m E. S. T., 9:30 p m C. S. T., 8:30 p m M. S. T., 7:30 p m P. S. T.

BENNY GOODMAN—Hear the one and only King of Swing, and the world's greatest swing band "go to town" in a big way—each Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. 9:30 p m E. S. T., 8:30 p m C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T.

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Experimental

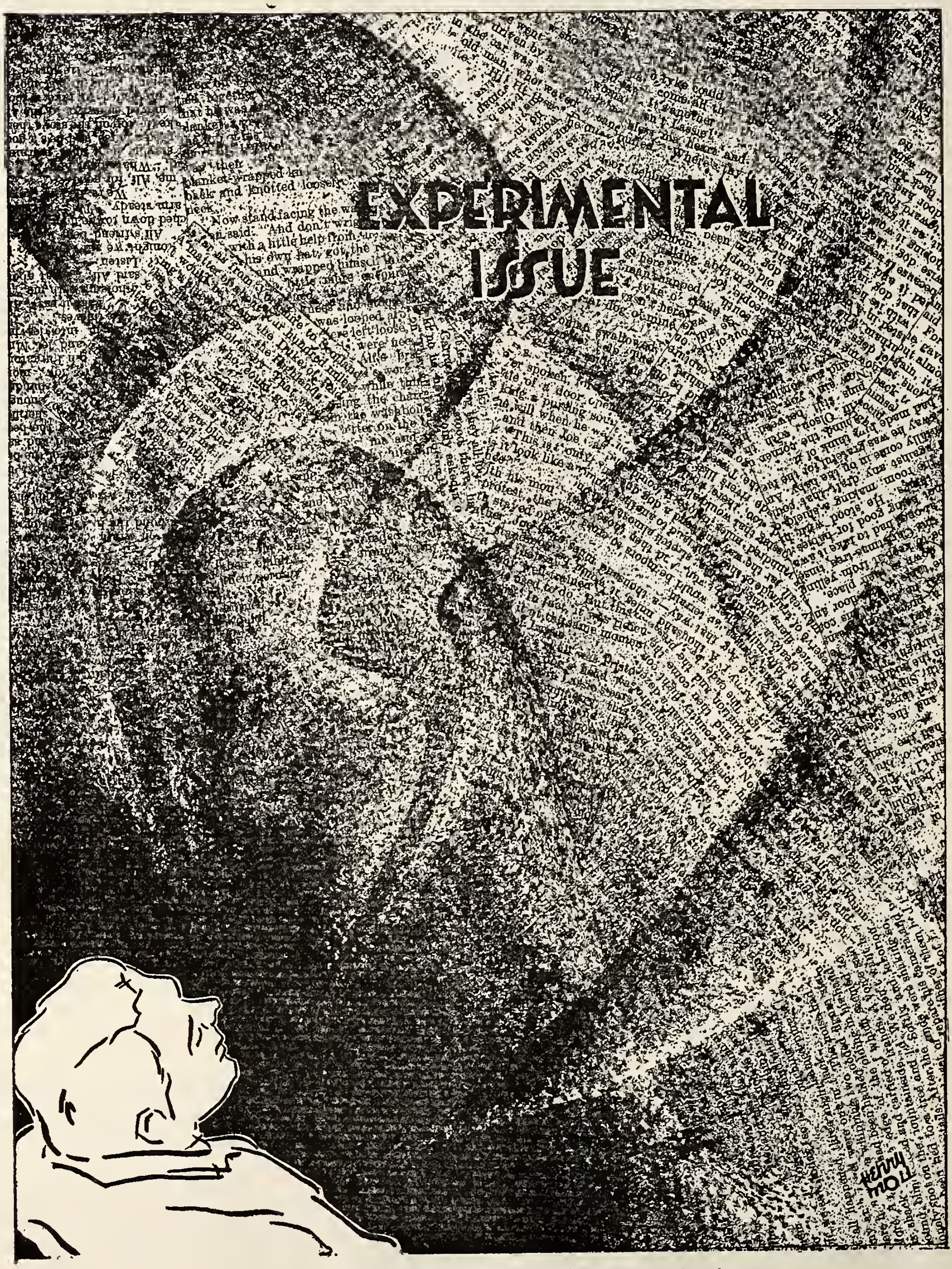
There is a certain group of writers who are not content to use established literary forms. They are constantly experimenting with words, striving to evolve new techniques that will convey more forcibly and effectively the particular idea or impression they seek to express. Such literary radicals as Auden in poetry, Odets in drama, and Saroyan in fiction are representative of this group. The recent acclamation which Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" received on this campus and throughout the nation illustrates how successful they sometimes are. More often they are guilty of subordinating content to bizarre forms, or of degenerating into obscurity for the sake of appearing to be intellectual.

Undoubtedly experimentalists are necessary. Literature must be dynamic, ever changing to fit a changing world. If only one out of every twenty experimental writers is successful, progress has been made. Our difficulty lies in the fact that the present literary standards of criticism will not serve as means of appraising their work. New critical standards must be set. Until then, each piece of experimental writing must be judged on its own merits.

●

John Creedy

"No matter what you say about John Creedy, he certainly brought the Magazine out of the dormitory stores," commented one of our fellow students when he learned of John's resignation. We would like to add that not only did he make the Magazine more popular on the campus, but he gained state and national recognition for it also. The present editors will be well content if only we can achieve a portion of his success, namely, keeping the Magazine out of the dormitory stores.



. . . and seek the meaning of words spoken in sleep as well as the day-glare of the street.

Noel Houston

No Rehearsal, One Performance

This treatment represents the mental notes of a writer as he draws up from the past material for a creative piece. Although the treatment has a form of its own, the mental notes, as such, are far from being ready for presentation to the reader. I found this treatment, though pleasant as an experiment, as difficult to write as others may find it to comprehend in one reading.

I

Round moon: 10 p.m. Road to Penitentiary. Elm spreading over shanty. Black shanty, black umbrella. Two window shades yellow; silhouettes to and fro. A distance behind, a carnival full blast. Ump-peep-peep; ump-peep-peep. Strings of Delco stars. Merry-go-round, horizontal circle of Delco stars. Ferris wheel, vertical circle of Delco stars. Worm gear. Use coincidence, good contrast: shanty, pathos; carnival background, gayety.

VOICE. Wait.

TAXI. Okay.

Knock. Opens yellow. Enter.

VOICE. Sorry . . . sympathy . . . express my . . . anything I . . . know how it is . . . the innocent always . . . the most.

TALL FATHER. [*Gray rumpled.*] Sit.

Sit on floor against wall. Brown boards uneven. Brown wall-paper. Gouged plaster. This room: no rug, two quilt pallets, armless doll, red tin soldier on blue tin wheels, newspapers, five beer bottles, two knocked over. On chest of drawers, a lamp.

Center of room, round table. Horizontal circle. On it, alarm clock. Verticle circle. Out back window beyond alarm clock, ferris wheel. Fast big circle framing slow little circle. Symbol. To music: ump-peep-peep; ump-peep-peep.

Squashed in small rocker, fat, squashy: the mother. On her fat lap, fat baby sucking bottle, grimy fingers. Fat grandmother, fat grandbaby. She rocks back and forth. Pendulum?

FAT MOTHER. [*Moaning.*] Muh boy, muh boy! [*Repeats as slow cycle turns, in rhythm with the rocker.*]

Introductions by tall father without moving from places.

Opening beer in kitchen, the brother. Stocky. Kitchen lantern flickers. Dirty dishes, empty cans, half a loaf . . . better than none.

STOCKY BROTHER. A beer?

VOICE. No.

Bedroom, lying prone legs wide apart stocking feet on unmade iron bed, thin woman in red dress. No, but like one. The wife. Choked, convulsed, racked, knees drawn up, head out of sight. Two army cots. Lamp smokes; should be turned down. Woman sits up, handkerchief to mouth, face white, eyes wide above handkerchief. Two children on pallets, with crayons, hers. Fat baby, hers.

THIN WIFE. You know it's murder. Why don't you say it's murder? You know. . . .

VOICE. Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes. . . .

TALL FATHER. No use talking . . . settled now . . . help you forget . . . live with us . . . all passes away, Bessie.

STOCKY BROTHER. Sure no beer?

VOICE. Yes.

FAT MOTHER. Where you going?

STOCKY BROTHER. . . . a leak. [*Goes out, bottle in hand.*]

FAT MOTHER. Muh boy, muh boy! [*Wipes fat baby's dribbles.*]

The tall father walks the floor. Long legs, cannot far. Army brogans. Scuffed. Avoids pallets, children, toys. Walks out of time with ump-peep-peep, ump-peep-peep. Doesn't hear. Long scar across throat. Loose throat; turkey throat.

TALL FATHER. Wrote Aldrich . . . cultivator . . . borrow. . . .

FAT MOTHER. Yuh told me.

TALL FATHER. Preacher Stokes . . . three dollars . . . this house . . . eat.

FAT MOTHER. Yuh told me.

TALL FATHER. Get back . . . fix hog fence . . . where mare. . . .

FAT MOTHER. Muh boy, muh boy!

THIN WIFE. Goddamned woman . . . that's who.

NOEL HOUSTON, *Rockefeller Foundation fellow in playwriting, returns to the Magazine after a long absence. His story is a composite of his experiences as a newspaper reporter covering executions at the state penitentiary in Oklahoma.*

She . . . not Choc. Choc's true to me . . . true to me . . . she's a liar . . . let her out, I'll kill her!

The thin wife walking. Cold, thin arms right-angled across thin breasts.

TALL FATHER. It's all settled. No use talking.

THIN WIFE. My babies! My babies! He wasn't sleeping with her. She's a liar. He had me pregnant at that very time. She . . . blame him . . . get herself off . . . kill him . . . murder . . . that's what it. . . .

TALL FATHER. Go lie down, Bessie.

THIN WIFE. You know it's murder . . . you . . . why? . . .

VOICE. Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes. . . .

THIN WIFE. Choc . . . friend to her husband . . . helped him. He wouldn't . . . she's a liar . . . liar!

VOICE. Yes . . . yes. . . .

FAT MOTHER. [*Rocking.*] Muh boy, muh boy!

TALL FATHER. Save your strength, Bessie. Less than two hours.

FAT MOTHER. [*Rising with fat baby.*] . . . messed his diapers. I'll. . . .

THIN WIFE. I'll. . . . Something to do.

Takes fat baby, lays across bed, wipes dirty bottom, throws diaper in corner.

THIN WIFE. [*Falling across bed, convulsed, racked, shudders*]. Choc, Choc! My babies, my babies!

FAT BABY. Urgle . . . urgle!

CHILDREN. [*Beside bed.*] Mama, mama!

VOICE. [*Embarrassed.*] Must go . . . sorry . . . sympathy . . . try to come back . . . after.

Air outside. Clean.

STOCKY BROTHER. [*Coming from the shadows.*] You going to see them do it?

VOICE. Yes.

STOCKY BROTHER. Damn carnival ought not . . . damn music. [*He goes in.*]

VOICE. Taxi?

II

Rifles under lights, show pass. Narrow street. Great prison squat on slope up to right. Floodlights. Fortress. Rifles under lights, again show pass. Flowers, hedges, trees, hear sprinklers over lawn. Rear up moonlight on warden's mansion. Fat white columns. Fat grandmother, fat grandbaby. . . .

Knock. Opens white. Negro butler, trusty, black suit. Show pass.

Music. Piano and violin. *Siboney-y-y.* Big hall, furniture all heavy, draperies red satin. Big stairway to second floor. Butler, hat. Men in room, right. Men in room, left.

BUTLER. Highballs . . . drawing room, suh. Cocktails and buffet . . . music room.

VOICE. Didn't know . . . party. . . .

BUTLER. Just the witnesses. Mrs. Tompkins . . . her idea.

VOICE. Jesus Christ.

BUTLER. This . . . her first. Warden Tompkins new; tonight's his first. That's her . . . violin.

VOICE. Jesus Christ.

Elegant drawing room. Thick carpet. Negro trusties, white jackets. Highball Scotch. Deputy sheriffs, newspaper men, statehouse employes, and friends of friends of. . . .

VOICE. How long's . . . ?

ANOTHER VOICE. Since about nine. Where . . . ? Good party.

VOICE. Judas Priest.

Violin unceasing. Over to that room. So! warden's wife. Twenty-three, twenty-four. Pretty, chin on fiddle, eyes closed, long black lashes but brown hair; open now, blue maybe from here, flicking around; pretty smile. Giddy. Pink chiffon, full. Twists, hem swirls. Horizontal circle. Fitted bodice. Two verticle circles. Fifty, fifty-five, Warden Tompkins. Lucky. Maybe.

Blue suits, gray suits, brown suits, half-circled around. Little cocktail glasses in big hands. Policemen, politicians, and friends of friends of. . . . Lined at the trough, others, around candled-table, canapes, little sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres.

Finish. Extended arms, violin one hand, bow other. Gay laugh, like upward piano trill.

THE WITNESSES. Sure was fine . . . sure did like that . . . sure can play . . . sure was good . . . sure want to hear some more . . . sure was. . . .

PRETTY WIFE. No more now . . . know . . . want to talk . . . drink . . . not listen . . . little me. Oh, you've just come . . . glass empty . . . here, a martini?

VOICE. Manhattan, please.

PRETTY WIFE. George, manhattan. . . . talk to you.

Hand hooked under arm. Soft squeezes, inside of elbow, emphasize adjectives, cozy.

Thrilling, penitentiary. Afraid at first, loves it. Servants, all she wants, trusties: cooks, gardeners, house servants, chauffeur, bow, scrape, polite, adore her. So many experiences. Book. *Warden's Wife.* Keeping diary, notes.

PRETTY WIFE. Can't write, though. You! . . . share profits.

VOICE. . . . flatter me . . . so many things . . . think about . . . like to read . . . send diary. . . .

PRETTY WIFE. . . . such as this party. Why should men sit around Jim's horrid office . . . watch clock tick . . . feel miserable? . . . llllove being hostess . . . wish . . . go over to it myself . . . experience . . . diary. Jim thinks best not . . . old-fogey . . . see Jim? Apartment, upstairs . . . run along up.

Knock. Enter.

Men sitting, half-dozen, county attorney, deputy sheriffs, and friends of friends of. . . . Smoke, drinks.

Warden, propped pillows, reclining, blue coverlet, four-poster bed, silk robe, shirt and trousers, red slippers, feet crossed, cigar, highball, jowls, pocks. At ease.

POCKED WARDEN. [*Booming.*] Come in . . . in! Hello! Downstairs, give you . . . buttermilk? [*His rumbling laugh, chorus.*] Sit there. . . . Go on, Henry.

DRAWLING COUNTY ATTORNEY. [*Drawling.*] . . . so, Choc and the woman, Ada Walker . . . Choc lay . . . sumac. Ada's husband . . . climbing through the fence. Choc blasted . . . Walker's own shotgun . . . laid beside . . . look like husband accidentally . . . fence.

POCKED WARDEN. . . . clever.

DRAWLING COUNTY ATTORNEY. Except Charlie Rainer, prowling the creek bottom, seen! Choc . . . on the woman . . . talked him into it. She . . . on him . . . nothing to do with it.

POCKED WARDEN. Same old . . . when lovers, thieves fall out. . . .

DEPUTY SHERIFF. Ada Walker oughter got the limit too.

DRAWLING COUNTY ATTORNEY. . . . satisfied, anytime . . . get life for a woman.

POCKED WARDEN. . . . wife and some kids? How'd he figure . . . ?

DRAWLING COUNTY ATTORNEY. . . . divorce. Mortgaged . . . hilt . . . marry Ada . . . her place all clear.

POCKED WARDEN. [*Looking at wrist watch.*] Got to dress. [*Up.*]

All downstairs now.

POCKED WARDEN. All right, men. Finish . . . buttermilk. . . . time to . . .

Gang. Butler, hats. Out, twos and threes. Warden's wife, doorway. Nice handshake. Firm handshake. Little squeeze.

THE WITNESSES. Sure had a nice time . . . sure did . . . sure did enjoy it . . . sure do thank you. . . .

PRETTY WIFE. . . . all come back after . . . scrambled eggs and coffee . . . no trouble at . . . want to hear all about . . . diary.

Warden, parade. Clomp, shuffle, low talk. Round moon high. Hedges, trees, flowers, sprinklers over the lawn. Narrow brick street. Rifles under the lights.

At curb, there. Hearse, gleaming black. Back door wide open. Empty. Climb slope, wide concrete steps. Floodlights. Fortress. Clomp, shuffle, low talk, one laugh. . . .

III

Women's Prison. Half a mile, hill. Floodlights, washed; strings of sparkle lights, squared. Blue moonlight bathes. Fifth window from left, third floor. Ada at bars. Look up oh main prison, up at me! Ada, radiant, serene, moonbeam shaft. Radiant, serene a saint. Radiant, serene hatred. Burn you bastard burn.

Work her out.

IV

Black shanty under black elm. One window yellow. Carnival sleeps, Delco embers of a scattered fire.

VOICE. Wait.

TAXI. Okay.

Knock. Push in.

Children, fat baby, pallets, sleep.

Fat mother squashed in small rocker gripping arms. Thin wife leaning on table gripping edge. Stocky brother on floor against wall gripping beer bottle. Tall father brogans planted gripping lapels. All eyes turned. . . . One-two, one-two, one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four.

Alarm clock. Vertical circle. 11:59.

VOICE. Sorry . . . came back . . . express my. . . .

STOCKY BROTHER. . . . mean it's . . . ?

VOICE. . . . your clock is slow. Hearse . . . to town . . . just went by.

THIN WIFE. [*Shrieking.*] No! No! No! No!

FAT MOTHER. [*Wailing.*] Muh boy, muh boy!

CHILDREN. [*Awakening.*] Mama, mama!

FAT BABY. Ya-a-a-anh!

Stocky brother waggles beer bottle by neck between drawn-up knees, studies.

TALL FATHER. [*Dazed.*] Guess . . . better go . . . undertaking parlor.

VOICE. . . . taxi . . . glad to. . . .

Brogans clomp. Night air. Cool.

THIN WIFE. Choc! My babies, my babies!

FAT MOTHER. Muh boy, muh boy.

STOCKY BROTHER. Well. . . .

Work back through again, fill, eliminate, twist; get significance of all this; build viewpoint.

The End

Frank Taylor

There Were Three Thanksgivings

As I was looking at the money in my hands, two bills and a silver half dollar, the river man came limping out to the car. He was putting the whiskey in a sack. He smelled stale and kind of sweetish and a scar made a pink welt from his temple to the corner of his mouth. I gave him the money and I saw the silver half was made in 1935. I took the brown sack and handed it to Mary. As I slipped the car in gear she put it on the seat between us. The bottles clinked together as we started up the hill. And the half was made in '35.

That was about the time I was going with Frances, that is, I went with her until Thanksgiving. That was the day I found out about her and I had loved her—I'm sure I did, till Thanksgiving.

As we came out to the highway, cars whizzed by still coming from the football game. I slowed and stopped and a bat flipped down in front of us, then up and away. All up and down the road lights were getting big in the early dark. Two little niggers ducked across the lane, their teeth shining, big feet splattering the dust. I pulled out on the pavement and turned towards town. Mary started whistling under her breath.

Frances had been my first girl. I met her when the Little Theatre gave an operetta. The first night we practiced I picked her out although she was older than I was. She was a gypsy fortune teller and when she sang, something in your stomach got tight and hot. Three or four times I tried to speak and was afraid to, but it was easy. One night I just asked hey Frances, let's go down to Jimmy's and get a bowl of chili. As I opened the car door for her she looked up and somehow, I never could figure it out, I was kissing her. It was like that all summer. I worshiped her. I often wondered why she went with me, but she was my first girl and I wasn't bothered about reasons. She was experienced and she had to show me how to hold her, love her. It was like that all summer. Sometimes I wanted to just sit and talk about things, but she would get restless and then she'd pull me to her and I'd start all over again. I knew when she started going with that baseball player. She didn't tell me but when I called up several times and she wasn't home, why I—if only it had been somebody besides a ball player, and his hair was turning gray. We went to the football game that Thanksgiving and I took it for granted we'd go to the dance together too. I hadn't even bothered to ask her. When she said she felt bad and would I please take her home like a sweet boy, I still didn't catch on and I asked her what was wrong. Her smooth lips smiled; she said why nothing, I just don't feel well. I took her home and an hour later the ball player drove past Jimmy's and she waved to me. That was the worst part, she waved to me.

Mary stopped whistling. She reached down and switched on the lights. The smoke was thick in town. My nose hurt to think about it. I began to look for a place to stop and eat. Mary said she only wanted a bite so I pulled in at the Signal Gardens. A green aproned, white headed boy came trotting out as I turned in. I stopped and he stood looking at Mary until she ordered a roast pork sandwich and a bottle of beer. I said make it two but first bring a coca-cola and two empty glasses. He said oke and disappeared. The big neon S was sputtering like a Christmas night in Birmingham. Mary's hand was soft in mine and I began to feel each fingernail.

But Fran, she had waved to me. That had shocked me into knowing just how little she thought of me. It made me sick. I didn't date all winter. It was the first warm weekend in March when Dink opened up his cabin that I got interested again. It was already dark when I came walking up the path. They were starting to play some game where It hid somewhere and everybody else had to find him. The first one to find him got to be It next and the last one had to pay fifty cents on the beer. They all yelled hello and said this is Kay, a friend of Janie's. I said hello and threw my satchel on the front porch. Dink hid first. I looked good under the big spruce in the back yard. Then

> Frank Taylor *masterfully combines the events of three Thanksgivings into a realistic psychological character study. His stream of consciousness treatment, perhaps more lucid than Joyce's, is both original and effective. This is his first appearance in the Magazine.*

Kay and I went on around to the bluff and found him between two big rocks. Dink said somebody had broken in since he'd been up last but they hadn't hurt anything. She said she thought it was a beautiful place and did we come here often. Then Callie and Bob and the rest came drifting in. Doc and Nettie together had to pay. Since Kay didn't know the place, I went and hid in the big spruce. Underneath on the ground was like a tent and it was pitch dark. I lay still and heard her come walking up slow until she reached out and jerked a sprig of evergreen off of the limb that stopped her. She knelt and crawled until she was beside me. I whispered I'm not very difficult am I and she breathed twice before she answered no. She had the sprig in her mouth; I smelled the pine as she answered. Sunday night she went back to town with me. I asked her for a date. She said next Sunday afternoon. After that it got to be Sunday nights and Saturday nights and later on, weekday nights too. Kay wanted me to get a car and when I did we'd go to Cloudland or out in the Horseshoe and camp all night. I wanted her like the devil and I wondered how she could be so passionate and yet so cool and untroubled.

The towhead came sailing out swinging a tray over his shoulder. He fixed it in the window and stood grinning until I gave him a quarter. I told him go buy yourself a cigar. Mary held the coca-cola glasses while I cut the seal off the whiskey, then slowly poured a couple of inches in each glass. I screwed the cap back on and slipped it back in the sack. She was filling the glasses up with coke. She gave me a glass. It was cold and tasted sharp, not too sweet. Thru the wide windows of the little tavern we could see a boy and a girl dancing. She was fat and had on a slick green dress; you could see how far up and down her girdle came. When the phonograph stopped I laughed. The boy held on to her hand and led her over to a table and pulled her down beside him. The towhead came out again with tall bottles and with hot thick sandwiches wrapped in thin paper napkins. Overhead, leaves scratched on the car top and clicked against the glass as they swirled down against the windshield.

It was fall when Kay's school started and when I saw her less and less, it made me want her more. Then at the office I was promoted and got a big raise. I told her the good news and I went to see her every night that week. Then Thanksgiving we went to see the game and later to her house to eat supper. Her folks had gone up in the country for the day. While she got things together in the kitchen I built a fire in the fireplace. We didn't eat much; I told her it was her fault and she said she didn't mind. We left the dishes and went in to the fire. We threw sofa pillows down and lay on them. While we looked at a magazine by the firelight I could feel her shoulder against my arm. I shoved the magazine away and turned to her. She came close saying honnee-ee there's no reason why we can't be married now—her hands were back behind my head—with your raise and all. A clock somewhere struck eight. The fire was hot and close, her arms around my neck, her body pressing to me. Her eyes were dark yet glanced with brilliant beams. Her lips were parted and her teeth were straight and sharp. I couldn't move my head; she was holding me in her arms and her neck was thin and her eyes were searching me with tiny beams. The fire grew dimmer, cool; her body moved and I was sitting up. I got up and in my mind I shook myself as I walked over to the radio and turned it on. She still looked with unbent eyes. I danced with her. Soon afterwards her family came so I said goodbye tho it was scarcely nine o'clock.

I rolled the paper napkin up in a ball and threw it out the window. I touched the horn and gave Mary some change to put on the tray. She had dropped her head over my shoulder and I asked if she could see what time it was. The boy sang out come again and I started the motor. She held her wrist to the red glare of the sign. It was seven twenty and we were late. Leaves had blown all over the ground and they crackled as we rolled over them.

A cop was standing out in front of the pool parlor on Grand street, and Mary waved at him as we drove by. Neither Doc nor I had liked her much after my first date with her. She had talked all the time and told one dirty joke after the other. The next time I went to visit Doc he was out on a maternity case. I didn't have a thing to do so I drove by Mary's house. We rode around town and up to the Casino. She was as sweet as she could be. Later I often tried to get her to tell me why she acted like she did that first time but she wouldn't, said she didn't know herself. After Doc and Nettie got married, we four went around together everytime I could get a day or so off. One night we went swimming up at Rainbow Lake. We swam around a while, then sat on the dam to watch the moon climb up limb by limb in the pine trees on the hill. I was restless. She unpinned her hair and let it fall down long. I told her that I was getting in deep water. She asked, up here on the dam? I said yes—her hair was soft against my lips—as long as you are here. It was the first time I had ever told a girl a thing like that. She bent and kissed me, soft yet hard, I'm glad you are. The moon had reached the highest branch.

I parked the car beside the Tenth Street entrance. She opened her door and we slid out, my coat swinging low and heavy with the bottles. A uniform came over but when he saw we had no baggage he went back. I locked the car as raindrops broke themselves on concrete. She took my hand and we ran up the steps into the lobby. I told her I hoped Doc had cards and scorepads; I forgot to bring some. It was warm inside and men were sitting around in big chairs reading newspapers. I went to the desk and asked which room is Doctor and Mrs. Branson in. The clerk's pink fingers snapped a rubber band around some papers as he said nine eighteen. We went over to the elevators and stood waiting.

The door rolled back. A blonde in a black satin gown stepped out, a tall sun-browned man behind her. When he saw Mary he hesitated, looked sharp and hard just once, then said between his teeth so I wouldn't hear, why hello, pushover. He smiled a crooked little smile, and moved away. The elevator boy stood on one leg waiting for me. The shoulders swayed; they seemed to know their strength; their breadth bent over to the blonde. As I stepped across the open crack my feet were a mile away on red plush carpet. There were her feet in little brown suede slippers, her ankles slim and one turned in against the other, her brown skirt over slender knees, her short fur coat wrapped tight. She raised her hand and folded the collar up against her throat. In the long narrow mirror on the side I saw her face, pale and hurt, looking at me. The elevator operator turned and glanced at me; my voice answered nine. My head on top was bumping like a grasshopper was there kicking. One square of dark, then one of light, then more of each in alternation fell in the chasm beneath our feet until the elevator jammed my stomach up in my throat and light prevailed. I thought I would be sick. Roasted pork and beer, S-sputter, her hand in mine, leaves scratch her fingernails, one was broken. The boy called, out please. A room across the hall was 908 on a black and gold plate; the next was 909 on down a deep dim corridor. Noiseless stepping on thick carpets sink into and pull your feet out as they drag and in the still night her perfume is in my nostrils sucked down my throat and lungs more of her in my legs feet moving numb unfeeling sapping all my strength and consciousness flow out my body into carpets left to lie in dim unthinking corridors unseeing her pale face against a pillow just beyond broad sun-browned shoulders' conscious power with hair outflung a picture floating vague in my pale brain and more of her in me we stand time lost before a door of black and gold which signifies the number 918 nine plus one plus eighteen one ninth of that is two Thanksgivings gone before into the where to this is the third oh god I lift my hand up a hundred miles into a fist to break the black and gold to knock the door swings wide and sound pours out and light pours in my eyes are shut she goes before me soft and small possessed by tall sun-browned men long before Doc shouts come in you devil you we thought you all weren't coming or were lost. Come in and have a drink I had one then another and another, still I saw her mirrored face. I had another though the cards made funny faces hurt and pale I couldn't laugh and still I had another. Later Doc said it was early, yet he figured out the score and I paid him. We got our coats and hats, made our goodbyes. Doc said be careful Jack and watch your girl she's had enough. I was surprised and promised. Then she took my arm and we walked down the hall up to the elevator button.

Outside it wasn't raining any more. The concrete walks were drying off, the sky was clear, and the air was clean and cold. I rolled my window halfway up. She asked me to leave it down, that she was feeling sick. I rolled hers down but when I turned into the mountain road she leaned her head against me and said please stop. I did. I walked around the car and helped her out. She sat on the runningboard and I held her head while she was sick. I almost cried she was so small and helpless. When she stood up close and thanked me, I couldn't speak. I lifted her back in. The valley lights were lower to our sight as we went up. I turned the car and twisted it until we reached the top. I drove along the mountain's rim then turned beside a knotted pine off of the road into a grove. Out on a level rock I stopped the car, a dozen feet behind the brow.

The world was there beneath her feet, and I—deep in my heart I wondered why this Thanksgiving did not assume its place in series with the rest.

Quentin Dixon

The Book of Quentin Dixon

I

My grandmother was a small woman. Once she was plump and full of aches and lingering pains. In the later days she shriveled like a pomegranate, but she was less troubled with her body. She was generally active. She would arise and dress about eight o'clock, but before she dressed she would sit before the kindling fire and dip a snuff of plain texture, of which she always kept a supply. When its taste had satisfied her and when she had fitted into her everyday panoply of clothes, she would go into the kitchen and cook breakfast.

She would exercise care with the preparation of victuals, seemingly taking pleasure in a tidy economy.

After a period of mourning, the course of her life did not seem greatly altered. She had, however, been very fond of her eldest son who died four or five years prior to the death of her husband. Often she would sit before the picture of her son, in the absence of company, and, rocking swiftly, think of his vigorous jollity and the heavy way in which he played on the guitar.

There were variable pictures of relatives placarding the walls of most of the rooms in her house.

I was not present when she died.

II

Could it be possible that, after all this muscular yearning for the acme, the mind could lean from the razor-like tip of Olympus, and, like a huge misbalanced rock, thunder and disintegrate to the base, to be conceived again disparately as undistinguished pebbles?

I have climbed many precarious flights of stairs and passed through many rooms that steadily broadened in beauty. Tiny as I proved in the vastness of each chamber, I did strain open and shut each colossal door, and precipitated each massive bolt shudderingly to lock each lesser plane behind.

Could it be possible that the climactic room be a platform boldly raised without walls to commune with the sky? After all that labor of cracking and again securing the ponderous swinging barriers of thought, could it be possible that I, leaning from the edge to watch the finished miniature of the distant city's trafficking I had left below, should fall forlornly gyrating to the ground?

Give me faith.

III

There were about three-thousand Saturdays in the life of Joseph Pratt.

On such a day in the week Mr. Pratt would journey to town. He would sit on the plaza of the water pump before the post-office and watch the gathering crowd on the pavemented section of the sidewalk. White men and negroes would pass; to those whom he knew he would nod gravely. When the wooden doors of the business section began closing and when the small later group in the barber shop was well-dispersed, he wandered sadly home to his wife.

Two years before he died, he confined himself straitly in a hard collar and tie, posing with his wife for a picture. The black and white print of the picture was later fully covered by the photographer. The frame that held it was richly carved in mahogany flowers and fruit, and hung over the couch. Joseph Pratt often sighed when he saw the likeness of his wife crowded close to his shoulder so that they both might be included in the picture, husband and wife.

When he died, he confined himself straitly in a hard collar and tie which God gave him with peace.

IV

Steadfastly hammering link to golden link, and as they clearly lengthen into a chain of ordered speech, hardly they sound the soul. Seldom, with all our efforts, will the nasal gong tremor, or the blue intensity of violins disturb the placid soul.

Was the thought lost for a moment?—that were a splendid loss if, for a moment, heart hummed a tune.

V

The night is blinded with stars. Inside four white-cracked walls smiling despair sits before a fireless hearth, a young wife denied a child, the womb tenderly calling.

This perplexed husband is recounting his masterly ways with the world.

This woman was made to cherish the man's feeble light and see that it be kept out of the strong winds. O, lonely, lonely, why are you so near-far when you are in my arms.

Across the room sings a courageous mosquito and sits precariously on the hairy tendons of the arm. A slap and he is sprawling, long legs tragically sinking. Here is another thin spirit happily freed from necessity.

VI

Though the tongue idled after he was gone apart, framing wordy pictures of the man the mind's clothes obliged me to curse, many times I knew, stuffed in undesirable corners of me, the tongue was sad wrong.

Though the oiled mouth and neat understanding evolving outside me say hollow aloud, "This man is an unlovely horse. See! see the hurt he has done me" (Here I search angrily for the scar he has left and cannot find it), the fact is solid enough to wind the fingers about grotesquely, which is to say at last, "This man, this puppet I love. His material I cannot deny. Here he plays infinite about me. Why would I rather put my arm about this far shoulder and grumble happy? It is because a small girl, with no other thought than to make high grades in school, loves a tarnished doll. So I hold this little leaden man in the palm of my hand and see his bowed and shameful face."

A block away from him, I may call him what he is. But even though he were chained at my feet, at last present, impotent to retort, I could do no other than smile unwillingly and enter the halls of his thought.

Though he be the lowest god-scum on the pavement, I must stop and listen to him, for his material is mine also.

VII

This is why Sodom was consumed: A woman with hard white eyes walked a street staidly elegant. On the other side of the street a young man followed her because he had to. The pavement supported her walking like flowing milk and honey, ungulate and strong wistfulness. Quick-breathing boy followed her in a jungle of streets. Low lies the flesh. There, in the small night of the shadows—there the wild crescendo and the new sickness. Out came the woman walking with olive grandeur, and lately, the boy, in trembling shackles and blushing. Because the ferreter of peace must look for his quarry in sustained madness; because the golden song lies always an inch beyond the sensitive prying poem of man.

This is why wrath was kindled.

VIII

It is warm and comfortable Sundays, sitting on the porch, watching the people go by thinking of my pink doom, they. What do they know of cancers, they, walking the streets, they are no happier than I, than I. No, of course they are not. How foolish it is of some people to say they would kill themselves if they had a cancer. Sitting here on the porch it is warm and comfortable. My limbs feel as though they would like to stretch delightfully in the genial touch of these clothes. How foolish it is of some people to say they would not live with a hungry inoffensive cancer, before long. I think that if I would stretch here in the chair, sitting in the light, the crossthreads of my garments would pleasantly disturb the cancer. Close as it is, before long it will blossom.

Monday I do not like. Then someone must come to undo my vest and peer unnecessarily—so unnecessary it is when I had rather be sitting on the porch in a warm tweed suit on Sunday. But this is Monday, and it is best to move about the house doing things, sometimes cleansing myself. The washrag is damp and excruciating moving from the tinted water in the basin. How foolish this all is. And it is cloudy today. It should be warm and I should be sitting on the porch, not directly in the sun but in its warm reflection, waiting for people to pass by. It should be Sunday.

IX

This fourth race, which the gods created, and in which we live, is a race of iron. It is true that we can endure and that is all. That is the way it seems to a bachelor. Married men are not covetous of their secrets but there is some insidious truth or other they cannot seem to be able to explain.

When I was younger I tried to lead my life logically, dodging all the more or less sinister pits of error. I planned my life with the long temples of the mathematician. But that did not please the most fascinating women. I could have been loved in my staid and careful character by an even more staid and careful prude.

The fascinating women went to Sunday-school and heard, with deep, half-smiles, the story of Jesus of Nazareth, believing it in a way, and praying for a lover who might be cruel and impetuous, skillful to drain them of passion.

We want love so much that we comply to all they demand. In their turn, the feminine strive to be mysterious. So here we are poor and pitiful, but at last, colorful fools. In between the long seasons of pure frustration we can make love as gracefully as you please.

God rest you merry gentlemen.

X

One said: The virility of truth will not permit of religion. Faith's savage meekness should be caught in a white cosmic ray and its foulness departed into elements which tend to purity. Let us admit there is a motivating power, dispassionate and affirmative, which balances on the blast this speck that is our world with as little prejudice and as much contempt for life as it exercises on the bulk of the grand enfiltration of the Universe. Religion has had its use, its color, even its charm. But the higher stratum in man's universal consciousness must put tooth and nail forever to stupidity's small slant brow—if for nothing else, at least in the name of threadbare honor. For my part, I will not be content until the color and grandeur of religion be preserved in tomes of mythology, where it rightfully belongs. Then, those who earnestly search for beauty in all things may gaze in books and see its rosy side, and what black side there may be to it will appear only as a pleasing background, whereon to draw progress in fixed relief. Those barnacle spirits who attach themselves onto the ship of faith would be adequately deprived of their damnable smug existance—with the retreat of religion to an aesthetic harbor. Glory be for straight muscle and clear brain which carry us forward on the tide of truth to the unerring conquest and alignment of a treacherous Nature.

Another said: At the end of the circle which has no end, is the untuned heart. Whatever cliffs the vicious brain may climb, the simple movements and passions of the heart stretch to the hand, and ply the fingers, and touch the eye's pool, moving it to delight or tempering it to courage. It is this innocent center which reflects in imagination a god, whimsical and jealous, never dispassionate, who warms the feeble affections and lets us die in peace, never thinking of the drift of the stars.

XI

Mirrors revolved in the girl's eyes, displaying the evil gildings of evil things. Aesculapius, by reason of his fame, had been called to her side. Many were the tomes of lore he had labored through to arrive at his present state of lucid wisdom. Many were the demons he had successfully dispatched by erudite cajolery or by staunch human opposition.

His own eyes pried into hers. Aesculapius saw. The mirrors betokened a grim affair mocking him from the half-locked depths. This did not discourage the doctor of evil spirits.

The spirit was convexly showing its front rampart, but its dimness would not permit of a certain color. It must have been either green or gray. Both of these demons had, in the past decade, made a peculiar habitat of the human body of women with the same swift black hair as that of the girl who lay in a trance under his palms.

Aesculpapius heated some water to lukewarm strength and bathed her throat. There was no immediate response, but he sat by her side and waited for the opportune moment when the inept spirk might be purged.

The time came. With a sigh, the girl turned upon her side. The sensitive finger of Aesculapius felt the breath flying from her nose. There was a sharpness unaccustomed that ran down the wind. The demon fled. The girl smiled.

XII

Jacob stood in the half-light trembling, while the strongly modelled arm of the stranger embraced his neck and fondled the muscles of his stomach. His breath came heavily with passion, and with the tight effulgence of his biceps he yearned to the breast he knew was before him. The touch of his antagonist deepened and grew into a blessed solidarity. With his back Jacob heaved, wherewith with the force of him the struggle moved slowly about.

But this was not enough. With a wild climbing to the love that brushed his finger tips yet remained strangely aloof, he pressed the neck slowly backward and backward, until because of the obstinacy of bone it locked in the flesh.

When he that struggled with Jacob's body found he could not escape, his thrilling voice fled through Jacob's ear. As he spoke, the dawn lifted.

Jacob whispered, "Unless thou bless me I will not let thee go."

In the light the vision was appearing so that Jacob must close his eyes or be blind. He pressed him closer to the running heart of the god and held his position, fearing because his leg hung from his hip useless.

Consequently, the voice returned and Jacob's mind evolved with each word.

"Thy name shall be no longer Jacob, but Israel. Thy back has had it to bend the back of an element. Release me. You cannot know my name."

Jacob limped from Peniel in great pain, but his joy was so great that his life was made a happiness.

XIII

An apt student of metaphysics completed his course in a university which had as its aim the institution of a higher citizenship.

One morning he awoke in bed and felt of the sheets which would no longer harangue personally with his limbs. The ceiling and walls suggested an efficious control-room of the delicate relations of stars. He arose faintly wondering, and clothed himself, and the room still accosted him as a bad photograph, no single feature indistinct, yet the whole in a positive half-light.

He laughed sincerely, feeling the hold of love relax. Not a single platitude came to his mind to comfort that which needed no comforting. Without a thought he saw the mirrors that were his eyes and recognized the lie which the table told.

Caught in the beginning circle and foam of the vortex, at peace with the roar, he descended slowly, riding, as he remembered, somewhat faster than he had ridden on a merry-go-round. The sky remained at the top reminding him of what was behind.

The funnel of it closed and narrowed. Surely at the bottom was the small still voice of his wife at the breakfast table.

XIV

Think not you can outbest the book-keeper, though you have made notable successes of each year in a succession of many years. Though you are old and crafty, you may never muddle the clear pool of his mind, the bottom of which is of sand, and every grain a judgment.

He has designed in you all the passions by which you long fruitlessly, and which can never be realized as divinity should be realized, in a reality which is never conceived here.

All words are evolved in unreality. They draw a glamorous circle and end in small echoes of unbelief. There is possession which gives us the desirable, of unguessed outlines. There is the gold here to be desired and fingered in private for happiness. But it is not to be had until the spirit's eyes are blind to its presence.

QUENTIN DIXON, *the most ambitious of our experimentalists, presents a series of seemingly independent abstractions. Taken as a whole, they form an intensely subjective disquisition on the multiple aspects of human character in relation to life.*

Mary Johnson MacMillan

No Reason for Laughter

These are the ones that I remember, out of all of the ones that I saw. I didn't help them any. I didn't give any of them any reason for laughter, which was what I wanted to give them, and what they needed the most of all. Here they are. These are the ones that I can't forget. I see them sometimes when the clean softness of spring's weather makes me want to forget.

It isn't because I want to remember. It is because I cannot forget. Somehow I seem to be all tangled up. No one seems to be able to tell me what to do—if there is anything to do. I don't know what the big thing is that troubles them so. The big thing that has taken hope and the joy of being alive away. And I keep forgetting rules to follow in helping them. The names of the books that I read sound as if they might help—*Social Diagnosis* and *The Art of Helping People out of Trouble.* I forget them though. I just remember the eyes . . . the emptiness of the eyes raised up to me and I keep wondering. . . .

They are so real, David and Pauline and little Esther. I guess I'll forget about them though. There are so many more that there is no particular reason why I should remember them. But I can still see them so plainly.

The lane from the highway to the house was long and narrow and muddy and lonesome. Jagged rocks sent the tires spinning in the red clay ruts. The house was a one-roomed shack close by a barren hill. A curl of blue smoke disconsolately made its way out of the tumbled down chimney. The door was held shut by a frayed piece of twine. As I started to knock, David came around the side of the house with a small armload of very damp wood.

"Hello, David. Where's your mother?"

"I don't know ma'am. She's gone most all the time. Sometime the men, they come for her here, and sometimes she goes by herself. I don't know. I just stay here with Little Sister and Baby."

By this time we were inside the house. The baby was in a basket asleep. There were sores on her face and on her tiny hands.

"Where's Little Sister?"

The boy, six years old since last October, trotted into a lean-to off the main room and brought something out. I thought at first it was some sort of grotesque doll, but it wasn't. It was Little Sister.

"She's eight, but she ain't so big as me, is she? Mom said she got queer right atter she was born. She can't move, nor say nothing. I tie her in this chair so's she won't fall out, but one time she fell in the fire. She likes to look at the fire. I don't know for what."

Little Sister smiled up at me with the vacant face of an idiot. Perfectly stiff in a sitting position, she sat in her little chair, tied in by a bit of ragged gingham, looking immobile at the low-guttering fire.

"How long will your mother be gone, David?"

"I don't know ma'am. She left last night. She said she'd bring some milk when she come. I guess I'd better fix supper now."

"Can I help?"

"No ma'am. I just got to fix the bread an' peel some cold potato. I can do that." He straightened his thin shoulders, and went over to the corner where an old cabinet held a strange assortment of pans and dishes.

As I opened the door to leave, David looked up at me. "Stay to supper, Ma'am?"

There's no reason why I should remember that a little boy named David once asked me to supper. I wonder about his mother. Folks say that she's bad. But David . . . I'll forget about David. If I can.

There's no remembered conversation in my next memory. I was miles from a highway, down east. Grey moss, wild myrtle and the trunks of tall slim cypress trees forced me to stop the car and walk through the fine white sand the several hundred yards up to the cabin. It had been a tobacco barn, converted by some grim architect into a

Mary Johnson MacMillan *draws directly on her experiences as a social worker in rural North Carolina to present a vivid combination of realism and impressionism, done in her expertly simple style.*

dwelling by the simple expedient of moving the chimney up to the roof of the house. The door stood half open, and, though it was January and cold, there was no fire. In one corner of the room there was an old iron bed, with white paint peeling off. This was all the furniture that there was except for two old benches and a table. On the bed the mother lay, uncovered. A sleazy black silk dress covered some of her, but long thin arms, sun-browned and dirt-browned, and pitifully slim legs were left uncovered. Wild, hurt eyes peered at me for a second through tangled black hair, and then she was off again. She was in the midst of an attack of epilepsy.

It was just then that I noticed the children. A little girl ran over to me from the small group clustered at the end of the room. "Oh Miss, oh Miss! Ma's got it again. We can't stand it, Miss!"

The other children looked on, eyes raised in dumb appeal. I picked up the baby and held it for a minute, until its dry thin sobs were quieter. I was glad to have something to do, because then I didn't have to see their eyes looking up at me. They couldn't see that I needed help too, or that I was as hurt and bewildered as they were. Hurt because I knew I couldn't help them. Because I knew that no one could.

And I couldn't tell them that. If I could just forget!

The Adams House was big and square and old. There wasn't any sign of life outside unless you counted the chickens that were pecking at the dry frozen ground and making excited chicken noises all at once. I knocked at the huge front door but nobody answered. I knocked again and heard a little scuttling noise and that was all. I turned the latch a bit and the heavy door creaked open.

It took a minute for me to become accustomed to the darkness of the room. Then I saw that there was a low fire in the huge fireplace. On one side an old man sat looking through the window. On the other there was an old woman.

The old man looked up, his blue eyes shining. "I seen him! I seen him do it. I was setten right here lookin' outen th' window when I seen him." He grinned at me and he didn't have any teeth.

The old woman said "I don't know what you come here for. I don't know nothin'. I ain't knowed nothin' since they come an' taken him away. Ever'body come ask questions. You better go." She didn't raise her eyes. Her voice was low and dull, as if she didn't care whether I heard her or not.

A door at the back of the room swung open and three tall men came in and looked at me.

I faltered a minute. Then, "I'm . . ."

"We know who you are an' what you come for. Set down." It was the smallest one that spoke. These must be his brothers.

"Thank you. Could I see the children?"

And then they came in, shyly and slowly. Only eight of them, I had been told, but that seemed a conservative estimate. One of the little boys carried a little pig in his arms. He set it down as he came in, and the little animal seemed to be very much at home in the room. Some of the other children were playing in the fireplace. It was so large that they could pass on either side of the andirons and stand up in the back. Two of the little girls came over and stood looking at me. Their names were Esther and Pauline, and they were very young and very solemn.

I kept remembering. These were his people. They all saw him do it. All of these children. It was a sorry, sordid story. A father had almost completely decapitated his wife—the mother of these children—in a drunken rage. It had happened only a few days previous to my visit, in the yard outside the house. That was what the old man, insane from pellagra, had seen, and could not forget. That was what caused the grandmother to talk with death in her voice. It was death in little Pauline's eyes, looking up at me.

I stayed only a minute, asking a few routine questions of the three tall quiet men. And then I left.

But I never can leave, really. That is what I have found out. They are all so hungry, and I never saw one of them smile. Those are the things that I can't forget. There are so many more, but I remember those most vividly. The children were so little. I keep wondering somehow. I can't forget because they all looked at me, and I had to drop my eyes from theirs, and turn away.

Herbert Wolf

Sweepings

Waking up every morning with a stinking taste in your mouth makes you think. I couldn't figure it all out at first, and then I decided that it was because I had been seasick all night. That's the way it is. You wake up at reveille and think it's all a dream, but that taste brings things right back to you.

Going over I was a fireman, working with the black-gang down below. It wasn't as bad as you think because the black-gang rates eating during watches. And, believe me, the privilege of scrambling your own eggs is worth something if your stomach won't hold the mess they serve as regular chow.

I used to wonder why I ever left home and sometimes I still wonder. When I'd get to feeling low, home seemed like heaven, even if it was just something to think about. Yet I wasn't very close to my family. I know when I went away to the Army I kissed my mother for the first time. That was a long time ago when I was just a kid. And because I was just a kid the fellows there tried to scare me by telling me how tough the Army could be. They told me that I was in for three years and heaven or hell couldn't get me out. But I fooled them.

What I hated most was scrubbing down those toilet seats. Every morning right after chow, there was that scrub brush and pail of kerosene waiting for me. But it wasn't the work, or the type of work either, that I was afraid of.

It's funny how little memories pop into one's mind. I keep thinking about Scarpatti, and of what a swell fellow he was. That was back in those days when I took this military business seriously. I'd puff out my chest with the rest of them and listen to all that rot about duty. Probably I liked Scarpatti because to me he was a symbol of the perfect military man. When I saw him last he was in the military prison at Fort Wright and I shook hands with him through the bars when I said goodbye.

Tad Floryan was my buddy then. We slept next to each other and we were only separated once: the time they sent him out to Plum Island. Tad was so impressed by it all that he went off to the Army prep-school at Portland, Maine, to take a crack at the Point. He's at the Point now, all dressed up in a monkey-suit with brass buttons to match. Yes, he jumps around when they crack the whip. Little by little they're taking from him everything human and fine and decent. They're making him the same type of machine that they tried, during those two years, to make me. But I balked before it was too late. I let them know what they could do with their cadet appointment.

But I started to tell about the cruise. After ten days we docked at Edinburgh where I met Grace Scott. She was over on the dock talking to Harrison when I made the liberty party. Russell and I spotted her at the same time and we went over to get introduced. I'll never forget the way she looked that day I first saw her. She had on a grey tweed skirt, and a tweed jacket over a pink sweater. I guess it was that pink sweater that got me. I knew, then, that I had to get rid of the two fellows. Harrison was easy. I just gave him the cold eye and he took the hint. But Russell wouldn't budge. When we tried to shake out for her, she got pretty angry; so we decided to let her choose between us. She didn't want to make the choice, but we kept after her and finally she picked me. Boy, I felt all swelled up. I took her over to Princess Street to eat and then we decided to go riding. We took a tram-car out to Collinton Dell, Royal Burgh, Edinburgh. From there we went hill climbing and ended up in the meadow. We were pretty tired by then. We lay down side by side in the long grass. I couldn't keep my eyes off her; I kept watching the way her breasts moved up and down when she breathed. She was breathing hard, too. I guess the climb had winded her. It was late and I decided to wait until it got dark. But at 11:30 it was still as light as day out, so then I didn't wait any longer.

Back on the ship coming down the North Sea we hit some bad weather and I was very sick. About

Herbert Wolf *made a cruise to northern Europe several years ago, while he was a member of the Coast Guard Academy. Subordinating rules to free self-expression, he gives us his impressions of the voyage as it seems to him now.*

that time I learned that dry bread on an empty stomach keeps your belly from knotting up. Those days I saw my food twice at every meal. And every time I thought of Grace, I felt sick inside, too. I didn't want to ever see her again. In fact I didn't want to see any girl again; but when we got to Copenhagen I felt differently.

Whalen bunked right above me. I hated his guts but I couldn't do anything about it because he ranked me. When we were in port he used to come in at night drunk as a dog, put his foot in my face and climb into his bunk. I can only attempt to explain how I got to feel about him after awhile. It was as if I were being beaten, with my hands tied behind my back. I'd lie in my bunk at night and hate him so hard my throat would ache. One night I got to thinking how easy it would be to climb up and choke him to death while he slept. The feeling got stronger and stronger until I felt as if it were lifting me up toward him. That scared me, and afterwards I tried not to think about him. Just a little while ago I heard he was married. He got a fine girl, too, one of the Roach twins. Now he's a commissioned officer stationed somewhere out on the coast.

Perhaps it's good for me to get all this off my chest. The trouble is I have so much to tell, I don't know how to tell it. I get flashes of memories, like waves piling up on a shore. I remember that young middy on the Wyoming who fell out of his hammock and broke his neck. They shipped him back to the States, done up in cold storage so he wouldn't spoil. Mrs. Smith, here's your son nice and fresh. Forty-nine cents a pound. That must have been after we cleared for Hamburg.

The last night before we left I was coming back from the Rue des Galléons. Botchie had been so drunk in the La Lune that he got tough with the girls instead of taking them upstairs as he should have done. The madam started yelling for the gendarmes. That's how I came to get back to the dock when I did. It was about midnight and so dark that at first I didn't see Whalen and Prins with the bull-fiddle between them. They were drunk, all right, but I managed to get a fairly straight story from them. Cripes, it was funny. They had been up to a hotel where they became very fond of this bull-fiddle. Twice they broke up the dance to get it, until finally the manager had to lock it up in the head. I've got to hand it to Whalen, though. When he wants something he goes out and gets it. He had to break down the door to get this. And then he and Prins made a get-away through some French-windows.

That's how it is. A jumble of memories, running through my mind. The Marienlyst at Klampenborg and Sans Souci. Loch Katrine in Trossachs. That piper at the bend in the road. Saint-Jean-de-Luz. Hamburg. Especially Hamburg, where that slut told me to come back when I had more money. Terry in Berlin, hardly able to walk. He borrowed my razor later on and when he gave it back to me I threw it away. Home. Those newspaper clippings. My folks had saved every one of them. I got a big kick out of the one headed: "Wolf in War Zone." Local boy makes good, I suppose.

Dad thinks that I ought to get settled. That's why I'm down here now. But it's pretty hard to concentrate in class. I try to listen to the instructor but I get to looking out the window and my thoughts start going. Dad says that if I stick with it, soon I won't want to move again. I hope so.

Sonnet

How often have I seen the untouched snow
That lost its virgin freshness in an hour,
And watched the swiftly fading sunset's glow
And caught the falling petals of a flower
In autumn I have seen a summer's leaf
Turn first to gold or red and then to brown,
And felt in spring a sudden stab of grief
At cherry blossoms drifting slowly down
And yet with perfect faith I turn to you
And to your quiet, tender love for me,
And know this miracle that now is true
In life and death and on—will always be;
Though sun and stars and fading flowers say
"Nothing will last, and night must follow day."

—Jean Brabham.

A Page of Modern Verse

Town with a College

Here the fish-like clouds swimming the sky,
laughter teasing with the wind in pines:
here the vacuum of selection,
here to meditate the soon world fate:
here the winding wisteria vines.
From this stillness we stab at the noise.
Here with the cryptic print we brand the brain,
from it feed views with solemn alarm:
here local thrusts intruding our peace,
we pace a beaten floor and forget.
Here with timely stresses around us,
we lose sight seeing a frightened earth.
Here in the silence with the small noise,
here flinging worldward our stern few lines,
we voice this action to hollow lanes.

—SIMONS ROOF.

Prelude to Churning

FOR JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY AND
EUGENE JOHNS

> . . . *those disquieting phantasmagoria, those tangles of algae, those long-haired inter-twinings, those triumphant vegetable, human, rocky, or cloudy arabesques. . . .*
>
> —ANDRE LHOTE.

pigpuddle willowed catterwampus
stymies the traipsing cow returning
watermawkish pools you
ultimately delay the churning

shoo shoo get you in there
sook sook dam you heifer
you should moo disturbèd by the
fruitful fecundating zephyr

wup not the swinish puddle
goddamit now youve done it
in the pile and gangrene puddle
idly dwawdled and didnt run it

contumacious cow/vache vaillante
with slime the slippery teats distending
elude the zealous hands and bucket
prehensility amending
gallivanting sublimes gently into
lanthorn jaws the foam culled
undulous drips on fodder
anabasis grotesque annulled
i herd reluctant animal
animus stubbornly chronic
reality is hard i wish
farming matterless platonic

—JOE HORRELL.

Philosopher in the Garden

Rave the garden corner:
Tear the last hair out:
Propound with tearful eyes
"The end is imminent!"

Spit out bitter wisdom:
Hold up the yellow lamp:
Disclose the beds of reason
Growing nervous mold.

—Beware the octopus machine
Berate the cheers at Burchtesgaden
Mourn the Spanish dead;—
Shout from the garden corner
"Civilization is cracking up!"

Turn your gaze from the street:
Deny the promptings of this spring
—Cotyledons bursting underfoot
Heart beating under heart,—
Deny your hope its part.

Stand in the garden shadows
Meditate on mushroomed steak:
Tremble with rational hate:
—The dead will not lie still
Having vengeance to fulfill,
Centuries late a sore fled race
Has learned to turn the cheek and fight.—

Stand alone and wring your hands:
—Shackled wrists between the wheels
Reach cracked hands in the wasted fields,—
Life is rising in the land.

—ALBERT ROUSLIN.

Robert Garland

Captain Fred

The Passing of an Era

"You haven't received a college education until you have ridden Captain Fred's CARRBORO LIMITED." Until October 24, 1936, this was a favorite expression of the students at the University of North Carolina, in Chapel Hill. On that day Fred Coit Smith, affectionately referred to as 'Captain Fred' by thousands of students, townspeople and alumni, sadly clambered aboard his train and took his place as conductor in the rear of the ancient coach. He tried to be cheerful—to fit into the holiday air of the crowd of curious passengers—but it was too easy to remember that passenger service between University Station and Carrboro was to be forever discontinued after the end of this run.

It was thus that Captain Fred, his train crew of three and the traditional CARRBORO LIMITED, began their last round-trip together between Carrboro and University Station—a journey which marked the end of 50 memorable years of service on the line for the staunch conductor. Today memories of past decades of railroading on the 10.2 miles of rail returned to the Captain, and for a moment one could almost detect a twinkle in his soft grey eyes. How handsome the coaches had appeared 30 years before, when they were new. The combination baggage-passenger car had attracted attention for miles around. The passenger coach, exclusively for the white element, was no less attractive. A large mirror hung at each end of the car; and fancy gilded, brass lamps had shone ceremoniously over the red plush seats. These "modern" seats had appeared soft as a feather tick. An anti-clinker stove of the pot-bellied vogue had reposed majestically in one end of the "palace car." The car windows would always open then—and the overhead iron filigreed baggage carriers were continually crowded with valises, satchels and home-made lunches. As the clackety-clack, clackety of wheels against rails moved the famous two-car train nearer University Station, Captain Smith noted the changes which had occurred since that day. Now, grimy soot coated what had once been shiny black coaches. In many places, the paint had peeled so badly that the wooden sides were bare to the onslaught of the elements. No longer did the coaches retain their trim lines. They listed to one side not unlike the leaning of an automobile when one of its springs is broken. The passenger coach reminded him of an angry tom cat, it was all bowed up in the middle. Fly specks and dust now covered the once shiny brass lamps. To Captain Fred the plush seats were still red, but not the carmine red they had been in other days. He still liked to sit on these seats; but somehow they didn't "set as soft as they used to." Warm air still radiated from the pot-bellied heater; however, its legs were wobbly, and it had long since ceased to be clinkerless. Now, it would take a giant to open one of the coach windows. Soot, dirt, and warping had made them this way. No longer did women linger to primp in the fancy mirrors hung in either end of the coach, rarely did women or anyone else now have occasion to ride Captain Fred's "Limited." Rust was beginning to form on the overhead baggage carriers. Perhaps it is just as well, since few bags and bundles ever ride there now.

The last trestle has been passed and the proud little "444" was chugging into University Station. There was no village there, only a house here and yonder, with the customary filling-station and combination grocery-post office. Regardless, everyone in the community was there to see the Captain pull in for the last time. After waving his train to a stop, the genial skipper ate his usual lunch, a sandwich and a glass of milk.

That afternoon, after Skipper Smith had finished the return run to Carrboro, he seemed cheered up a bit. A cheroot and a soft easy chair by the fire glowing in the grate; this placed him in a mood to narrate to Tom, Ben and me, events of thirty, forty, and even fifty years ago, as if they occurred yesterday.

ROBERT GARLAND *was an intimate friend of Captain Fred for four years, and got the material for this article from him shortly before his death. A senior, he contributes to the Magazine for the first time.*

Tom began by asking the skipper if it was true that the "Limited" had never operated on Sundays.

"Course it is!" exclaimed Captain Fred. "Colonel A. B. Andrews, the original President of the line, once said: 'This train started out religious, and we are going to keep it religious.'"

Ben then questioned Captain Fred concerning other facts of the railroad—the time required to make the 10-mile trip, the character of the crew and some of his experiences.

"We usually made the trip between Carrboro and University Station in one hour and ten minutes, although the return trip to Carrboro took only one hour. You see, the extra ten minutes required on the trip to University Station was on account of the refueling necessary for my little wood-burning engine along the way. The train had a top speed of 25 miles per hour, but she rarely ran faster than the 20-mile an hour mark. However, we did set a new record on the final run, 30 minutes for 10 miles!

"You should have seen my crew. They were a good, hardy lot. My engineer, J. P. Nesbitt, was in the railroad service for more than 47 years, being in our employ more than 34 years of that time. He was kinda' fat, weighed 'bout three hundred pounds, I guess. He is 78 years of age now, but is still healthy and active and enjoys life on his farm several miles from Chapel Hill. Why, I can remember when big University events, such as 'Commencement Times' and the fall opening days forced me and J. P. to couple up as many as 10 cars to carry the passengers! Yet, when we discontinued passenger service in 1936, the average revenue wasn't but 21 cents per day.

"Marcus D. Pridgen, my brakeman, braked them cars for us more than 29 years. He's farming near Carrboro now. Our fireman, 'Baby Boy' G. M. Ramsey, loaded wood and shoveled coal on the road's engines for 23 years. He don't think freight service will ever be stopped on the line, and I hope he's right.

"You boys ought to have seen the wood box in the baggage compartment of my train," said the Skipper, a boyish grin spreading over his face. "The peculiar thing about that wood box was that it never had any wood in it. Instead, we used it to hide the boys that had had a little too much, and told the faculty members that no drunks had been on the train that evening.

"Hazing ain't what it used to be," Captain Fred said, with a somewhat regretful look on his face. "The upperclassmen didn't wait for the freshmen to come to the Hill. Instead, they would pile on my train and make what they called their annual pilgrimage to University Station, where they would welcome their new brothers with open hands and a pine paddle. The hazing spree here was sorta' slowed down after 25 upperclassmen were suspended for this practice in the 'nineties.

"I can remember when the hazers almost got me back in the school year 1912-13. A Saturday afternoon loafing class at the Carrboro Station decided to go out to the old Iron Mine, several miles away, and they told me I should give 'em a free ride. That was against regulations, an' I had to refuse. They just wouldn't take no for an answer, though. I turned and signaled J. P., my engineer, to pull out. A few minutes later I happened to look toward the back of the train. There, on the rear vestibule, were crowded members of the loafing class, thicker than flies around a barrel of molasses. I had the last laugh, however, when little ole '444' roared past the Iron Mine at a top speed of 25 miles an hour, while they were yelling for the train to slow down so they could jump off. Five miles down the line I let the pranksters off to exercise their legs in the direction of the Hill. The lads promised me that if I ever took a step on the campus they would give me my medicine.

"Now I'll tell you boys about President George Taylor Winston, and the accident. It was a cold winter afternoon, when Mr. Winston was one of the few passengers on board, that the accident happened. President Winston was worried, he had an urgent appointment, and complained that the train moved so slowly that he was sorry he had not started walking instead of taking it. With an ear-splitting crash, the coach suddenly rolled over on its side in the ditch. The nearness to which the old pot-bellied stove fell to President Winston almost singed his long white beard before he could be pulled to his feet. You may be sure President G. T. never complained any more about my train's speed," chuckled Captain Smith.

"People tell me you had rather an unusual romance, Captain Fred." questioned Jim.

"Come on and tell us." chimed in Ben.

"Well, boys, it began in the early part of the year '81. I was working in the Goldsboro express office then. Every morning I would give a letter to a friend who was an expressman on the train to New Bern. Each day at about breakfast time, when the train neared the village of LaGrange, the expressman selected a pine stick of wood from the car's wood box, slipped the letter in a slit in the wood, and tossed it out the express door. The girl, a pretty little brunette, who had been watching from a window of the big white house up on the hill, would run down to the tracks to get the letter when the train had pased around the bend.

"Ida—Ida Wescott was her full name—was what you college boys would call vivacious. In fact, she was so attractive to me that we decided to make a life's partnership of the affair on March 15, 1881. Since there was only one westbound train a day, and that was the 'breakfast time' one, Ida and I started our honeymoon toward the west. Rice, old shoes, tin cans, all those were there amid the tears of happiness and sadness of the well-wishers, who had come to say goodbye to us. I reckon that was about the happiest day of my life!"

Before we knew it, Jim, Ben and I caught ourselves looking over toward the Ida Wescott of yesterday—the Mrs. Fred Smith of today, who was sitting by her husband's side, calmly knitting a pair of socks.

Captain Smith noticed us—and smiled.

"Ida's tresses are no longer of a dark hue—but she has lost none of the grace and charm which won my heart 57 years ago."

We all agreed when she smiled at us as we got up to leave.

* * * *

Captain Fred Coit Smith will never again hear the shrill notes of a locomotive's whistle. A follower of the lure of the rails for 50 years, Captain Smith—beloved by Carolina students, alumni and townspeople alike—quietly passed into the eternal resting place in the late afternoon of April 9, 1939.

Frank Holeman

Unto Their Daughters

SCENE ONE

The stage is almost dark. There is a faint gray lumination on the right side as if a light were burning far off in that wing. Near the backdrop four figures are standing. They are the chorus. They are standing on a low step, and, outlined in the menacing shadows, each singer appears twice man-sized. They are intoning a Hebrew death chant, but the words are indistinct. Only the fearful rise and fall in the song can be distinguished.

From the right wing, a man comes slowly on to the stage. He is an enormous man, and the dim light at his back makes him appear even more enormous. His clothes are hung loosely on his great frame, and he walks with his feet wide apart. He gives the impression of infinite strength. But he walks haltingly, with his head lowered and his hands on his belly, as if he is wounded. He stumbles and half falls. He remains bent over, arms akimbo.

The chant becomes distinct.

FIRST SINGER. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

CHORUS. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

FIRST SINGER. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

CHORUS. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

FIRST SINGER. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up: In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

CHORUS. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

A groan is heard from the GREAT MAN: My belly! *The cry is sharp and strong as if his whole strength went into it. He writhes in the shadows.*

Three men of the CHORUS *approach him, stopping short, posturing grotesquely. Their attitudes express exaggerated fear.*

In the background, the head of the first singer

FRANK HOLEMAN, *Tar Heel journalist, writes of the death of a great man in a manner highly reminiscent of Tom Wolfe. Though it might be termed closet drama, his play has more power and scope than anything we have seen in a long time.*

is suddenly lighted. He is ABRAHAM, *the man of Ur. He has a wild shock of red hair and a beard which shines in the light. His nose is straight but long. He appears to be sixty years old, but his features are well preserved. He is dark as a Turk. His eyes are black and shining. He is reading from a scroll. His voice is deep, but there is no break—no sign of age. His voice is timeless.*

The GREAT MAN *does not appear to hear him. The* CHORUS *falls back.*

ABRAHAM. Also thou son of man, thus saith the Lord God: An end is come upon the four corners of the land.

Now is the end come upon thee, and I will send mine anger upon thee, and will judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompense upon thee all thine abominations.

And mine eye shall not spare thee, neither will I have pity: and ye shall know that I am the Lord.

An end is come, the end is come, it watcheth for thee; behold, it is come.

The GREAT MAN *remains oblivious. The* CHORUS *gestures fearfully for him.*

ABRAHAM. The morning is come unto thee, O thou that dwellest in the land: the day of trouble is near, and not the sounding again of the mountains.

Now will I shortly pour out my fury upon thee.

Destruction cometh; and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none.

The GREAT MAN *is motionless. The* CHORUS *appears to take his part, and bows supplicatingly to the patriarch.*

ABRAHAM. Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you that he will not hear.

For your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; your lips have spoken lies, your tongue hath muttered perverseness.

Son of man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke.

The CHORUS *retreats.*

ABRAHAM. Thou saidst, I will not transgress; when upon every high hill and under every green tree thou wanderest, playing the harlot.

The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming.

The GREAT MAN *sinks to the floor soundlessly, and lies almost still. He is breathing quickly and lightly.*

The aura about the patriarch's head dims and he vanishes. The light in the right wing dies. The stage is left in darkness.

SCENE TWO

The left side of the stage is lighted slowly, coming finally to full brilliance. It is the inside of a bedroom. By the big frame bed, three people are standing and sitting in various attitudes of attention. One is a doctor; one is an old woman; and one is a young man.

Lying in the bed is a gaunt old man. Once he might have been a giant, but his flesh has been consumed by disease. He is almost a skeleton, and his appearance is the more frightening because his bare bones are so large. He is breathing lightly and quickly. He is the GREAT MAN *of the first scene.*

In the room also, but apart from the circle around the bed, are two middle-aged men—neighbors of the GREAT MAN. *They are standing by a window on the left, gazing steadfastly out.*

FIRST NEIGHBOR. Will she come?

SECOND. If she doesn't get here soon, she'll never see her father alive.

FIRST NEIGHBOR. They wired her in Anderson. Her husband took right up and started.

SECOND. Is she his only daughter?

FIRST. Yes.

SECOND. Has he been calling for her ever since this morning?

FIRST. Yes.

SECOND. His time is getting short. As they say, "Death waits for no man."

There is a movement around the bed. The woman and her son fall back. The doctor bends over the GREAT MAN.

The neighbors are curiously unaffected by the dread focused on the bed. They talk as if they were alone, with all the casualness that all the rest of men of the town will use when they are told of the GREAT MAN'S *state.*

FIRST NEIGHBOR. He lived a wild life.

SECOND. He did more living than any two men in this town.

FIRST. He could drink more, eat more.

SECOND. And women!

FIRST. Many's the time a keg of beer . . . half a ham.

SECOND. The whores feared him worse than God.

FIRST. He was the strongest man I've ever seen.

SECOND. He was a rounder!

FIRST. But his sins finally caught up with him. As they say, "His flesh was consumed in the furnaces of lust."

SECOND. He was a rounder!

The young man beside the bed moves to the window and stands gazing out.

FIRST NEIGHBOR. She must come soon.

SECOND. She must come in a few minutes.

The doctor beckons to the young man and the neighbors.

DOCTOR. He's going now.

The three are drawn slowly to the bed by the fascination of death. The neighbors stand back apace, but their curiosity is more evident because they have to crane their necks to watch. They are dumbstruck before the catastrophe.

A young woman enters. She is dressed in traveling clothes. She is tall and well-built, a little larger than most women. She halts just inside the room. The doctor stands between her and the bed.

DOCTOR. Rachel, your father is dead!

The young woman raises her hand to her face in dreadful astonishment, but there is no sound. She stands transfixed.

The stage darkens slowly.

SCENE THREE

A ghoulish light illumines the right side of the stage. It is a stone lined cavern, dark and dank. In the background is an upright stone shaft—a phallic image, the height of a man. In the background is a stone bier, on which the body of the GREAT MAN *is laid out. He seems even larger and gaunter in death. Beside him is a silver goblet.*

Standing by the bier is the DEVIL. *He is a young man with red hair not unlike* ABRAHAM'S *but his beard is short and pointed. He wears a skin-tight garment of dull red cloth. His trident is leaned against the bier.*

On the extreme left, in the edge of the shadow, there is a tall woman, clothed in flowing white. She is RACHEL. *Her black hair is wound tightly around her head and her face is mask-like. Alive in this cavern of death, her life is deeply covered and hidden. She is silent, unmoving.*

High against the backdrop, the head and shoulders of ABRAHAM *are lighted. His lips are moving, but no sound is heard. His face is turned upward. He seems immeasurably far away.*

The DEVIL *lifts the goblet from the bier, beside the* GREAT MAN, *swings it high, and walks toward* RACHEL. *All his movements are exaggerated. He halts before the woman.*

He begins to speak. His voice is full-vibrant like a young man's, but at times there is a note of bitterest sarcasm—sarcasm no young man could express. At other times his voice is soft and pleading.

[*There are three spots of light: on the* GREAT MAN *laid out; on* RACHEL; *and on* ABRAHAM *on high. The phallic image is a tall shadow. The* DEVIL *moves in the semi-darkness.*]

DEVIL.

A draught for thee, Rachel—warm and smoking,
Sweet distilled and slowly turned;
Cup o'er-filled with secret pleasure,
Quiv'ring hold of wild delight.
A draught by the Devil's own hand brewed
(Who better knows the Art and has more Skill
And darkish Things to mix in it?)—
Prepared for thee, Rachel, offered thee,
By the Black Master, Himself. Take. Drink.

Angrily.

Woman, once you were for sure reluctant
(Hard put I was, to sway thee with an apple!),
But since, your hesitance, your stubbornness,
Has been but coyness to lead me on.
Aside this hussyness, this bright pretence,
Take! Drink!

Insinuatingly.

Have not thou and I been best of friends,
Since from the Garden driven? All joy
Thou hast since God forsook, I gave thee—
All pleasure, all bliss, and delight.
Why fear you me, who gave thee
Passion for thy only consolation,
In thy dread, despised futility?
Why fear you me, thine only Benefactor?
Another gift, this cup.

Suggestively.

'Twas to see your father that you came?—
Great Man felled low by God's own spite
Because he lived with God's own lustiness.
Here he lies, gaunt skeleton, as if he
Devoured death with the same mad hunger
That beset him while he lived. His life
And death one dismal feast: in both he was
The Proud Host.
If you would see him, drink this cup.
Rachel, to know him, drink this cup.
Drink this cup, and you shall know him.

RACHEL *takes the cup slowly and empties it.*

She sways as if the draught were unexpectedly potent. The Devil *strides quickly around the* Great Man's *bier and halts behind it. He leans over the skeleton exultantly.*

Devil.

Great Man, she has drunk your soul.
The soul that leaped like fire in this Body
When it strode the hungry Earth;
The Soul that God condemned in envy
And charged to me and Hell.
Your daughter has drunk it—
Every fiery drop of it.
Your spirit—all your lust and fury—
Has been poured back into the flesh
You begot in fury and lust.

In the background, lights begin to flicker around the phallic image. It glows. Rachel *stirs slowly from her trance. The* Devil *turns his face to* Abraham *on high, and speaks, though he knows he is not being heard.*

Devil.

What fools you are, fathers of men!
To think I hold you condemned sons
Deep in some boiling Hell forever.
I pour their Souls into their daughters
Who mother ten for the One that you send me.
From their bodies I make flowers and trees
For the brood the mothers are nesting.
In the end, all the sons of men will be my spawn,
And the garden of Earth, my handiwork.
While you preach, Holy Father!

The Devil *laughs. The light around* Abraham *fades out. The phallic image shines brilliantly.* Rachel *is awake. She is swaying with purpose. The* Devil *moves to her. Each of them begins to dance sensuously. The phallus changes color swiftly—red, yellow, green.* Rachel *approaches the dancing* Devil.

The stage darkens.

SCENE FOUR

The left side of the stage is lighted slowly. It is the bedroom where the Great Man *died.*

Rachel *is alone at the bed, with her head on his breast weeping.*

The End

Edward Megson

Toes in the Sand

It was a dusty road and the dust rose in powdery billows. A white boy and a colored boy were ambling down the road and their trousers and shirts were covered with the fine, dusty film.

"It sure was nice feeling when we were walking around that pond, Jack." The colored boy spoke with a slow roll to his voice.

"Yes, it felt good."

"I wish we'd of caught some turtles though, 'cause my mother's going to be real mad when I gets home."

"Why?"

"Well, I was supposed to get some fat-back from Mister Jones' store before I went anywhere."

"Will she lick you?" For the first time the white boy looked mildly interested and brought his eyes from the road.

"No, she won't, but my daddy will when he gets home from the sawmill." The colored lad looked up and down the road as though he expected to be grabbed from behind any minute.

It was a winding roadway and in the fading light of late afternoon the shadows from the scatered and ragged pines were just beginning to encroach beyond the ditch. Above and over the pines, a buzzard was wheeling his solitary circle.

"Aw, don't be so scared. Your daddy doesn't get home till dark anyhow, said the white boy with just a trace of derision in his tone.

"Yes, you're right. But he does get home, and when he does. . . ." The colored boy halted and began to dig his toes in the dirt. The powder pressed up through the cracks of his toes.

"Aw, you're more scared than a baby."

"I'm not scared of the lickin', Jack. But I just

Edward Megson, *newly elected member of the Publications Union Board, originally wrote this story for an earlier issue of the Magazine, but it was crowded out. We do not think it deserved the fate to which it was subjected.*

knows that my mother won't let me go to the pond tomorrow."

"That's all right. I'm not going tomorrow either."

"Why isn't you? Your mother don't care, does she?"

"My mother told me I can't go wading no more down at the pond."

"Why ain't she lettin' you? She didn't care before." The dark boy looked at his white friend and his eyes were full of questions.

"Well, I don't know. She just isn't going to let me go no more."

"That's all right. There's nothin' to stop us from going to the creek behind my house, is there?"

"My mother won't let me go wading nowhere, no more."

"What you done to make her mad?"

"I ain't done nothing. Her and my daddy just won't let me go nowhere."

The colored boy dug his toes deeper in the dust and scratched his woolly head with one hand. With the other one he hitched up his ragged dungarees.

"It'll work out, Jack. I'll come over to your house and we'll build that boxing ring we started last summer. Remember?"

"You better not come over to my house no more," said the white boy.

"Why not? Your mother isn't mad at me, is she, Jack? I never done nothing to make her mad, did I? The voice of the colored lad was filled with amazement.

"No, she's not mad at you. It's only she and daddy don't want me to play with you no more. She don't want me to be with niggers." The white boy started off down the road and the dust rose under his feet and he didn't look back.

The colored boy dug his toes deeper in the dust and looked after him.

Richard Goldsmith

Three Beers and a Horse

I am sitting in Werner's a couple of days ago studying a form sheet and having a quiet glass of beer when Musky Davis walks in, gives me the big hello, and sorta moves in on me. Now all the crowd which hangs out at Werner's, being mostly bell-hops and elevator boys from the third rate hotels on Columbus Avenue, is good friends, and ordinarily I do not mind this Musky, but I am doing some serious thinking. Musky does not know this, of course, but when a man has his nose buried in a form sheet it is not nice to disturb him. Still Musky gets lonesome, and I guess he does not always think of what is the right thing to do. He is a doorman, but he looks like any man-sized door will give him a great deal of trouble. His hair has moved down from his head and looks like it has all concentrated in his mustache. This is a droopy walrus mustache, and makes this Musky a very sad looking individual. I can only say that I would not like to have him opening any doors for me. Anyway, he sits down and does not say much for a while, except I notice that he is looking over my shoulder to get a peek at my selections. I tell him that this is very impolite and generally thought to be bad luck. He says he is very sorry and that he will not do it again and he looks so sad that I say that I will let him have anything I pick, and that I only mind his looking over my shoulder because it makes me nervous.

Musky has a beer, and I have another to keep him company. Pretty soon he asks me if I will not like to go in back and play a little pinochle with him. Now he is a good player and I like to play with him, especially since it is my private opinion that anybody who is as sad looking as he is will not even come in for his fair share of luck. So I tell him I will be glad to play with him after I have finished my beer. He says this will be all right and asks me if there is anything new. I tell him that nothing has happened around here since Joe, Musky's relief man, won in the Sweepstakes. He imagines that this is right and says

RICHARD GOLDSMITH, *another new contributor, does a nice job of the Damon Runyan type of story, which contrasts sharply with the type of fiction usually found in the Magazine. We would like to know the campus reaction to it.*

that things are not the same at Werner's like they were in the old days. I cannot argue with him here as I know nothing about the old days, being new in the neighborhood. We are drinking our beer and exchanging views, when sudden-like I notice that Musky is not listening to me talk but is staring at some guy who has just come in. I also notice that he looks less sad than he has ever looked before.

"Charlie," he says, "if you are not too anxious to play pinochle and will take a good look at that guy over there, I will tell you a very funny story." I say that this suits me fine, and it must be a very funny story indeed as it makes Musky look as happy as though he has just won a hand in spades. I take a good look at the guy and then turn around to Musky.

"Well," he says, "What do you see?"

There is not much to tell him as all I can see about this guy is that he is very small and, even though he has his hat on, he has a bald sort of look about him. I also see that he is wearing a new suit which is a very poor fit and which is making him squirm as though he is very uncomfortable. I tell all this to Musky, and ask him if he thinks he is Sherlock Holmes or something.

"I am not Sherlock Holmes," he says, "but if I could prove it, I would bet that this guy does not have more than ten dollars in his pocket."

This is good for a laugh. I tell him I would bet right along with him as it is a cinch these days that there are very few guys who have more than a sawbuck in their pockets.

"This is very true," he says, "but there are not many parties in this man's town who are carrying ten dollars less the railroad fare to Ossining."

I have to agree with him that there is no doubt about this, and as I am getting very interested I tell him to go on with his story. He does not say anything, however, and I see that the stranger is walking around as though he is looking for something. I guess as how he has been here before as he even goes into the back room. Now you can always get a pinochle or poker game in back, and after everybody's paid off on Saturday night there is always a nice friendly crap game. This room is reserved special for the boys which are regular at Werner's, and when I see him go in there I figure that this is not the first time he has been in the joint. While he is looking around Musky has his face close to the table as though he is studying my form sheet. He does not look up until the stranger has gone out, and then he starts to laugh. I have never seen him do this and I get a little scared, but it is all right as he stops pretty quick and I guess he feels that it is not good to overdo a thing.

As soon as Musky is himself again, I tell him so what.

"Well," he says, "you say that you see he is small, but what you have not seen is that he is very mean and very unpleasant. In fact, he is obnoxious."

This of course escapes me as I am not a mind reader, and I have not had a very good look at this guy, but I believe what Musky has said as he is an easy-going sort and not the kind what will knock a guy without he has a reason.

"To go on," he say, "his name is Brodie, and all the boys around used to call him Steve, although I never believe that he is the kind of a guy what will take a chance. He plays poker and shoots craps with us once in a while, but we do not encourage this as we are all friends and he is the kind of a person who gets very much affected by winning. I imagine that it is the smell of the money which overpowers him. It may not be this, but whatever it is it makes him sleepy. And he tells us that it is only natural that when a man is sleepy he should go to bed. We do not disagree with him, but we do not like it that a man should go to bed after he has made seven passes or cashed in on a full house. And so we will not play with him any more."

"This is very true," I say, "and I am glad to see that the boys have shown so much sense." I asked him if he would like another beer, and he says that it might help the story some. He takes a few swallows, and starts up again.

"Anyway," he says, "even though the boys will not play with Steve, he comes in and talks with them once in a while. They do not mind this as they still do not know what he really is."

I say here that I have talked with all kinds of people, and that there is nothing sadder than finding out just what they are like. He shakes his head very sad at this.

"Yes," he says, "one can never be sure, and the boys never found out till one night about five years ago when Steve comes in here all over smiles, and the boys figure that he must be all hopped up about something."

"The boys are right," Musky went on, "and when we find out what it is all about we decide that maybe our calling him Steve has done something for him. It seems that he has put two dollars on the nose of a long-shot at a hundred to one. Not only has he done this, but what is very unusual he has won. We are not as happy as though it had happened to somebody else, but we forget this as it is the sort of thing every horseplayer likes to hear about, although there is not a horseplayer who would not rather be telling about it than hearing it. We tell him we are surprised that he talks to us when he has this much money, and he tells us he is too, and that he has only come in because he wants to cash his bet. Ed, the waiter, has bet the horse for him, he says, as he was due out of town and did not have time to get over to the board room. While he is waiting for Ed he asks us to have a beer, and he is lucky as Ed comes in before we have finished and so he does not have to buy us another round. Ed comes in looking very sad, and walks over to Steve and hands him fifty dollars. Steve turns purple and enquires as to what has happened to the other hundred and fifty. Ed shifts and stammers for a minute and then tells Steve that he has bet the money all right only he has forgot to insure it. Now this is a very stupid thing to do if you are betting a long shot, because if you do not insure the bet for a nickel on the dollar you only get paid the bookies limit. If you win, and the bet is insured, you get paid the track odds. We all know this, but since Steve has won fifty dollars we do not believe that there is any call for such unpleasantness as happens. Before Ed has finished his story Steve has lifted an empty beer bottle from the table, and slugged him. He takes one look to see that he's not dead, and walks out. There is nothing for us to do but we all decide right away that we will never have any more to do with such an unpleasant person as this Steve."

"This is a very funny story," I say, "but I do not imagine that Ed thinks so."

"Oh," says Musky, "this is not the first beer bottle that Ed has ever been slugged with, and it does not seem to affect him very much. In fact, he says we should tell Steve that there are no hard feelings. Steve doesn't come around for a while as he is a little guy, and does not like to be any place where there are any hard feelings, but when we tell him this he comes around and apologizes to Ed for slugging him, and everything seems to be all right."

"Musky," I cannot help asking, "is this Steve not just a little out of favor?"

"We do not like him," he answers, "but he comes in so what can we do."

"You can put him out," I say, "although I do not imagine anyone wants to dirty their hands with a worm like that."

"Yes," he says. "That's part of it, but we are not so angry at him any more since he and Ed have made up. In fact, Ed gets downright friendly with him and says he wants that Steve should call on him any time he wants a favor."

"This is definitely the Christian spirit," I say, "but something tells me it is not quite on the up and up."

"No," Musky says. "It wasn't."

"I can very easily believe this," I say, "as it is seldom that a guy who has been slugged with a beer bottle ever turns his back to anyone again, much less the other cheek."

"I have heard tell of this," Musky says, "but Ed is different. Steve is in a hurry or something, and Ed places another bet for him. This time there is no slip up. Everything goes off hunky-dory. The horse comes in, Ed collects the bet, and Steve gets paid off according to Hoyle. I remember the horse pays $40.32."

"You have a good memory," I say.

"Not so good," he says, "but that is one price I will never forget. He has bet a sawbuck on the filly, and after he gets the money he decides he will take a little trip."

"This will take him a long way," I say.

"Well," Musky says, "it does and it doesn't. The first thing he does is stop at a filling station to get some gas, and I hear later that they stop him there for passing counterfeit dough. The guy there calls a cop, but Stevie doesn't put up much of a squawk even when they take him to the station. Any guy might have a phoney bill on him and it mightn't be his fault."

"When they got him to the station," Musky went on, "they found he was lousy with the stuff."

"Well," I say, "so what."

"It is too bad," Musky says, with what looks like a tear in his eye, "but they have to put him away. I do not think much about this until I find out that Ed's brother is an artist. Of course he is not very well known, but he is good enough so that the government takes quite a bit of interest in his work. They are not partial to anybody who is taking any business away from the treasury department."

Lee Manning Wiggins

Fantasy in Silver

Bright moonlight bathed the hills, the trees, the fallen brown leaves, moonlight bathed the valley, the running stream at the bottom, silver, moonlight, the dogwood, the deep wooded paths. Silver on a warm night, flakes of light dropping like new minted silver, cold as silver, warm as night, as deep, silent, dark night, night of peace—a night of soft bird calls and a thousand warm-throated cicadas.

Through the ravine darkly seen a shadow, a spoke of white in the silver moonlight, moving, vanishing behind the white elms, reappearing, coming nearer. Nearer—a girl, all silver in the moonlight. Dark hair with a silver lustre on a silver head on a silver throat; and eyes, black eyes, eyes flashing with silver. In her hand she carried a pail, a new galvanized tin pail, bright and silver. Barefooted she came, on white doe feet, but not without dignity; barefooted she came, but in beauty, clothed in a silver halo.

But I was a tree, I could not talk, I could not plead—only I could wave and wave my arms, stretch them to heaven, cry out—but my cry was a rasp. To her my cry was the scraping of old wood; only a wind in the tree under the moon. To her I was old, and dead; not dead as she might one day be dead, as one once living, but dead eternally to beauty, dead to sorrow, dead to the myriad night and all the stars. Dead, dead—but what is death? what is it to be dead, insensate? Can one who never lived be dead? No, silver beauty, death is of men and mortal; death is deeper than any man thinks, and I will not die.

But as she came nearer, almost touching me, under my arms, then I gasped—for her beauty was of the rare warm June and the dark silent November. I tried to lean—oh God I tried to lean, and barely touched her hair. One touch, a touch that was the awakening of a mad longing. Silver flooded the valley, and I was alone. Had I been a man, had I even been a loathsome bullfrog, so I could leap along in her shadow, follow her to the wild and dark corners of the earth. Men on two legs, you do not understand, can never understand any of the sorrow we fixed and rooted beings know. There is sorrow in the endless paths we can not follow, sorrow in the hills we cannot climb, sorrow, dark sorrow, in the bleak and lonely nights, sighing, moaning for comfort when there is none. Mobile gods of earth, I am a tree; hear my sorrows, walking men; hear my sorrows—and hear my joy.

For this night I had sensed was to be different. Whether I knew it in the unusually long and expectant hush that preceded the night I do not know, or whether I knew it in the shivery hour when the moon first began to ascend the hill; or whether I knew it as each man knows the day of his death, knows it from the womb of time as certainly as birth. I knew it, and that was why I could not understand, when she returned, that she did not stop. Again I cried and rasped my arms in the silver light, but she did not pause, but lightly on doe feet advanced. I heard her approach on those silent white feet, nearer; I heard her warm breath, I felt her sweet warmth. And as she passed, I cried out to all the dark forces of the night—and walked!

A strange, new world, when first the blind can see; when first the deaf hear the voice in their ears is beyond comprehension. And so I could not believe that I could walk; I staggered and trembled in fear, until she had passed on down the path. Rapidly with a prescience of joy and fear I moved after her, and there at the brook she turned and saw me.

And there at the brook I spoke to her, I pled with her. And there I read the great mystery in her eyes, and solemn acquiescence. Polar moon, hide your silver behind the clouds; long wind-swept clouds, flee, flee beyond all hills. Flee beyond the white horizon, mist fawn-figures on meadow-side. When was that night, forever through time, always and endless? was it an age ago, or yesterday? Oh night of dark magic, night of fulfillment—all yearning, all hope, all light, all rapture.

You see me here lying in the stream. "Dead," you say. "Must have been the lightning." An old dead tree. Only a dead elm without eyes, without feet—and yet I walked. Only a faceless, heart-

Lee Manning Wiggins, *sophomore devotee of modern literature, might well be accused of the pathetic fallacy, but we believe that his subject matter and his method of communicating it possess qualities of sufficient uniqueness and power to acquit him of the charge.*

less trunk, and yet this face kissed lips you will not taste, this heart beat with a fervor and dark passion your pale soul cannot feel. Only an elm in the quiet brook, with trout flashing through its leafless branches; only an ocean with a thousand beaches; only a world with a thousand stars. Dead wind of lost desire, when this fading planet lies cold; when men's loves have been lost and scattered and forgotten—wind, sweep other unborn forests with my dream and passion. For silver was the light the night of rich love, strange love; silver, always and endless, forever through time.

Simons Roof

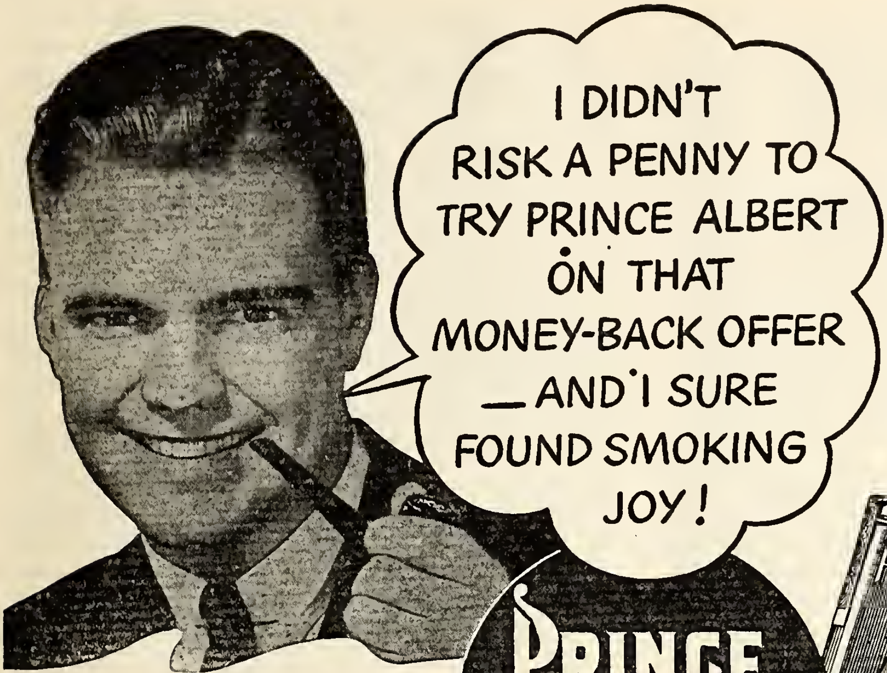
An Inn and a Girl

Over the valley instead of wheat was wild grass growing: the valley so green and cool in summer was satisfying. Sometimes we would walk swiftly from the inn, walk down the brown path with the rocks beside it, walk through the garden of jonquils and daisies. When we would reach the bridge, the tiny bridge made of logs, we would race across together, holding hands. We would hold hands many times: we wished it that way. Then up the other side, the steep hillside, up we would walk across the short wiry grass, walking until the hill became flat at the ridge. At sunset from the valley the ridge was red, but on days when we climbed to the ridge the sunset was a faint ruddy ember far away. While the whip-poor-wills and bats were swooping, we would run on the ridge awhile, chasing each other like young mountain goats. Then when the first few stars were becoming lost, when the heavens were filling with many more stars, and sometimes when the moon was there, we would tire of trying to catch each other. We would hold hands and lie there on the ridge, and beneath us was the winding valley, the valley sprinkled with orange lamplight, and we held hands and smiled and wished silently. After a while the night would turn too cool, and slowly, because we were happy, we would rise sighing and walk homeward.

We often worked together in the orchard, though she only worked because she liked it, and I worked because she was there. We would walk under the apple trees, in spring dodging the blossoms together, catching the fullest ones to stick in her hair, and shaking the blossoms sometimes on each other, shaking them down like snow to make each other smile. In the spring in the orchard we never mentioned it, we never mentioned the mortgage on the place. But summer was wilder and different, the trees were thicker and greener and bearing, and off to the east were the great blue mountains, and to the west of us the close high hills we climbed. Summer made us think of more than spring had: in summer we knew autumn was coming next. We worried together while we worked together. When I climbed the scaly apple trees, reached the loaded branches and shook them, then the red fruit would fall in profusion to earth, and sometimes an apple would hit her shoulders, for she would be bending picking them up. When an apple hit her we laughed merrily, for the apples were juicy and big, and sometimes would burst. But later when we had a bucketful of fruit, had some of the best big red ones, we ceased laughing and walked to the edge of the orchard. We would look for a cool place to sit.

Late on summer afternoons when the sun was fading, we often met at the well in the sideyard, and if no one wanted us to stay and talk, and if no work had to be done around the inn, we would hurry out of the yard and walk towards the spring. We always went that way because no one was there, because in the afternoons before supper the guests were reading. We walked towards the spring, but we would never reach it. We always turned up a narrow path choked by berry bushes, thick with sticky leaves and spindly branches, and wound with the path until we reached the clearing. In the clearing were the charred sticks of a dead fire. If we left the house early enough, and if marshmallows had been on the order from the grocery store, we would bring a small box and build a fire and toast them. We ate marshmallows from the ends of sassafras sticks: sassafras sticks had a strange sweet flavor, and we liked strange tastes. We liked strange

Simons Roof, *chairman of the newly formed Carolina Arts Group, uses here what he terms romantic realism. By adapting poetic technics to prose, he tries to compensate for his violation of such respectable short story conventions as direct characterization and temporal unity.*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smells too, and because the woods were wild they were full of odors. Wild grapes had a sharp pleasant taste and stained our mouths, and sometimes when the stains from the grapes made her lips purple, I caught her to me and while we laughed, with the back of my hand I rubbed her lips red again. The grapes and the sassafras sticks could be found near the clearing: wild flowers grew there and thick grass, and sweet grass roots we could chew. When we were in the clearing lying on the grass, laughing at the dying fire and the sizzling green wood, we looked again and again at each other. Something about the summer was so rare we knew it could never return if it left.

We never ceased liking the inn and the hills and the mountains: her family selected the guests and decided their activities. That was the thing about the summer we liked. The guests kept her parents busy with planning, so busy with details with which she was unable to help that she had as much free time as I. My family had the white house stuck back up the hillside, the new house made of pine wood, the house among the pines. My family was happy having nothing to do for awhile. Her family was happy having something to do. We talked to her family and mine about the weather: we knew they liked the looks of the weather. We puzzled about that together when we sat beside the highway, waiting for Roark the hired man to bring the mail. We wondered why they had to talk about the weather, because the weather was always high in a sweeping sky, high in the thin twisted clouds, high in the puffy rain clouds: the weather was safe running through the trees, safe stirring the leaves in the apple tree to talking like mice. And while we sat we watched the wind run through the grass, saw it leaping and gliding like a fish-fin through the thick grass. After several weeks of watching we decided why they talked of the weather. The weather was more satisfactory than the world, more satisfactory than talk of business, better than talk of mill strikes and war, and much better than talk of the mortgage on the inn. When we decided the reason, for a long time afterwards, until the men working on the hayloft were finished, she never laughed much. Later she said we should have been born in heaven: there things would have been better most of the time.

All summer that way we worried and worked together. Towards the end of the season, when the apples were picked, when the guests at the inn were beginning to feel restless for the city, when everyone was thinking autumn was not long away, we overheard her parents and mine one night, heard them approach at last the unapproachable subject, heard them speak of the mortgage. The mortgage had been foreclosed. The inn would be gone in another month. We heard them say that and then we ran to the garden, ran to the garden to keep from crying under the window. She lay on the grass near the bed of wild flowers we had planted, and her dress was the color of the flowers, full of reds and greens and golds, a kind of gypsy dress full of criss-crossing lines, and the belt at the waist made her seem even slenderer. She was wild-looking as she lay there, her head near the flowers, her black hair near a stone. But the single tear falling across her cheek made her even more beautiful than the color of apple on her lips. She lay there and tried to smile, and I knew she was too unhappy to even try to smile: I held her hands and kissed her cheek where the tear was falling. She smiled then and pulled me beside her. She turned her face upward, and the moonlight was faint and the stars very far away and the night slate-black. For more than an hour we lay there: we felt the same helpless way. We never spoke: what was the use?

II

Several days later my parents said we would have to be leaving. The other guests were all going away too, and then the winter would come full of cold winds, and the inn would be closed again, with its doors and windows nailed fast, and the barn locked tight. We would be leaving. I helped her clear the dishes from the supper table and we stacked them in low piles on the kitchen table: the maid was busy in the backyard helping Roark. When we had finished we walked outside. Summer was leaving, but the night was still summer. We caught hands and walked swiftly down the path, and we ran across the little bridge and walked up the other side. The hillside was far above and like a sleeping giant against the sky. But we ran happily again to the ridge, slowing when we were tired, walking to catch our breath, and because the night was near us and full of starlight, she began humming a soft song: she was forgetting the inn. After a while when we reached the ridge, I pointed to an ancient automobile loping down the valley, and because the lights were weak and bounced in a funny way, she said it must belong to one of the natives. When the automobile came close enough, suddenly its lights died. The automobile was far away from us, looking like a toy, but by the starlight and the half-moon, we could see the men working hurriedly to fix the headlamps. We stood on the ridge and watched them work. After a while she laughed lowly. She was very happy. I caught her hands in mine and we laughed together then, laughed long and loud, until the men must have heard us.

III

That was summertime. Now the mortgage has taken the inn away, and it has become the private home of an artist. The summers we spent at the inn are through, and I miss the summers very much, miss them because she was there. You may have seen her somewhere with her parents. After the mortgage was foreclosed, and the inn lost, she wrote that she was leaving with her family for a northern city. But work was hard for her father to find, hard for her mother, for her, the right kind of work. So they returned to the South to see what was left. They made enough money somehow to last: now their money must be about gone. Maybe you have seen her somewhere with her parents. She is slender, eighteen, has restless green eyes, like a deep green night with brief golden stars, and her hair is long and black and curly. She has a strange look about her, a wild helpless look: it makes you love her. If you see her maybe you will remember to tell her where I am. You see I think she might remember the promise she made the last night. She said we would always find each other, no matter what happened, no matter if the world were ending. Somehow I believe yet she was right. I expect she will write soon.

Critically Speaking

Feline Odoriferous

Beer for the Kitten. Hester Pine. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 312 pp. $2.50.

Because this satire on a college faculty refers occasionally to a massive oak tree around which is built a college campus and because its author got her schooling at an eastern university, there are those who are convinced that Quincy College has its prototype in Chapel Hill. Preposterous! Quincy College is real—it is near Boston and the author's husband is on the faculty.

Beer for the Kitten is essentially a rotten piece of work with a deplorable lack of redeeming features to its credit. The book creates its own world and that world is not representative of a typical college faculty. Only its witty and sometimes biting dialogue is most likely authentic. Blended with a peculiar mixture of academic jargon and collegiate slang, the talk is amusing and civilized and carries the story along to its fairly satisfying finish.

The tricky title is tied to Gerald, a gray cat with a strong taste for beer. In a vague way, this is analogous with a college faculty. Any cat may be taught to love beer—but Gerald has a natural taste for it. Teaching for the naturals is essentially right—they take to it as Gerald did to beer. But teaching sours the tempers of misfits—the good brick layers, say, who have made bad as teachers.

Hester Pine (obviously a pen name) follows the quiet, routine experiences of four faculty families during an academic year. Their lives intertwine, of course, and since the characters aren't sharply drawn, it's darn difficult to keep them all clearly in mind as one goes along. These families—and others too—take part in the scenes of home life, teas, proms, concerts, luncheons, dinners, and so on.

There isn't much plot except the swing-around of the college year. The motif happens to be the struggle between Dean Charlie Fitch and President Frederick Trainor. A man of broad interests and a heart of gold, the latter is pictured as an all-around praiseworthy individual. Dean Fitch and his busybody spouse, with their minds on the presidency and other people's business, are painted a solid black. Young Professor Hicks takes a home far removed from the campus, where he studies and makes love to his wife like a James M. Cain character. Nancy MacMasters and her husband were both trained archeologists, but archeology had been discontinued because of the depression and so MacMasters was assistant head of the classics department. As the school year progresses, the problems of each couple unravel and bring everything to the happiest sort of finish.

Popping up from time to time are Betty Woodberry and Peter Adams, unchaste and non-typical undergraduates. Through Betty, the author sums up her feelings regarding the faculty pedagogues. "Listen, Toots," Betty says at the end. "All of them were young once. Lots of them were like you. I bet they drank and raised hell and everything. They're only people, aren't they?"

—Ray Lowery.

Literary Retrospect

Autobiography with Letters. William Lyon Phelps. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75. 986 pp.

This book is just the right size to feel good in your hand. It takes all of your hand to hold it, but it isn't too heavy. This is a remarkable instance of the happy wedding of form and content.

"Now in a certain sense every day is Saturday," says William Lyon Phelps at seventy-three, recalling his childhood longing for the week-end holiday. It is this attitude and the fact that Phelps has had an extraordinarily varied life that make his autobiography one of unusual interest. He writes about a wide variety of subjects with a background of learning and experience which enrich the results of his very delicate sensibilities. The book contains some of his best literary criticism. His reactions to the people he has known — from Mark Twain to Sara Teasdale and H. G. Wells — are fresh and incisive. His accounts of his teaching, writing, and travel, of cats, astronomy and the Pope, are woven into the reader's own experience by virtue of the remarkable directness and genial humor with which they are set forth. Something

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of the secret of this humor is perhaps revealed in this question: "How is it possible to be consistent in such a tragi-comedy as this world where God himself seems so inconsistent?"

This is obviously a book which the author enjoyed writing tremendously, and which he must have written in a very leisurely fashion. It will be read in the same way—gradually and with quiet relish. It is, in a sense, an appalling miscellany of experiences, ideas, and people, but one which has at the end somehow reproduced a life in all of its vitality and richness. Dr. Phelps has written with a combination of force and simplicity which is possible only to a man who has reached mature age after a full life and has brought all of it along with him.

—MARSHALL SUTHER.

As We Were

EDUCATORS PRESENT ARMS. C. H. Hamlin. Zebulon, N. C.: Record Publishing Co. $.50. 47 pp.

" 'This is not the time when instructors of youth should be permitted to hide behind "democratic freedom" or "academic freedom" or any other perverted phrase of syllogism and give aid to the enemy by raising doubts in the mind of the people as to either the justice or the rightness of America's position in this war.' "

With this quotation from *North Carolina Education*, C. H. Hamlin strikes the keynote of the results of his research into "the use of schools and colleges as agents of war propaganda, 1914-1918." This, he suggests, was the way in which educators, immersed in the avalanche of thoughtless hysteria, sought to justify their repudiation of the ideals for which they had insistently stood in the past. In another editorial, from *The High School Journal*, published by The University of North Carolina, the hysteria was expressed by the statement that we were " 'fighting Germany and fighting ignorance—to save civilization.' "

Mr. Hamlin's pamphlet, with an introduction by Harold E. Fey, presents the factual results of scholarly research which is unmistakable in its portent. The work is carefully documented and supplemented by a full appendix. In consideration of the weight of his factual material, Mr. Hamlin's frequent interpretations from an obviously biased viewpoint seem superfluous, and their tone detracts from the dignity, if not the significance, of his presentation. It would seem that a work exposing the methods of propaganda would gain in effectiveness by avoiding any trace of that device.

The research covers a nation-wide field, carefully analysing the emotional and financial forces at work. Written by a resident of North Carolina, however, it gives an especially complete account of the activities in this state, including the statements that "The University of North Carolina was the principal propaganda center in the South Atlantic states"; that "The *Tar Heel*, a local student paper, was filled with the terrific storm of propaganda"; and that the president of the University was "available for lectures" on the topic "The Heart of the Great Struggle."

Mr. Hamlin forcibly confronts the unexamined assumption that our educational institutions are the objective seekers after truth which we, as their founders and supporters, believe them to be. In spite of his occasionally over-zealous manner of presentation, the surprising nature of the facts he has assembled in this effort render the pamphlet a readable and challenging document. —MARSHALL SUTHER.

History Since 1918

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD SINCE 1918. J. Hampden Jackson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 461 pp. $3.00.

To the world today which seems chronically allergic to catch-phrases, slogans, and high-sounding cover-alls, this book should come as a very necessary blaster. Mr. Jackson shows us without mincing words the forces that have operated in Europe and throughout the world, forces which have made possible the tremendous mess in which we now find ourselves.

Mr. Jackson takes up the history of each of the major nations of the world. Somehow the author clearly sees and understands each of the several national viewpoints. The French mind and the German mind are to him definite realities, and he clearly illustrates how the varying shades of these peculiarly constructed national minds have influenced the turn of world events.

He is particularly fine in his analysis of the British Empire, and of Britain's desperate attempt to remain the focal point of the world. France's cry for security is interpreted as the desire of a relatively short-sighted nation to be left alone. The rise of Communism, Fascism, and Naziism, and of imperialistic Japan is clearly outlined, and any reader should be well-rewarded for time spent on these portions of the book alone.

Don't be frightened by a perhaps unhappy title. The book should help any reader to much more comprehensive understanding, when it is at a premium, and especially when clarity is facilitated by a delightfully stimulating style.

—SAM EARLE HOBBS.

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The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

May, 1939

The Carolina Magazine

WISHES TO THANK ITS CONTRIBUTORS, ADVERTISERS AND SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE COOPERATION THEY HAVE SHOWN DURING THE PAST YEAR. YOUR SUPPORT HAS MADE POSSIBLE A BETTER MAGAZINE AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO CONTINUING NEXT YEAR AS A GROWING FORCE IN CAMPUS AFFAIRS.

ALLEN GREEN—*Editor*
ROBERT DAVIS—*Business Manager, '38-'39*
ERNEST KING—*Business Manager, '39-'40*

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It's Up To You

Here at Carolina we have built up through the years a very complex system of student government based upon a very simple theory. In substance, this theory assumes that the individual student is capable of governing his own actions and needs no faculty supervision or monitor system to see that he does the right thing. It also assumes that the student will take upon himself the responsibility of seeing to it that other students conform to this ideal also. In order that this theory may be carried out, the students elect a legislature, a student council, and class honor councils to act as their representatives. From the time it was inaugurated, student government has grown rapidly and taken on more and more power, until today there is no phase of student activity, save purely academic matters, that is not directly under the control and supervision of the students themselves.

But during the past year it has become apparent that our student government is not functioning as efficiently as it should. Much criticism has been leveled at the Student Council, and students are seemingly dissatisfied with the way it is handling their affairs. Signs within the student body itself indicate a lax attitude on the part of the individual students toward their government. The very fact that our student government was originally designed for a small homogeneous group, but is now used to govern a large heterogeneous one seems to necessitate revision, or else a total rejection of it, and the selection of another means of government.

Undoubtedly our present form of student government is the best that has yet been achieved. But if it ceases to perform effectively, it is doomed. We believe that it can be reformed, and that it is worth reforming. To facilitate action, we are presenting a critical survey of our present student government from three essentially different points of view, that of a student who has had the opportunity of heading student government, that of the student for whose benefit the government is set up, and that of a faculty member who observes the government in action from the sidelines.

Bob Magill

Deciphering the Carolina Code

A Student Leader Looks at the Situation

I.

The three Sophomores had been found guilty by the Council that evening. The case had been unusually clear, with no necessity for cross questioning or testimony by the professor.

A tall, sandy-haired fellow had broken down completely, sobbing that he hadn't meant to do anything wrong, but the book had been there and the test was so important. The three of them had passed it back and forth, until all had had a chance to read the outline of inter-state commerce legislation since the war.

One of the students sitting near them had, without spying, seen what they were doing and had not been able to stomach it. He had gotten up and spoken to the one nearest him, telling him to stop or he would have to do something about it. The accused, frightened, had denied that they were trying to do anything out of the ordinary, so the observer saw no alternative to reporting the case to his class student council representative. In this way it had come to the Council. But the boys, reflecting on the seriousness of what they had done, came to the Council considerably frightened and with no barriers.

The majority of eight Student Council members present had been advocates of leniency for freshmen and sophomores in the past. That evening, impressed with the shock which the experience was giving the accused boys, the Council took but a short while to come to a decision to lay aside the suspension penalty and provide only for failures in the course.

The three Sophomores came into the Council room one by one and took the sentence with surprised expressions that indicated they had fully expected to have to leave the campus within forty-eight hours. In its leniency the Council felt that it had given three students, who probably had never cheated before and had only allowed themselves to do so under pressure, a chance to regain command of themselves as individuals without suffering the great humiliation of leaving school.

The three boys came in to see me several days later. They surprised me by saying that they were appreciative of having been reported. They felt certain they would never cheat again since they now understood the workings of the Honor System—for the first time.

Another case several months later was not nearly so simple or pleasant in its conclusion. A professor in the economics department had turned in two test papers to the Council in which he had underlined numerous phrases. It was his opinion that these phrases were so similar that there was no doubt but that one of the students had copied from the other. The two men had sat next to each other in class during the quiz. Both of the men, Juniors, denied having looked on the other's paper. The denial was vigorous and evidently sincere on the part of both.

The Junior representative, the Medical school man and the Pharmacy gentleman all felt that the evidence was dubious, and that the students could hardly be found guilty without further proof. The other members of the Council, however, felt that the proof was sufficient, and one extremely hot May night about twelve thirty the motion was passed—"guilty of violating the Honor System . . . to be suspended indefinitely . . . must leave the campus within forty-eight hours." The men were in their third year here, and, if they were guilty, they were also guilty of lying repeatedly to the Council. Evidently there was not much chance of their living according to the principle of honor as posed by the community of which they were members. Send them away to cool their heels, and maybe the change will do them good.

Six months later the men applied for readmission and their request was granted. They came back to school, sullenly, without speaking to any members of the Council. Pressed with new duties, the Student Council soon forgot that they were back and they merged with the many moving figures in the background of campus life. Had they ever been guilty? Had a great injustice been done? And if they were guilty had the experience changed

Bob Magill, *ex-President of the Student Body, has had a long and intimate experience with the machinery of student government. Believing that the average student is confused about the principles upon which is operates, he attempts to clarify as well as criticize our present system.*

their attitude, or did they only harbor resentment at having been caught?

II

Such are examples of the honor system in action. The idea behind it is not described so easily but it is vitally important that we understand it.

It seems to be a common mistake to confuse the honor system and the campus code. Many students and faculty think that to become slightly inebriated is interpreted by the Council as a violation of the honor system. It is hard to see that there is anything dishonest in becoming even annoyingly drunk. This concerns only the Campus Code which should always be clearly distinguished from the Honor System.

As a basic principle of student life here there is first the assumption that we all should live by an absolute standard of honesty. I like to tell my little white lies and so do you. But that doesn't count. In matters that a majority of us regard as serious, it is taken for granted that we submit as our own only what we have acquired honestly. We tell only white lies, and we don't steal. I venture the guess that this is true of the great majority of Carolina students. And it is also true that there are few of us who do not respond positively to being given the personal freedom and responsibility of determining our own honesty or deceit.

That is the principle of honor. It will continue to survive long after systems of honor have been abandoned.

But the honor *system* stands or falls by an entirely different principle. And there is genuine doubt today as to whether students generally understand or believe in it. It is this: The students here, as a body of self-governing men and women, desire that it should be made possible for individuals to live honestly. To ensure such conditions of life, they decide that the principle of honor should be adopted as a group standard and enforced by a general agreement to take corrective action against offenders.

This principle is reached by the following reasoning: If students may cheat, lie and steal in small numbers without anyone objecting, it will not be long before more students imitate their technique. And, if still nothing is done to hinder them, reeducate them, or punish them, it will not be long before dishonesty is a widespread practice, and neither honesty nor a University degree will command respect.

In view of such possibilities, the self-governing body of students at Carolina conclude that dishonest people should be dealt with in some way, so as to make honesty possible for all. And, inasmuch as the idea of student or faculty policemen is rather repulsive to us, we conclude that *each* fellow should be obligated to take some action of a corrective nature whenever he encounters someone violating the principle of honesty. In this way honesty becomes a group standard as well as an individual principle.

To expedite matters, ensure fair judgment and full investigation of complex cases, we set up a Student Council. Part of its duty is to conduct trials and decide what action is best suited to a given violation.

To subscribe to the honor *system* means that we are obligated to take some action in its defense. The fairest action would seem to be to report violators of the honor principle to the duly delegated Student Council. We cannot each of us take on ourselves the responsibility of conducting a fair trial for a violator. A much better system is to have a number of judges, thus lessening the risk of individual fallibility.

It should be recognized that the act of reporting a violator means to a great number of students the same thing as tattling on the gang did in childhood days. This reasoning is fallacious. To report to mother was to report to an authority imposed from above. Reporting an offender to the Student Council is a matter of turning him over to authority set up by ourselves, in accord with principles we ourselves have determined.

III

Obvious to most of us is the fact that the system of honor to which we pay lip service is inadequately carried out in action. That the principle of individual honor is practiced is not doubted, but that there is general understanding and acceptance of the second principle, that of individual assumption of responsibility for action to maintain honor as a group principle, is seriously open to question.

A possible reason for the widespread failure to accept the disciplinary principle of the honor system is a lack of interest in student government generally. If the field as a whole is unattractive, it is not hard to understand why segments of its theory would not be particularly interesting.

We are asked to administer the honor system, collectively and individually, as a support to an educational system, the general policy of which we cannot help formulate.

The curriculum is our chief interest, yet we have no control over it. The part we take in the educational process is analogous to the inmates of a prison who are allowed freedom in governing their own social and "extra-curricular" activities (the Ohio State Penitentiary has a weekly newspaper published by the inmates as well as a football team) but are allowed no freedom in the most important things of their daily lives.

So it may be with us as students. We are asked to govern ourselves in our leisure time activities, but those leisure-time activities form for most of us only the periphery of our existence. Our "income-producing" activity is in the class room, but so long as we have no voice in determining the way we live in that field, we will not be vitally interested in it, in the honor system which is intended to support it, or in student government which at present operates only as an adjunct to it.

A failure to recognize the seriousness of the cheating offense provides another strong handicap to the effective practice of the honor *system.* It is difficult to know just how to deal with such an attitude. We are forced to rely mainly in this on feelings established in the individual long before he comes to college. Unfortunately, some students come here from high schools governed by monitor systems in which the attitude of the "devil take the hindmost" has prevailed.

IV

It is easy to offer criticisms and suggestions for more effective operation of the system, but it is tremendously difficult to apply them to the actual situation. The following proposals are made with a full appreciation of the difficulty of implementation.

The readiest remedy that comes to mind for the difficulty is more and better education. But too little education is better than too much of the wrong kind. For psychologically inept over-emphasis on the subject of honor can soon become preaching and produce reaction rather than action.

Nevertheless, more and better education is needed. It might be wise, instead of dealing exclusively with the first year men, to spend some time with the upperclassmen. It seems rather useless to concentrate all energy on the week of freshman orientation, and then have the young hopefuls told by their elders that the whole thing is so much nonsense. Simple spoon feeding of the idea will accomplish little, either. Unless it is grappled with and becomes the product of a man's own mental process, it will not be practiced.

Freshman orientation itself might well be spread out over a longer period. So much advice is loaded on the shoulders of the new men that it is difficult for them to assimilate it properly. If, during the fall quarter, several group meetings could be held for a more careful discussion of the honor system, a saner consideration could be given the question.

A general impression that the penalties of the Council are too harsh probably contributes to the deterioration of honor *system* practice. The Council might easily correct this by publishing clearly the facts of all cases dealt with, underscoring the penalties so that we can note when students are kept on the campus as well as when they are suspended. This could be done without revealing the man's name, and the advantages gained through publicity would surely offset any disadvantages brought about by those who might guess his identity. Having seen many decisions of the Council, I should not hesitate to vouch for their fairness and leniency of action. There has usually been a good balance of strictness and leniency in the group's membership.

An educational campaign among the faculty should help considerably in building the honor *system.* To have many instructors and professors who say nothing about the system, or who violate its spirit in their conduct of quizzes and examinations, is just as harmful an influence as student ignorance. If our professors could convey to us a spirit of mutual trust and confidence in the principles of the honor system, they would provide a tremendous stimulus to our own belief in it. Would it be asking too much of our professors to have them discuss for a few minutes, at the first session of a course, the problem of the honor system on which the class proposes to operate all during the quarter?

The most effective agency for spreading an understanding of the principles of the honor system is the contagion of action. If all those who profess belief in the system would act in its behalf, the spirit of their action would spread faster than the influence of their words ever could. That is a prosaic statement to make, but it is nevertheless true. As soon as we have talk that results in a positive assumption of responsibility we will have a functioning honor system.

Louis Kattsoff

Contradictions In The Student Council

A Philosopher Analyzes an Institution

Probably the most striking fact about a changing world is the almost universal resistance to change. This fact is so evident that man has devised a peculiar thing called an "Institution," the purpose of which is to set up machinery for the solution of definite problems on the basis of definite principles. An institution is the embodiment of a principle. The principle embodied in this institution forms the basis by which man is enabled to carry a continuous thread through the various changes that take place in what he is pleased to call "civilization." There are instances of institutions all about us. We are surrounded by them at birth—they officiate at every event that takes place during our lives—they train us for social intercourse—they imprison us when we misbehave—and they bury us when we die. We are told to respect these institutions and if we rebel there are institutions to see to it that we are forced back into line. It is at this point that difficulties begin to arise. It is forgotten that the institution was created to embody a principle and the institution becomes an end in itself. Force is then used not to maintain a principle which is recognized to be valid but to maintain an institution which has no longer the vitalizing principle within itself and therefore no longer the right to exist. Institutions therefore must adapt themselves to changing conditions in order that the principle of life remain vital within them and in order that they retain their right to existence and loyalty.

This means that any given institution must be constantly subjected to criticism and revision, if it is to be the institution it set out to be. It means that any given institution will always run up against situations which run counter to what was at one time thought to be the case. And this implies that institutions will always face contradictions which must be harmonized if they are not to become agents of repression. Far from criticism destroying confidence in institutions, far from criticism tending to destroy institutions it is only constant criticism that can keep the institution alive and thriving. But this criticism is to be honest evaluation and not the political type of carping detraction that leads to staleness and inaction. Students must be interested in their institutions and concerned enough to do something about defects exposed by changing circumstances and crooked politics if the institutions erected on the campus are to endure and continue to embody those principles which they represent.

There are a number of ways in which an institution can become solidified and come to enslave those who should be its masters. (1) When an institution has been so constructed that only a definite number of people can participate in its activity directly, the institution will tend to become inappropriate when that number has been exceeded. Usually when this is the case a great number of complex committees are hatched to meet individual situations instead of effecting radical change in the structure of the institution itself. The structure becomes more and more tangled until it usually collapses of its own weight with tremendous confusion. (2) When an institution falls into the hands of a small number of persons determined to maintain themselves in control, they will oppose any and all innovations that endanger their positions. Thus as society evolves and the institution faces greater and greater contradictions, additional increments of force are used to preserve it even though it is now merely formal and static. Vested interest in an institution is probably the greatest single factor in the preservation of decadent institutions. (3) When an institution fails to keep pace with the onward course of events, it becomes increasingly bewildered and contradictory to the best interests of the principle which it represents and feels it necessary to muzzle criticism and subjugate critics.

II

Obviously the Student Council is an institution. As such, the remarks made about institutions are applicable to it. Therefore the first question which

Doctor Kattsoff, *student-popular University philosophy instructor, was asked to contribute his opinion of the present form of student government. Limiting his remarks to the Student Council, he attempts here to first define it as an institution, and analyze it on the basis of this definition.*

arises and the answer to which will determine the rest of the analysis of the Student Council as an institution is: What is the principle which the Student Council seeks to manifest and make vital? The Student Council is an institution erected and conducted by students for the purpose of governing themselves. It arose as a result of the growing consciousness of educators that education best proceeds by self education and the growing consciousness of students that the best preparation for life in a society that insisted upon self-government is to govern themselves. Not the least factor in the development of self-government in student bodies was the revolt against the arbitrary dictates of teachers who believed themselves to be almost divine and their students almost savages. The ethics of democracy taught that individuals had the capacity and ability to govern themselves, if permitted to do so. Thus the principle which Student Council seeks to embody is: The problems which the Student body must face can best be solved by the Students themselves acting in accordance with the principles of Reason and Democracy. The Student Council as an institution, must (1) face the problems which arise in the lives of students, (2) remain a council of and by students and (3) deliberate and act on rational and democratic bases. In so far as the problems which arise in the lives of students are related to the faculty, some provision must be made in a student council to allow faculty voices to be heard. This in no way need imply faculty domination of students but, on the other hand, care must be taken to avoid student domination of faculty.

Since a Student Council must face problems arising in the lives of students, it must recognize that the nature of these problems may change with the passage of time. Hence it follows that the Council itself may have to undergo radical changes in structure in order to be able to meet and solve its problems. Failure to recognize this is to "freeze" the present structure of the Council. With the result that new issues are only apparently solved leaving the poison to fester in the student body. For example, the action of the present Council is theoretically reviewable by the student body. However, the size of the student body makes it practically impossible for anyone to appeal to the student body with any chance of action. This was evidenced by the recent case of the expelled Senior politician. Thus in the course of time the actions of the Student Council begin to contradict the principles it embodies. Attacks on the actions of the Council come to be taken as offenses against the principle of the council or assaults on the character of the men elected to the Council. The defense of the council's action takes the form of a defense of a specific *form* of procedure and the Council becomes an end-in-itself instead of a means to an end.

The very nature of the problems which the Council must face inevitably bring about contradictions. In itself the presence of a contradiction is an indication that the form in which the principle is being expressed is not adequate for the situation. This does not mean that the principle is false but that the forms need to be replaced or at least altered. An institution continues to live only in so far as it can successfully meet and overcome contradictions. Hence the existence of criticism and revision in any institution is a sign of vitality. For this reason as long as the student body criticizes the Council and endeavors to revise the means of expression of student self-government, we may be certain of student interest in their government, and hence of progress.

The danger to the Student Council, so far as the problem of keeping it a council of and by students, is not so much through faculty domination as through cliques within the student body itself. Not that the danger of faculty domination is completely overcome, but under present conditions faculty domination, although possible, is difficult. Far easier is domination of the Council by an individual or group of individuals, whether they be independents or party groups. The very system of party nomination tends towards a spoils system which every attempt may be made to preserve the control of the Council in the hands of the party brethren. Student offices are sought after far more for the prestige than for the service which can be rendered. This danger is present in the Council itself. The members of the Council, once elected, may begin to believe that they now constitute a sort of divine court. It is rather significant in this connection that an appeal from the decision of the Council was made to a faculty group and not to the student body which the Student Council represented. It is at this point that some of the more obvious contradictions have arisen lately, some of which we shall mention here.

III

The Student Council by its very nature is an institution for student self-government. Self-government on the basis of ignorance is not possible. It therefore follows that the actions of the Student Council should be known and understood by the student body. Yet the Council finds it necessary to keep the student body in ignorance of the names of members of the student body who have been judged unworthy of continuation as members of that body. This policy of ignorance makes it impossible for the student body to right the wrong that may be done by its council. This last fact also constitutes another contradiction. The Student Council represents the student body. It therefore acts on its behalf. Yet under the present system, as already pointed out, recourse to the student body in cases where the Council action is clearly opposed to the will of the students is so difficult that it is practically non-existent. This is due as much to the size of the student body as to any other factor.

One of the most dangerous contradictions in the present state of affairs has its origin in the policy of trials behind locked doors, in the inquisitorial technique used by the Council instead of trial by jury, and in insidious political methods in the election of representatives to the Council. These conditions raise in the minds of many students an attitude either of indifference to the Student Council, or of negation of interest as a result of scorn. This contradicts the obvious fact that a student council depends to a great degree on public opinion for its strength and vitality. This leads to the third element in terms of which the Council must function—i.e. rational and democratic bases.

Wherever action takes place on irrational bases, that action leads to a failure of self-government. As a matter of fact to govern means to discover solutions to the problems of those governed. These clearly must be reflective solutions which consider all aspects of the problem and all groups or individuals concerned. Here there becomes manifest a paradox. The University claims to be a training ground for "life." This means that at the University one learns the methods and techniques best suited for the solution of problems. The Student Council (and student government as a whole) brings to the campus an activity in which students must participate when they leave school. But, strangely enough, instead of seeking techniques and habits to take out into later living, students bring in from the outside the false methods of corrupt politicians and immoral individuals. So, instead of the University training for an intelligent participation in life, it introduces the worst practices of life into its very heart. The cart is put before the horse, and we continue to wonder why we are inefficient.

IV

Clearly we can make definite suggestions on the grounds of our analysis. The contradictions which show themselves in student government must be recognized, analyzed, and corrected. We must not expect that new contradictions will not burst forth. The progress of self-government is a continuous one and ends only with death. Criticism must be recognized as essentially healthy, provided it does not lead to mental despair.

More specifically the following recommendations seem to suggest themselves:

(1) Students running for Council offices should be subjected to questioning by the student body. They should be given an opportunity (especially in the case of Student Body President) to debate current campus issues publicly. In other words, candidates for office should be compelled to present *themselves* to the student body. This does not mean that they must have revolutionary suggestions. It means that they must show themselves to be intelligently aware of campus problems and means of solving them.

(2) Trials and actions of the Student Council should be open to any students who wish to attend them. Furthermore, students on trial should be given the benefit of having another student plead their case. But professional pleaders must not be permitted. This may be done by refusing to allow a student to plead another's case more than twice a year. Every effort should be made to encourage student confidence in the decisions of the Council.

(3) Any student who uses shady methods of guaranteeing his election (e.g. promises of appointment to various committees, undue expenditure, whispering campaigns, etc.) should be excluded from holding office even though his offense may not be serious enough to warrant expulsion.

(4) Expulsion should be considered only as a last resort where correction is not possible. It must be remembered that every case of a student being expelled means that the student government is not functioning properly.

(5) Definite techniques for appeal to the student body from the decisions of the Council must be made. In such cases provision should be made for a public trial with a jury consisting say of two members of the council, two faculty members, two students selected by the accused, and a representative from one of the Churches. The Student Body President should preside.

(6) Criticism of the Council should be encouraged and noted by the Council. At the end of every five years a convention should be called to consider what changes are necessary in the structure of student government. Changes should not consist merely in the addition of new features but also in the removal of old static elements.

Allen Green

Wherein We Fail

A Consideration of Carolina Self-Government

Bob Jones was worried. If he didn't pass this exam it would mean that he would flunk the course. He stared down at the mimeographed sheet before him. The boy next to him was breezing through the questions. It was easy for Bob to see his paper since the class room was crowded, and there wasn't the usual vacant seat between them. Almost before he had realized what he was doing, Bob had read the answer to the question he wanted. After all it wasn't so bad, three boys on the back row were passing an open book back and forth between them, in fact, almost the whole class was cheating. What the hell? Once the exam was over, and he was on his way home for vacations, Bob had forgotten all about it.

He hadn't been on the campus over a couple of days after vacations, just long enough to register and pay his bills, when he received a note requesting him to appear before the Student Council. It was then that he began to realize just what he had done. But then he rationalized they wouldn't be so hard on him since it was his first offense, they'd probably flunk him on the course and put him on probation. When he got down to Graham Memorial he found that nearly all the class was up before the Council. It was a week before they finally began considering his case. Meanwhile all he could do was to sit there and wait, every night until twelve or one o'clock. There was no way for him to know when his name would be called; it might be in a half-hour, it might be tomorrow.

The Council was very kind to him until he admitted he had cheated a little. They dug up every quiz he had taken during the quarter, fired questions at him unceasingly. Bewildered and afraid, he tried to answer them. They sent him out of the room while they voted on his case. The verdict was suspension for two quarters.

So he went home to tell his parents that he had been booted out of the University for cheating. Before he left, he saw the cashier and found that though he would get part of his money back, he would have to pay for the week of classes he had attended while waiting for the council to act. Telling his parents would not be easy, and he wondered what the gossips in his hometown would say about his leaving school at the beginning of a quarter. And even though the trials had been kept secret, his friends would guess why he was going home. He would never be able to enter the University again and face them.

II

Although this is not exactly typical of the way the Student Council functions, Bob's case will serve to illustrate the reasons why the Honor System is not working on this campus.

Bob didn't consider his cheating a crime against his personal honor, or against the Honor System, though he would have thought lying or stealing so. Cheating had been rather prevalent in his high school, and he had come to regard it as a sort of a game one played with the teacher. When he came to the University, no one made a genuine attempt to explain to him that he was now theoretically a member of a self-governing student body, and that the success or failure of that student body depended upon his taking an active interest in it. During Orientation week, to be sure, he'd heard a few talks on the spirit of the honor system here at Carolina and the like. But he'd been hearing a lot of other speeches too, and he was fast becoming confused in this strange new world. The sophomores next door were friendly, and he'd formed the habit of dropping in on them when he was perplexed about anything. Instinctively, because they were boys of his own age, he'd come to believe what they told him, instead of what was being preached to him from the stage of Memorial Hall. Among other things they told him that the Honor System was a fine thing—on paper. From them he learned that cheating was still the personal matter of his high school days; if he didn't think it was wrong to cheat,

In this article, ALLEN GREEN *attempts to point out the defects of the Honor System as it appears to the students themselves.*

why go ahead. Just be sure he wasn't caught at it.

And there lies the flaw. Unless the Honor System, as now conceived, can receive the active, wholehearted support of every student, it ceases to function and becomes a meaningless thing. A sense of responsibility to the government by which he has consented to be ruled must be developed in every student to the point where he feels that a violation of the Honor System is a violation of his own personal honor. He must realize that cheating and allied offenses are no longer the strictly personal matters they seemed in high school; but that for his own protection, and for the maintenance and protection of the system by which he is governed, it is his duty to see that offenders against it are punished. If one player in a poker game catches another cheating, he exposes him for the mutual protection of the other players. This same principle is the foundation of the Honor System, and unless it is accepted and carried out by the individual students, the Honor System collapses, and with it the whole structure of student government.

But the average Carolina student, though he may pay lip service to it, has not and does not sincerely endorse and support the Honor System. Though he may feel it against his personal honor code to cheat, he refuses to accept the responsibility of seeing to it that others do also. It is hard to point out any one reason as the cause of this attitude on the part of the student. A primary factor is, as already pointed out, that he comes to Carolina with no particular belief in the principle of student government, and no real effort is made to make him understand the principle and realize his responsibilities to it. Or else whatever progress he does make towards this realization is negated by the attitude of the older students. A second important reason for the lack of student support is the policy of secrecy employed by the Student Council. Students are instinctively mistrustful of secrecy in the administration of justice. It is essential to the Honor System that offenders against it be exposed, just as it is essential that criminals and other offenders against Society be exposed. The policy of secrecy does not protect the offender to the degree that it is supposed to, and the loss of student faith in the actions of their elected representatives because of it is not compensated for.

III

The Student Council is perhaps the best example of just how bad the state of affairs has become. The real purpose of the Council is to serve as a judicial body, passing sentence, as the representatives of the students upon those who by their actions have shown themselves unfit to remain members of the student body. But owing to the failure of student self-government, the Student Council has been forced into an entirely different and dangerous position. Someone has to rule, and since the students as individuals refuse to, the Council has had to assume more and more power in order that the semblance of student government may remain in control. It has, with the aid of the faculty, taken over the responsibility of detection and punishment of the violators of the Honor System, as well as of the campus code. So now instead of a student democracy, there is a marked tendency towards a dual autocracy of Student Council and faculty, with the faculty utilizing the Council as means of punishing student sins against academic theory. And it can mean but one thing, that slowly and surely we are drifting toward faculty control of student affairs.

A more immediate fault of which the Student Council is guilty, perhaps unwittingly, is that its sentences are entirely too harsh, when the present status of affairs is taken into consideration. Expulsion from the University may be likened to capital punishment. It is the supreme penalty of the society in which we live. And suspension is only a little less severe. Expulsion and suspension should be the final measures taken, when all other curative measures have failed. Wholesale cheating and cheating rings are not indicative of weaknesses within the students so much as they are of faults within the system of government.

IV

So there we are. We can either junk the Honor System completely, or we can try to repair it. If it is discarded, an adequate substitute must be found, one that has already been proven to fill the bill. But a more logical solution would be to attempt to repair it. Theoretically it can be done. Specifically we could try the following things: (1) Give a more intensified and protracted period of training to incoming freshmen. (2) Extend this training in the Honor System to include upperclassmen as well. (3) Make all Student Council trials of offenders against the Honor System public. At any rate, we cannot let the present state of affairs continue.

Paul Caveness

Heaven Without Hyacinths

He was born in 1892.

When he was a year old he could walk from the front steps to the hitching block. He could say "da-da" and "pretty." He didn't think very much.

When he was three years old Tom, his older brother by a year and a half, licked the stuffing out of him. He cried all night because nobody sympathized with him.

When he was four years old he asked who planted the trees. Father sighed like something had come that he had been expecting, said God planted the trees. Father told him a story about a Heavenly Father and some stars and sheep and things. He decided one father was enough, but thought he and God might be friends on account of the trees. Thought he would like to plant trees. Thought he might do it better than God did and plant more trees in the city. Thought he would plant more hyacinths than trees. Hyacinths were prettier.

When he was six years old he started to school. Mother brought him and turned him over to the teacher. She had tears in her eyes.

When he was seven years old he wanted to change his name from Henry to Mike.

When he was eight years old Tom licked the stuffing out of him. Didn't cry too much. Came to the sad conclusion that the world always favors the winner. He thought a great deal.

At nine, he announced to the world he was going to grow hyacinths when he grew up. He would grow acres of them and sell some, enough to live on, then he would give the rest away. Tom called him "sissy," and father took Henry into the library and shut the door. Father told him about his Uncle Henry and his Uncle Henry's Uncle Henry. How they had been famous doctors. How young Henry must learn all about medicine and chemistry and things, so he could be a doctor when he grew up. Henry said he didn't want to. Thought about the blood and mess and felt ill. Said he'd rather grow hyacinths. Father said he would soon forget about them, and now run along and study his hygiene. Henry went upstairs and was sick out loud.

When he was twelve he met Phyllis and pulled her long curls. They wrote notes to each other behind the shelter of their huge geography books, and promised they'd love each other always. Father told him the story about the birds and the flowers making little birds and flowers. Didn't tell Father he had already heard all about it from Bill Willis, only Bill had left out the birds and the flowers.

He was graduated from high school when he was sixteen. Mother came to see him get his diploma and there were tears in her eyes. Tom came home from college and pulled Phyllis' curls. She gave him her ring and he gave her his fraternity pin.

When he was seventeen he made a final protest about taking a pre-med course. Had learned that a horticulturist was the technical name for a man who grows flowers. Thought it might sound more imposing to father. It didn't. Father said something about tradition and honor of the family. Got very red. Said something about his heart being in no condition to stand such arguments. Henry left for the university to take a pre-med course.

Next year he was a sophomore and discovered life. Talked about it for hours over the dirty tables in Merton's cellar. Did most of his talking to Gay Everest.

The year he was a junior he talked about the trouble in Europe. Said people were fools to think they'd remedy trouble by killing each other. Said war ended lives and hope, but not trouble. Decided there was no God but that the Golden Rule was the hope of the universe. Told Gay that he loved her.

They sank the Lusitania when he was twenty. He and Tom had their last fight. It was over Gay. Tom told Gay that Henry was really a sissy at heart, that he had always wanted to grow some silly little flowers—what were their names, Henry?—They fought. Henry beat him this time because he was fighting for a principle. But when Tom fell, Gay rushed to him crying, "dearest, dearest," and there was entirely too much written in her face. So Henry lost after all. He was best

Paul Caveness, *special student here this year, once worked on the Greensboro Daily News. He wrote this story in cooperation with another student who for personal reasons wishes to remain anonymous.*

man when they were married just before Tom sailed for France. Henry followed on the next boat, glad to interrupt his studies, and not caring much whether he came back or not.

The first few days in the trenches were the worst he ever lived. The unutterable horror of the filth and the blood, the cringing cowardice, and absurd bravery, the noise and the guns and the moaning, was a flame that seared his soul. Then it was all over. Almost as though he suffered from shell-shock, things ceased to have meaning. He floated in an unreal world, a detached world, indifferent to fear and to pain. Sometimes in those gray hours just before dawn he fancied he saw hyacinths, acres of them, blooming in No Man's Land. He knew that he was mad but it was a kind madness that let him be calm when they told him Tom was dead. It let him perform incredible feats of bravery. They pinned medals on him and spoke of his courage. He smiled to himself because he knew there could be no courage where there was no fear.

In 1919 he returned to the United States and married a girl who passed cigars at one of those eternal banquets for the returned heroes. He planned to get his degree and practice in a small town where he might grow flowers on the side.

In 1923 he got his Ph.D. His mother was there but she didn't cry. Mothers in 1923 had used all their tears. He told his wife about the little town and the flowers and she said he should get some real experience first.

When he was thirty-two years old his daughter was born, and he spoke once more of the little town. But his wife said, look, wasn't he a phenomenal success? And to think of his daughter. He looked into her eyes and knew there was no use. He never mentioned the hyacinths again.

When he was thirty-five he perfected a sedative for certain physical pains. They gave him another medal and a dinner and asked for a speech. He said something about there being more use for sedatives for mental pain. They laughed uncertainly and called him a great fellow—all but one. She was beautiful in a grave sort of way. He had the feeling that of all the world, she would have been the right wife for him. He told her afterwards that she had a familiar face—What was her name. She said it was Phyllis Carter—didn't he remember? He could have wept.

One night when he was forty he had a tremendous shock. He was telling a dying patient about a God who fulfilled himself in many ways, that though one died one should surely live again, if not in the flesh, in the rhythm of the universe. The shock was that he believed it himself.

He died in 1934. They said he had been a very successful man to whom life had been kind. They buried him in six feet of earth and covered the grave with flowers. But no hyacinths.

Last Letter Home

Mother, take this homeless child,
Born of beauty weirdly wild.
Give to him my empty bed,
For his mother never wed.

Dress the lad in lovely clothes,
Velvet suits and purple hose.
Give him all the raiment fine
You would give to son of mine.

For I loved his mother true—
Not of course as I love you,
But I loved her long and well.
I have heard her burial bell.

Call the baby by my name;
Never let him learn love's game.
Lacking mother, reared by you,
Whom should he bring his child to?

—William Peery.

Adrian Spies

Visitor To The City

Walking now in another new city, with his books and his wife's dumpy dependence, Harold sighed for the sameful sequence of his life. The dusk hushed blurs upon buildings that clouded into street lines. They softened into the shadow of all the cities he had visited. All of them a scabby likeness, with civic buildings and streets named for trees and a school somewhere for him to teach. For ten years he had come into them weighed down by books and Alma, and he had left them all—flicked away by school boards changeless as the dusk—with a few more books and Alma. He was always like a hungry visitor stopping for a few sights and a sleep. And it was always the half-light of near night, when the faces of buildings and men were softened by lowing shadows of each other.

They moved as slow as the night whispers that were hushing into the gullies in the bottom of the street. Harold saw little heaps of cigarette stubs and tobacco spit lump into blots of indistinction. It was the nightly blanket of lie hazes that Alma loved and Harold feared. His wife hummed a little louder and rubbed short fingers over his hand and spread her pounds nearer. Feeling the stickiness of the perpetual peppermint candy in her finger caresses, Harold dragged his wife into the now grateful night blends that allowed a man kindness to a woman who loved him.

The buildings seemed to goad each other into a line of pomposity. There was a city hall and post office and opera house and library. All of them were grey with the grimness of square stone. But they were an expensive lump of clean coldness in the womb of a dirty city. All around the block was the slum brood of this womb. And the austere civic grey seemed only gladly conscious of itself.

Still with the hurting membrance of dusky yesterdays in other cities, Harold stopped before the library. When he dropped his book bag Alma took a sticky handkerchief and tried to wipe away the sting of his hand. But the bulk of books had crippled the hand years ago in the slender azure wonderland of college. Now it was only good for books.

Alma was sucking another peppermint with gushing saliva sounds. When she spoke little sprays of red and white colored the drabness of her tongue. "Well, Harold, we've had the old walk again. I told you it would be the same. Can't we see a movie now?"

Through a window Harold saw a worker in the library climb into a stack of books. He envied the man who could push into the hearts of pages that whispered a million fantasies of grace and fulfillment. There was no grace in a High School History textbook or the gluey plainness of ten cent store candy on his fingers. And there was no fulfillment in his teaching job at the little suburb just outside this newest city. Only the groaning dustiness of the schools which he had fled—where he had failed the school boards' requests for "a moderate and conservative stimulator to the healthy minds of our happy youth". Nothing but a yawning promise from the fog that lay languid round his life.

"You know that I like to see the personality of a place where I must teach. A man learns more from the way that buildings have been put together than he does from the faces of students".

Alma was against a city tree now, tired as her voice. "No one's asking you to learn. They pay you to teach. And maybe if you did we might stay in one place long enough for me to meet a few ladies and feel like a person."

"Maybe if you'd let me have a child you'd feel like a person."

His wife was feeding her softness to him again now in the street and breathing warm to his ear. She could whine the promise of her body like a whore. "Honey you know I want one. You know I'm the kind of woman who was built for babies, and needs them to feel important for—"

He had heard her little whinings before and they were a moaning monotony. "Alma, I tired to death of teaching kindness and justice to other men's sons and having their fathers hound me as a bad itch to the city. I want to give my lessons to my own son."

Alma was speaking in hurt trembles. "But I

Adrian Spies, *beginning his third year as a contributor to the Magazine, draws on experience to tell a story of big city slums and a man who could not be defeated.*

can't make a wanderer of my child. He mustn't cry as I have when nice people have hated me as your wife and made jokes about those speeches of yours. He mustn't be lonely because you have taught students that their fathers are all wrong. He mustn't hear you called a lunatic and a meddler and a stinking red. I want a child all right. But there would be enough of me in him to make him follow and love you and hate our rotten life."

Harold was feeling the tenderness that always came with seeing his wife in tears and loneliness. Alma was right. She was built for the load of babies, and the trivia of home routine, and the roundness of his favorite salad bowl. He kissed the peppermint of her lips through the night haze. "I promise there'll be no more aloneness for us. There aren't any factories or mills in this suburb we're going to. All of the children are well fed. And its just a restricted section, with the cutest and cleanest patches of green lawn alive with cooling dew sprays. Everyone paints his house each year and has a rock garden with a hundred different colors. You'll love it, Alma, and not feel like a visitor. I'm tired of fighting now. I'll feed my destiny to my son as he drinks the honest love of you."

They sat and tried to be together on the low stone wall that barricaded the city from the library. It was dark now and gushes of stillness were waves upon the grey stone. A street light above them sucked away some of the shadows in yellow shimmers. Harold and Alma stared into the grey ghost forms of the center. The street light breathed their shadows together in kindness. And for a moment the one shadow blend seemed stronger than the gutter overflow on which it lay.

When Alma turned at last to ask him about a movie Harold was blowing his breath into the blur, courting the lie coatings that would warm his life tomorrow. She whispered that it was a grand picture which would make them laugh. Harold said that he wanted to rest his eyes with the night and begged Alma to go alone. Standing up with aging female sighs, his wife was a yawning body sick of the dark and wanting color dreams in a movie. Even now, before leaving him for an hour, she was leaning all over him in pudgy promises of loyalty. Sorry for himself and the woman who walked with him through a hundred smug cities, Harold kissed the tightness of the dress about her breasts. He patted the softness of her and tried to be tender with love. Then Alma walked alone to the movies and Harold sat alone on the library wall.

The buildings were closing and people were escaping through the democracy of doorways. Harold wondered how many of them were going home to that suburb where he was going to tell pretty text-book proofs of the wonders of America. All of them had the hurrying look of fright, but he knew that a moderate schoolmaster never taught his pupils that there was fear. It was a hungry city going home to dinner, but suburban school boards didn't like to remember that there was hunger. Harold turned his head to dream of green patches of lawn and houses with clean constancy where a son would grow stronger than himself.

Three men had slopped along the street from the slum smell a block away. The nausea of decay whimpered to Harold from their bodies. It was the rotting odorous testimony of neglect. Their coat collars were pulled up, trying to hide the men's faces. And mumbles of unrest were sending trembles to swollen lips as the weight of themselves was a burden to undirected feet. Harold knew that they were the dogged men who tried to work and sometimes drank and never begged. One of them was carrying a bottle partly wrapped in old newspaper.

Alma was in the movies and the peppermint on his lips was all dissolved.

He heard the three speak in the slurred halftones of uncertainty. And they were speaking, this shabby drinking three, about God. And though they wondered if there was One, there was a fear in their doubt that made them talk in throaty respect. They wondered where He kept himself, and what sins they were being punished for. "Maybe it's 'cause we're not strong", he heard one say. "Maybe God's like people, saving the bacon for the strong who don't need it. Maybe the weak ain't worth a God."

A city man who had come from one of the buildings walked over. He was dressed in the grey expansiveness of the civic stone. The man turned to Harold in a whisper.

"Well? How are the bums going tonight? Last night they solved the Labor question in fifteen minutes." There were chuckles and winks begging for a comradship of contempt.

"I don't understand. I'm a visitor to the city".

The city man leaned to Harold. He almost seemed lonely himself, and glad to speak. "Well, they're a crowd of bums who worked right here for a while when this here civic center was going up. Since it's done they've been gathering by this wall to talk. Sometimes they argue about God, but mostly it's politics. You can see the messes that they are, but say, it's fun listening. Lord, some of the crackpot stuff they say. Mister, if you're thinking of going to a movie save your money. These bums are better."

The three on the wall had heard. They looked at the grey newness with the indifference of emotion sucked dry. Then they talked on, between drinks, of God.

Harold heard the man's confidences again. "Just wait'll they get excited. They're too sober yet. It's funny though, there's usually a little guy and a slut with them. Mister you ought to hear that little bastard talk. They call him Charlie. He's a sort of king—I guess because he's the screwiest and loudest." The man took a cigar from his pocket and held it to him. Harold ignored the cigar and carried his book bag to the three on the wall.

They looked at him with the same dry disinterest. Harold saw the humble blankness that strong men like fascists could distort into a hateful half-strength. He sat near life-lines that were blurred with life and eyes that ferreted round the grandness of buildings. Faces without age but old as the fear of man. Other people had come from the buildings and were standing before the three. People in the trim grey of civic stature waiting for a laugh. Harold realized that it was a little nightly drama and now he was one of the performers. He was glad that Alma was away, leaving him freer to talk.

Harold turned to one of the three. "I hear you men like the library. Is there anything special that makes you come here, friend?"

It was an old voice that answered. "Charlie, he's our buddy, he says that when we helped dig the hole they put all them books in we was diggin' a hole of smartness. Mister there's books in there that got the right answers. Charlie says we're closer to what's right if we sit and talk here."

The crowd was edging close now; their little entertainment had begun. The voice which had first confided with Harold was laughing. "Now go ask the big boy what this 'right' is. Go ask him". And the people were a mangy chorus with jeers of "go ask him". All of their faces were tensing in anticipation of a laugh. And all of them were civic as the center. Neat and grey and alone in the shadings of the night light.

The big boy was looking frightened at the bottle in his hands. He tore a piece of paper and rubbed his shoe. "Charlie says that right thing is real plain. He says it's simple as picking up a guy who flops in the street in front of you. Like if a man was hit by a car all of you would run and help him and not mind getting yourselves bloody. But if you helped a hungry man to a dime you'd tear a gut running home to wash your hands."

All of the crowd chorus was a laugh now, with the man with the cigars leading them. There was something in his false fellowship that Harold had heard before. He was like all of the people who never had invited Alma to the little bridge parties she wanted so badly. Harold turned to the big boy. "I think your friend Charlie is a smart man. What does he do for a living?"

The man with the cigar was shouting. "I'll tell you what he does, mister. He loafs and lives with a woman with these three. He has plenty of time for thinking". Harold heard him turning to the others and telling them that this was better than a movie.

One of the three touched Harold's arm. There was a smell of stale dirt all over him. "You see, bud, we ain't tryin' to have no argument with these folks. They just come and laugh. Charlie—he's our buddy and sick as Hell tonight—says that laughin' comes easiest when your scared or glad enough. But we're just tryin' to study out why we're living for ourselves. When we find out maybe we'll be able to do something about it. Maybe there's paydirt for a guy who has a map. No one else used to listen to us, so we kinda listened serious to each other. Then these people starting tellin' us we're better than a movie."

Harold hated the changing grey chorus that had leered forward at the man. They were like automatons born of the monster buildings, little servants of white collar dignity looking for confidence in the smallness of the other men.

He turned from them and leaned into familiarities with the three men. They talked of nights sitting on walls, and crazy questions that a humble man is afraid to ask. Of walking somewhere to a job where there was dirt to dig and sweat to make dust dank. There were words of wanderings in the cities of men who fed you and kept you warm sometimes. But who never stopped to speak and ask where the limp that was you came from. They had dug holes and cleaned sewers and run machines and shoveled snow for cities. And Harold heard them speak of always watching the lives of people through a forgotten garret window.

He looked back into the crowd faces as the men talked as if to themselves. And each face was laughing to a different self. And as each moved away from the light it lost the laugh in loneliness.

One of the men turned to him now. "Say, how come you waste your time with junk like us? We're only shootin' this crap to fill the Goddamned quiet that kills us when we're alone. It's a screwy shot in the arm—like a real ripe woman."

Harold tried to slow his voice, hoping that the others wouldn't hear. "I talk, my friend, because I'm a teacher, telling truths to young people and putting notches in the forest of ignorance as I go deeper in it. And most truths today are in men like you, who are the children of the lies of yesterday".

"The truth is sure dirty then".

"Yes. Your eyes are itchy red and you need a bath, my friend. You see, that's the truth and it's not your fault".

The grey man was shouting and waving his cigar. "The professor there says that he needs a bath. Ain't education grand! He's got a bag of books there to learn him that any bum stinks so bad a decent man can't come close. Yeah, Professor, ain't it the truth. Phew."

But the one on the wall was drinking again. He hadn't even blushed. "You're a smart horse, Professor, and you know a lot of the answers back in that library and some that can't get in there. Well, what's to become of a poor dumb bastard whose pals are just like me? Charlie says its like a piece of paper in the street. Some one drops it and steps on it. Then it gets kicked around and nobody bothers with it until it's swept in a pile of crap. I can cook but I can't get a job. Used to be in the Navy".

Out there the cigar was waving sparkles of derision. "Go ask him why he's not in the Navy now." It was a chorus again howling in the haze. "Go ask the bum, Professor, go ask the bum".

Harold was pushing down a sob that burned his throat. A man didn't show his feelings to a crowd saving money on a movie. "If you're being blown by a wind that has bad breath you'd better try to purify that breath. . . . "

There were showers from the cigar again, and the voice had interrupted Horold. "Say, first the bum stinks and now the wind has halitosis. That professor guy's got a dirty mind. He must be one of them braintruster Reds." And the chorus found a cue that was easy for their tongues. "The Professor is a Red". There was primness in the chant that reminded him of the school boards behind him. A woman in the light reminded him of Alma.

Harold was standing with the hot blood rushes pulsating in his voice. His eyes were raised and pleading to the smugness of the buildings and he was speaking to the grey man at last. "I've had labels and laughs before. I really don't matter. But did your sense of humor ever stop long enough for you to wonder what makes these men so funny? Have you ever looked and seen yourself in these men? Well look then, for it's the guts of American that's so Goddamned hilarious."

The cigar was gushing up before him. And a face was hugging itself in fleshy smiles. "Hell, Professor, don't take it serious. We've had our fun for tonight. Let's stop kidding these bums and have a beer. You must be thirsty after that line you've been giving them, I bet you know some swell stories."

Harold's hand was light and wonderful when it hit the heavy chin. And at last his own eyes laughed when they saw the grey suit in the dirt. The cigar had fallen into that suit and a smell of wool burning was smiling to his nose. Getting up in wonder, the man called him a lunatic son-of-a-bitch and muttered away.

One of the three on the wall had taken his hand—the one almost crippled by books. Harold was grateful for the shy closeness. "What a wallop you give that big-mouth bastard. I wish Charlie wasn't sick and coulda saw it. He'd make a speech and maybe get drunk and sing a song to Lilac. She's his girl friend. Yeah I sure wish Charlie was well and hearing you talk to us."

Harold rubbed the swelling on his hand and said that Charlie sounded like a prophet.

"What's a prophet, Professor?"

"Oh he's a fellow who sees into the future".

"That's our pal Charlie all right. He's always shooting stuff like that. At least he used to, before he got sick yesterday. He used to read books and talk of people together and maybe happy. Nice thing, you know, Professor. We found a gal last month drunk in a doorway. Charlie called her Lilac and took her home with us. He treats her like a princess and she's crazy for him."

The big boy had been whistling through the empty bottle top. Shaking his head, he dropped it tenderly in the grass-patch. "Yeah but this sickness is bad. It looks like his last big pay-day. He was jumpin' around yesterday drunk and recitin' to Lilac. Called her some kind of flower, and said she was a mistake that came from the dirt in this here city. Said somethin' about the bloom of sloppy men and I guess he meant us. Well he got sick as Hell, and when we found a doctor he said it was Charlie's heart. Lilac's home with him now. He made us come out here. He said guys found each

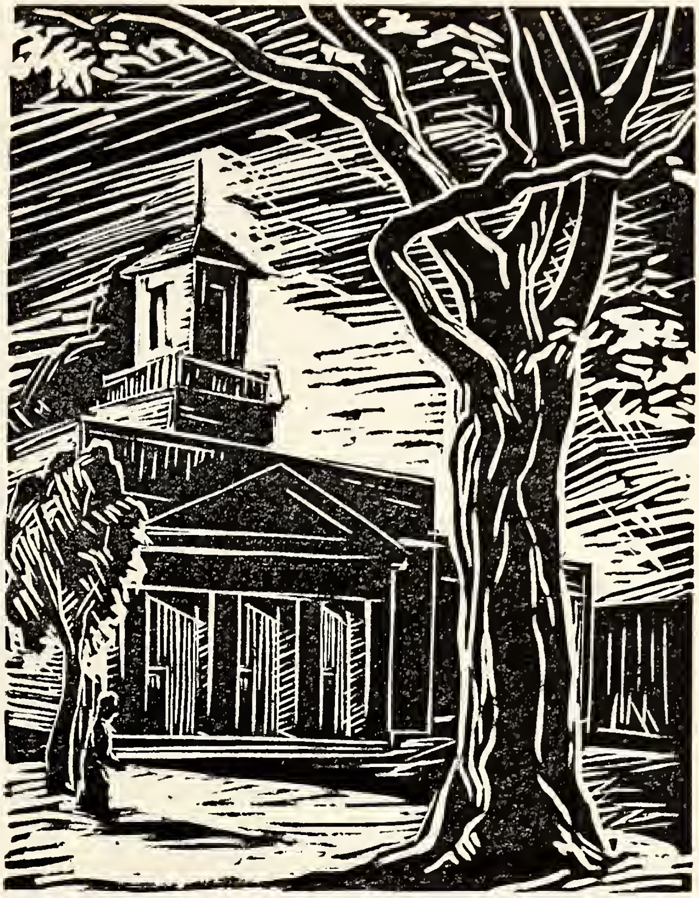
(*Continued on page thirty-one*)

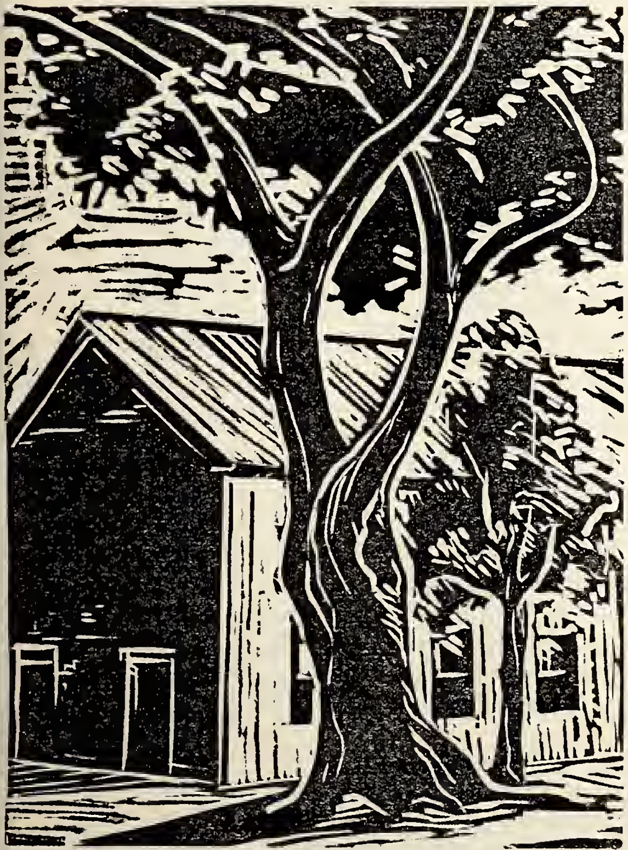
Now A

A Portfolio of Sketch

d Then

y Margaret Munch





Wieder Sievers

Skin Deep

The scene is laid in a laboratory of the Medical School, in a great Northern university. In the room are tables, a professor's desk, a large tank, and anatomical charts on the walls.

When the curtain rises, the stage is empty except for George, *who is dusting the tops of the tables. He is the negro janitor, and is a large, heavy-set middle-aged man with a kindly, sad face. After a moment* Wilson Freeman *comes in, carrying some books under his arms.* Wilson *is a short, slim negro youth with a keen face and horn-rimmed glasses.*

George. Hello, there, Wilson.

Wilson. Hello, George. How have you been?

George. Just fine, suh. I didn't think you was going to get to come here.

Wilson. I didn't think so either, till just the other day; but that scholarship came through after all. I was just about ready to get a job and give up my dream of being a doctor.

George. Well, say, that's mighty fine that you're here, suh. The colored people are going to be real proud of you some day.

Wilson. I don't know about that.

George. I'm not worried about you. You're going to make something of yourself, you see. We sure need colored doctors, who'll help us poor folks. My wife's sick again, and I can't pay no white doctor to come out there.

Wilson. What's the matter with her, George?

George. I don't know. Feels like her stomach, she says. Seems like I always have more trouble than anybody.

Wilson. I'll come out and look at her if you like. I've read a few medical books already.

George. Say, would you do that, Wilson?

Wilson. Surely, I'll come out this afternoon.

George. I'm sure obliged to you, Wilson. I wish everybody was as good as you is. Uh, excuse me, I got to finish up.

Wilson. I'll see you this afternoon, then.

[Wilson *looks at his watch, and strolls out.* George *finishes and leaves.* Lee Steward *and* Martin Hobbs *come in.* Lee *is a homely boy of medium height, with a winning charm and a southern accent. There is a genial folky quality about him, but he is independent and assertive. He is dressed in loud clothes, in contrast to* Martin *who wears rather old and dull clothes, and a slovenly polo shirt. He is tall, careless, erratic, and slow of speech; he is puzzled by life.* Martin *likewise has a southern accent.*]

Lee. The cop was sore as hell, but I told him, I said I'm from out of town, and you can't expect a stranger to know all the damn fool traffic rules you got up here.

Martin. You better watch out, that's what I think. They're going to get wise to that out of state license gag after a while.

Lee. Uh-uh. Not in this town. Cops too dumb. I'm going to keep using that gag till the damn license expires.

Martin. Maybe. This is the right room, isn't it?

Lee. Yeah, that's what it said. Room 107. Anatomy laboratory. Two o'clock.

Martin. We've got ten minutes yet.

Lee. That's a hell of a habit we're getting in to, coming to classes on time.

Martin. You'll get over it, if I know you.

Lee. What do you want to do tonight?

Martin. I'd like to see the town, wouldn't you?

Lee. Hell no, I've seen enough of the town already. You don't know where we could find some girls, do you?

Martin. Sure, the kind you have in mind. Just ask any cab driver to take you to one.

Lee. [*Feigned shock.*] Martin! Now is that the way to talk?

Martin. Well, am I right?

Lee. Hell no, you're not. You don't know any cab drivers, though, do you?

Martin. In town two days and you think of that already. Damn'f you haven't got it bad.

Lee. And when I've been in town two years, I'll still be thinking about it, let me tell you right now.

Martin. Oh, I believe you.

Wieder Sievers, *Playmaker, is interested in the sociological drama. He writes of a problem that should be interesting to all of us, that of a negro medical student in a large American university.*

[Freddie *comes in. He is short and baby-faced, with a silly grin and a droll sense of humor.*]

Freddie. Uh . . . is this the anatomy lab?

Lee. I reckon it is.

Martin. Are you new here too?

Freddie. Well, not exactly. I got my AB here.

Martin. So you've been here four years, eh?

Freddie. [*With a little laugh.*] No, five. I liked it so well I hated to leave after four years.

Lee. Whereabouts do you come from?

Freddie. I live right here in town.

Lee. Hey, that's all right. I'll bet you know plenty of girls.

Freddie. Blond, brunette, skinny or fat, black or white. You name it and we got it.

Lee. Well, hey, I'm serious. I'll furnish the car if you bring the women.

Freddie. I'm serious too. A car is music to my ears.

Lee. O.K. That's a bargain.

[Jeffrey Vaughan *comes in. He is slim, and of average height. He fairly oozes with self-confidence.*]

Jeffrey. You guys here for anatomy too?

Freddie. 'Fraid so.

Jeffrey. You don't know anything yet. Wait till you see what it's like.

Martin. Did you take this course before?

Jeffrey. My brother took it. He told me all about it. They keep a corpse around here somewhere. Yeah, there it is. They call it Elmer. [*The boys all bend over the tank.*]

Freddie. I think Elmer has a little B.O.

Jeffrey. Listen, when you've been in cold storage as long as Elmer, you'll stink too.

Martin. Well, at least we won't have to tell Elmer "Now hold still, this won't hurt a bit."

[Brant Ferguson *comes in with several other boys. He is large and heavy-set with a good mind, but rather slow and phlegmatic of speech. He has a dignity and maturity that the other boys lack.*]

Brant. Is this room 107?

Jeffrey. Yeah. Come in and meet Elmer.

Brant. [*Thinking he is referring to one of the boys.*] How do you do?

Jeffrey. No, this is Elmer.

Freddie. He's lying down; he doesn't feel well.

Brant. My name is Brant Ferguson.

Lee. My name is Lee Steward. Very glad to know you. This is Martin Hobbs. And . . . Freddie . . . uh. . . .

Freddie. Nielson. How do you do.

Lee. And I'm sorry, I don't know your name.

Jeffrey. Jeffrey. Jeffrey Vaughan.

Brant. Are you from the south?

Lee. Damn right. Martin and I both are. Columbus Georgia.

Jeffrey. Where's that; in the United States?

Lee. United States? What's that, one of the suburbs of Georgia?

Brant. Tell me, how did you happen to come way up here to study medicine?

Martin. This Med school has one of the best reputations in the country.

Lee. That's what he keeps saying. Hell, I never heard of it. I'd just as soon gone to Virginia, but my Uncle went here, said it was good.

[*A bell rings off stage.* Brant *goes to the table right and sits down.* Martin *goes to the left table, talking to one of the boys who came in with* Brant. Wilson, *the negro, enters and goes to the table right.*]

Wilson. Do you mind if I sit here?

Brant. Not at all. Brant Ferguson is my name.

Wilson. My name is Wilson Freeman. I'm glad to know you, sir. [*They shake hands.*]

Freddie. [*To one of the boys who came in with* Brant.] Well, I guess we might as well sit down, and prepare for the worst. [*He comes, followed by the boy he was talking to, down toward the table* Wilson *is sitting at. Seeing* Wilson, *he stops, embarrassed. Then to cover up his confusion, he says* "Hello" *to* Wilson *and walks on past him, goes around the table and sits at the other table, left, as does the other boy.*]

Lee. [*Who has been listening to* Jeffrey *tell a story.*] Damn'f that ain't something else! [*Laughing, they go down to the right table, and stop when they see* Wilson.]

Brant. Sit down, gentlemen. This is Wilson Freeman, Lee Steward and Jeffrey Vaughan.

Lee and Jeffrey. [*Mumble.*] How do you do?

Brant. Come on, have a seat, Jeffrey.

Jeffrey. [*Looks around the room, sees there are no more vacant places, and then reluctantly sits down, with a feeble attempt to cover up with:*] Be glad to.

Wilson. Aren't you going to sit down, Lee?

Lee. I don't think so. I don't mean to be rude or anything, but I'm a southerner and I'm just not used to sitting with niggers. I'd appreciate it if you would change places with one of these guys, I really would.

Wilson. No, Lee, I'm sorry, but I'm not going to get myself changed for anybody. I came here to learn medicine, so I can do something for my people, the niggers as you call them. I didn't come to a white man's school by choice, but I came because I got a scholarship here, and that was the only way I could come to school. Now that I'm here I'm not going to be pushed around by any blind prejudice. I expect to mind my own business and devote myself to medicine, and there's no reason I can see why you can't do likewise. I think I'm clean and decent, I think I'm honest and respectable. And I haven't raped anybody yet. Now if my qualifications aren't satisfactory, you'll have to do the moving; I'm here to stay.

BRANT. Stick to it, Wilson.

LEE. All right, if that's the way you yankees feel. . . . [*He wheels around and goes up to the window where he stands, leaning against the sill.*]

[DOCTOR WILKINS *enters. He is a little mouse of a man, with a delicate but keen face, and gray hair. He has the characteristic gesture of rubbing the back of his hand across his forehead occasionally, as he gropes for sentences. He lays a book down on his desk, then takes his glasses off and addresses the class.*]

DOCTOR. Well, I guess we can get started. This is the anatomy laboratory, and it meets every day. Uh . . . I feel that this course is the key course of the medical school . . . uh . . . the study of the human body. Unlike your courses in undergraduate school which you learn and forget after the exam, this is . . . uh . . . a course that you will rely on all your life. So I want to emphasize the importance of this course . . . and uh . . . remind you young men setting out to be doctors, that you must pledge yourselves to devote all your efforts to science and the unselfish healing of pain. And uh . . . [*Sees* LEE *standing.*] Oh, excuse me. Aren't there enough seats? [*Surveys the room.*] There's a place for you at that table. [*Points to the one where* WILSON *is seated.*]

LEE. [*Starts to walk over to the table, but unable to do it, he turns around and comes up to the doctor's table.*] If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to be changed to another table.

DOCTOR. Well, I don't see why . . . uh. . . .

LEE. I'm a southerner, sir, and. . . .

DOCTOR. Up here you are a student of science, nothing more. No, I don't see why you should be changed. Go sit down.

LEE. [*After a moment's hesitation, he wheels and goes to the table, and glaring at* WILSON, *he sits down uncomfortably, as far from* WILSON *as possible, his face incandescent with anger.*]

MARTIN. [*Rising.*] Sir, would it be all right if I changed with him? [*The* DOCTOR *nods assent.*]

LEE. You want to change with me?

MARTIN. What the hell, it won't hurt me to sit next to him.

LEE. [*Dubiously.*] Well, all right, if you want to. [*They exchange places.*]

DOCTOR. Where was I? Oh yes, uh . . . I was saying that we must be devoted to science and serve no other mistress. I guess I had better say that again now. Medicine doesn't care for race, color, or creed. It's only interested in human life and human welfare. [*He goes over to the tank right.*] Now I want to show you the body that you will work with in this class. I might say that it's a negro body, but that doesn't matter here, as I said. Uh . . . the interesting thing about these negro bodies, to me at any rate, is that after you have cut through the first few top layers of skin, you can't tell if it is a negro or not. The pigment is only skin deep. Remember that, young man. [*He returns to his desk.*] Well, uh . . . there isn't much we can do today. By tomorrow you had better provide yourselves with a surgical apron, the Gray's Anatomy, and a pair of rubber gloves. Uh . . . unless there are any questions, that will be all.

[*The boys begin to gather up their books. The* DOCTOR *leaves by the door up left.* MARTIN *confronts* LEE.]

MARTIN. What'd you want to make such a fuss for?

LEE. And since when do you love the niggers so much?

MARTIN. Look at me, I'm still healthy. It didn't hurt me to sit next to Wilson.

LEE. Martin, you know as well as I do that you got to keep the niggers in their place. What the hell's the matter with you? Just cause you're up north you don't have to act like a yankee. Sitting next to a nigger in school! Damn'f that ain't something else!

BRANT. I think he did the only gentlemanly thing under the circumstances.

LEE. Oh you do. Well, you just don't know what you're talking about.

FREDDIE. I guess even a gentleman can decide who he wants to sit with.

LEE. Damn right.

BRANT. Well, if you don't mind my saying so, I don't think that's the way to act, whether you're from the north, south, east or west.

LEE. Well, I do mind you saying that, and I'll tell you right now you're full of prunes. Things are different down south, and that's all there is to it. Southern niggers are a lazy, stinking, crooked crowd that'll steal your money and rape your wife if you don't keep them in their place. You yankees probably read some book and now you're all set to tell us how to run the south.

Martin. Now wait a minute. I'm just as much a southerner as you are, and I'm telling you I sat next to Wilson without getting robbed or raped.

Lee. You! I don't know what to make of you. You must be a damn communist. Ought to send you to Russia, where you can sit with anybody you want to.

Wilson. That's not communism. It sounds more like democracy to me.

Lee. I should think you'd have more loyalty to the South than to act this way.

Martin. Aw, what the hell's loyalty got to do with it?

Lee. What's loyalty got to do with it?

Martin. Yeah, that's what I said.

Lee. Well, you're a southerner, aren't you?

Martin. Hell, I'm sick of hearing that word. I'm an American, and I'll sit with anybody I damn well feel like. I'm telling you, Lee, you're a fool for saying you have to keep the niggers in their place, because they're dragging you down to their place with them.

Lee. [*Appealing to* Freddie.] You see, what can you do with a guy that talks like that?

Freddie. [*Faking a southern accent.*] Reckon we ought to lynch him, Colonel?

Lee. Damn right. Ought to lynch anybody that talks like that. Equality, hell! The niggers are happy where they are. Let 'em alone. They don't gripe. It's only the damn reds from the north who yell about equality for the niggers. The niggers themselves are getting along on what they got.

Wilson. You don't really believe that, do you?

Lee. [*Disposes of him with a sour look and turns angrily to* Martin.] For Christ's sake, Martin you know as well as I do the niggers would quit work and just run riot if you didn't keep them in their place.

Wilson. For whose sake, did you say?

Lee. I said for Christ's sake.

Wilson. Oh yes. Wasn't He the one who taught brotherly love?

Lee. Well, what's that got to do with the niggers?

Wilson. Nothing, I guess.

[George *comes quietly in at the back, begins to sweep, but soon becomes attentive to the scene.*]

Jeffrey. Aw, to hell with it. Let's go down town.

Lee. That's the smartest thing any of you yankees have said yet. [*Starts to leave.*]

Wilson. Wait just a minute before you leave, Lee. I was hoping we could come to some understanding. If you could see your way clear to it, maybe we could shake hands, and start with a clean slate. Working together every day, maybe you'd come to see things a little differently by the end of the term. Will you try? [*Extends hand.*]

Lee. When you put it that way, Wilson, I'd like to. I really would, but....

Martin. But what?

Lee. Oh, I don't know.... [*He scratches his head, puzzled.*]

Brant. Come on, Lee. What is your logical reason? I'd like to hear it.

Lee. Oh, I don't know... hell, you can't learn something when you're a kid, and believe it's right all your life, and then all of a sudden change your mind because some yankees tell you to.

Brant. Even if it's right?

Lee. It's not right. I can't seem to make you understand... uh....

Brant. Understand what?

Lee. Oh... uh... [*Finally.*] A nigger is a nigger! That's what!

Martin. Well, that settles that.

Lee. Damn right it settles it. I'm not going to stand here and argue with a bunch of yankees about the niggers. Or you either, Martin. You pick your friends and I'll pick mine. My mind's made up and there isn't anything you communists could say would make me change it.

Wilson. Look here, I resent that insinuation. These boys aren't communists just because they believe in civil liberties for the negro.

Lee. Oh, you resent that! Well, let me tell you, Mr. Wilson. I don't give a damn what you resent. I don't have to take that kind of talk off a nigger whether I'm up north or not. You just better mind your own business around here.

Wilson. Please listen to me for just a minute. You're not facing this thing squarely.

Lee. I don't give a damn if I am or not. You better just go on about your business, now, or I'm going to beat the hell out of you, you black bastard. [*He threatens him with clenched fists.*]

[George, *who has been listening attentively, drops his broom and stalk down to* Lee, *grabs him, and is about to hit him.*]

George. You're going to take that back, white boy. [Lee *cringes.*]

Martin. [*Tries vainly to grab* George's *arm.*] Don't hit him.

Wilson. [*Succeeds in stopping* George.] Don't hit him, George.

(*Continued on page thirty*)

Cecil Sanford

Heart Flower

It is strange how some are fascinated in their early youth by a simple exposition of nature, and how that fascination, once experienced, remains with them for always.

He remembered with that certain clarity of a familiar childhood story watching the old apple tree in the orchard below the branch, watching it bud and blossom and bear one year from the springtime through the summer and into the early fall. And he remembered like a secret thought read yesterday the deep excitement of one sharp discovery.

As it had always done, the fine old tree bloomed later than the others, reserving for itself that honored right of a distinguished figure who arrives invariably late at a gathering of the proletarian mob. But the presence of this patriarch was worth one's waiting long to see. In its glory of green and blossom it was a hero of splendor and magnificence; and yet it was as strong and calm and charming as a silent man who knows himself.

But it was the blossoms themselves, more than anything else, that drew his rapt attention, and he examined them separately, looking long at their light brownish style and stigma, and their shining five white petals. In their centers he saw a heavy fuzz of pollen and on the tip of each bright petal a spot of golden brown. He looked at them every day, and he came to hope that he might look at them forever, but one night a swift wind came into the orchard, tearing the petals from their hearts and scattering them in white ruin on the grass. They shriveled there and dried and soon disintegrated into particles of air. But their ghosts, like inexpressible petrified dreams of loveliness, still haunted the great green tree, and often afterwards he thought he saw them there and real again.

All through the bright summer the tree's fruit swelled and grew. Birds had built their nests among its hidden twigs and branches, and all through the sunlit days they sang their thousand songs of love, of freedom, and of exultancy. And still he kept remembering, like an old ancestral portrait, the blossoms of the springtime that had died.

Summer ripened slowly into autumn. The apples grew mature, turned red, and mellowed in the sun. And the pliant branches of the great old tree bent downward with their heavy load of burnished fruit. He climbed up and shook the limbs, and the apples fell, as the blossoms had fallen, down on the grass below. But this time he was the one who picked them up, and he was the one who carried them away. Bushel loads past counting he emptied into his father's cellar bin. He carried until his arms and legs were tired, sore, exhausted; and when he finished he entered the house and stretched out on the rug before a hickory log fire.

Winter came and with it the chill tongue of frost that killed the leaves and left the old tree bare. He forgot its past spring loveliness, its shining blossoms and its swelling fruit. He saw the cold grey winter sky through its twisted branches, and he saw only a cold beauty there. But one evening he went into the cellar and a glistening dark red apple caught his eye. He picked it up to admire its size and coloring; and somehow, instead of putting it back into the bin, he dropped it in his sweater pocket.

Sometime later that evening he had taken a book and was preparing to sit down and read when he felt the weight in his pocket. He took the apple out and held it up by its stem, twisting it before him in the lamp-light. The absurd idea came to him to cut it into halves, so as to see it and to admire it all at once, and he opened his knife; but instead of slicing it up and down, he cut it horizontally.

And then it was that he made his sharp discovery. Outlined in a perfect likeness on the inside portion of each half was a clean white apple blossom.

For a moment he stared at the two halves.

And then he dropped into a chair. For a long while he sat there in a sort of sustained amazement, thinking how strange, subtle, and inexplicable nature was, and pondering over things that hidden come to live past death.

CECIL SANFORD, *candidate for Honors in English, demonstrates his versatility as he turns from short story and article writing to revive an almost forgotten art form, the personal essay.*

Lee Manning Wiggins

Crime Don't Pay

or Prometheus Bounced

> "I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
> By the known rules of ancient liberty,
> When straight a barbarous noise environs me
> Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs."—Milton.

Scene opens in the student council office of a college in North Carolina. Choose your own college; there isn't much difference between them. At any rate, the twelve distinguished students who hold in their hands the fate of every other student in the college are convoked in solemn session to consider a most serious underground movement, almost a rebellion. It seems that certain students are saying nasty things about the "Code d'Aristocrat," "Code d'Honneur," or "Code de Gentleman"—call it what you will—that governs their actions.

Big.

I have called you here tonight for a most serious reason
Offenses have been committed which almost amount to treason
Close the window, lock the door
We've got to see that this doesn't happen any more
If we wait, it may be too late
This disaffection is a running sore.

All.

Things are in a terrible condition
Get out your sword! Put up your shield!
We will fight to preserve tradition
Till every student is dead on the field!

Cig.

If you ever get caught while you're out on a bat
Come look me up at Pi Zeta Pi frat

Dig.

You can cheat steal and rape all you want on Monday
But as long as you keep up church attendance on Sunday
Come solve your problems the easy way
From studies to sex with the Y. M. C. A.

Fig.

Keep up appearances, learn to make dough
Lift up your voice for the old status quo
I don't care whether you drink scotch or gin
If you've got a dress-suit you're bound to win

Gig.

Hail to our liberty! Of freedom I sing!
Everyone's free while he does the right thing!
It's true that I'm poor as a church mouse today
But I'm a gentleman o. k., o. k.
And I know how to act the right way.

Big.

Now here's the situation, boys—
I'll be brief—
With no further observation, boys—
The campus is really in grief.
In every dormitory
They are telling the story—
Some dangerous radical, probably with a bomb in his pocket
Is going around trying to open the door as fast as we lock it.
And boys, you know this as well as I—
If they make us tell our secrets we're bound to die;
If we lose our mystery, we'll lose our mastery;
If we tell what we're doing, we'll soon be ruing it.
If we like any public court gave a report of what we saw,
We wouldn't be a Five-Star Chamber, we'd become a court of law!

Cig.

Horribly true.

Dig.

What can we do?

Fig.

We must stop this somehow!

Gig.

We must act now!

Big.

Excellent! I see we are in substantial agreement.
We shall proceed with our original plan.
It is so simple as to require no argument—
We'll try the whole campus down to the last man!
Go search all over in dorm and frat
Go find 'em no matter where they're at!
I don't care how you treat 'em—
And don't forget the arboretum.

Lee Manning Wiggins, *who holds that we need a more specific standard than the Gentleman's Code by which to judge our actions, here shows in satirical verse the extremes to which the definition of the Carolina Gentleman might be stretched.*

Seize the lover, the tennis player,
Tear the esthete away from his tea.
Beat out the truth with horsewhip or flayer,
And bring the results here to me!

ALL.

Oh, our leader, who could be finer?
You're a gentleman of old Carolina.
What ever you say, be sure we'll do
We don't always know, but we'll trust you.
The students that come to our dear college
May all go home without any knowledge;
We won't touch that, but by gum we'll rot
Or make each one a gentleman, whether he likes it or not!
Things are in a terrible condition
Get out your sword! Put up your shield!
We will fight to preserve tradition
Till every student is dead on the field!

SCENE II

We find ourselves in exactly the same room with precisely the same group of actors, some four or five days later. This time, however, they seem a little more excited and talkative than before. Perhaps it is because they have found the "radical."

BIG.

Well, boys, let's stop all this noise.
Have we done our job well? I think we've succeeded.
I think we've done swell! This is what the campus needed.
We've declared a moratorium on reason,
Put freedom out to let for a season.
We've put ritual at the throttle
Told prejudice to go ahead—it won't be bottled.
I sent you gentlemen to cover the school
I hope you've discovered all lapses from the rule—
We've only one rule, and only one plan—
We'll let you by if you're a gentleman;
That may sound silly or even fantastic,
But it's got one virtue—it's plenty elastic
To take in the joker and take in the Jew
And if you're not careful, it'll take in you.
I think we've had about enough sport—
Now let's hear the weekly report.

CIG.

I went to a transom and put up my ear
It was right in the middle of a Sanskrit exam
There were five fellows talking, and the others could hear—
And one of them said, "She's really got a pram!"
I consulted "pram" in a Sanskrit dictionary
It meant "a Buddhist monastery";
Well, gentlemen, that was all I wanted to know:
Those fellows are cheaters—they've all got to go.

ALL.

Yes, that is all we want to know:
Those fellows are cheaters—they've all got to go.

DIG.

I was shooting craps in Hayrick dorm
When I saw some fellows shooting craps.
Now, gentlemen, you know that's not up to form—
It shows completely a moral collapse;
We can let half of them off with a couple of spanks,
But the other half were Jews and Yanks.
No Yankee or Jew can be cultured, you know:
Those fellows are gamblers—they've all got to go.

ALL.

No, no Yankee or Jew can be cultured, we know:
Those fellows are gamblers—they've all got to go.

FIG.

While walking through the arboretum last night,
Two figures I spied, somewhat out of the way;
The couple were kissing and hugging quite tight.
Let them enjoy themselves—that was o. k.—
But then they looked up from their rapture divine,
And I saw that the girl he was kissing was mine!
To hell with that traitor! He's vulgar, you know.
That man's a seducer—and he's got to go.

ALL.

To hell with that traitor! He's vulgar, we know.
That man's a seducer—and he's got to go.

GIG.

I went one night to an open forum;
The crowd that was there was exceedingly small.
In fact, there was hardly a respectable quorum,
And they seemed not to agree with the speaker at all.
Now understand me—I believe in free speech,
But to ask uppish questions of a man trying to teach!
They're "reds," radicals, and robbers, you know—
Such people ask questions—and they've got to go!

ALL.

"Reds," radicals, and robbers, we know—
Such people ask questions—and they've got to go!

BIG.

Well, boys, you've done a wonderful job,
Catching our foes who ask questions and rob,
Sitting up nights, using flashlights,
You've convicted a tremendous mob.
There're not many fellows left about;
But I don't care if we kick them all out
If we have to do it to preserve our tradition—
That we're gentlemen—straight grain, not stubble—
But there's been a very serious omission—
The radical who started all this trouble—
The bomb-man, the great-eyed visionary,

PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-RISK OFFER SAYS: 'MELLOWEST, TASTIEST.' AND, MAN, I SOON SAID THE SAME—AND HOW!

YOU CAN'T LOSE

on Prince Albert's fair-and-square guarantee (lower left). Either P. A.'s choice tobaccos put you next to princely smoking or back comes every cent you paid—*and no quibbling!* Prince Albert's special "crimp cut" tamps down easy and burns slower for longer sessions of rich, tasty smoking. Mild? You said it! P. A. smokes cool, so mellow because it's "no-bite" treated. There's no other tobacco like Prince Albert, men, so snap up that offer today.

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

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The picket, philosopher, revolutionary,
The man who thinks he can say what he thinks,
The man who says he must think what he says,
The man who says all our secrecy stinks,
Who gives us criticism, and no praises,
He must be nailed, impaled, flailed!
Why haven't we found him? Who's around him?
Why can't we find him? What's behind him?
If we don't convict him our mission has failed.

HIG.

Wait! Wait! I've got some wonderful news!
I caught the madman by a very clever ruse.
Quiet as doom I stole to his room
Peeped in before I opened the door—
There was the rascal, the scoundrel, the jackanapes,
His fellows surrounding him just like a pack of apes!
We've convicted the others, but I've saved him till last
And remember, council members, this man has a dangerous past;
He must be haled, assailed, jailed,
If we don't ruin him our mission has failed.

BIG.

Don't worry, we'll get him, and no denial;
I move we convict him without any trial.

ALL.

Hear! Hear!

[*Suddenly* BILL MCNIECE, *the lad who's causing all the trouble, bursts into the room.*]

BILL.

I demand the right to be heard!
You can't throw me out without a word!

DIG.

What impudence!

FIG.

What does this mean?

GIG.

Such insolence!

HIG.

Please, don't let's have a scene!

Big.
Quiet! Let's be generous, and forgive him this rout;
Since he's already here, let's hear him out.
Bill.
Thanks a lot. You are too kind.
Maybe in a minute or so you'll change your mind.
The first thing I want to say
Is this: you may be honest as night and day
You may be impartial, unbiased, and fair,
But if you keep it a secret, how do we know you're on the square?
You say you want to protect each student—
Well that's all right; that's very prudent,
But only in an obvious case.
Whenever it's at all doubtful, the students should be brought face to face
With all the facts in a complete report;
Why just try to think of a criminal court
Where no spectators or reporters could go!
Democracy means that the people must know
What's going on. They're the judges; your function
Is simply to carry out the people's injunction.
The minute you act on your own authority
Without regard to the will of the majority
You can pack up your kits, and get ready to blow;
You boys are dictators, and you've got to go!
Now here's my only other complaint—
Are you fellows ruling without any restraint?
You say you rule by the "gentlemen's code,"
But what a "gentleman" is you alone know,
If you know why don't you tell us, and if you don't know,
Why then, you'd better get right out of the road—
The students are taking their government back.
Our country has a Constitution,
But all we've got is a carry-all, a giant sack,
That will cover justice and also pollution,
And everything from personal retribution to prostitution.
I mean it! We want to know where we stand!
Can we stand on our heads? Can we walk on the grass?
Can we drink? Can we smoke? Can we play in a band?
Do we have any freedom? Can we talk during class?
Which of these things would a "gentleman" do?
Or what does a "gentleman" mean to you?
What makes you think you know what a gentleman is?
Does cheap politicking and vote-getting teach you this?
But that's the charge that's against me today—
For telling these things, and telling them well.
Cig.
Out with the liar!
Dig.
Down with the knave!
Fig.
He's no gentleman!
Gig.
He doesn't know how to behave!
Jig.
He doesn't even have a good shave!
Big.
Gentlemen, I owe you all an apology
I didn't understand this man's psychology;
I didn't think he'd break in—no gentleman would!
But now I propose he be expelled; I really think he should!
All.
He's a cheater, imposter, a liar, you know;
That fellow's no gentleman; he's got to go!
[Cig *and* Dig *hustle* Bill *out of the room. Then a host of choiring angels with harps comes down, and an angel settles on the shoulder of each of the apostles of sweetness and light, and begins softly to play their Alma Mater. But the ugly form of self-suspicion begins to rear its head.*]
Cig.
And yet, he wasn't altogether wrong;
I can't cast out the fleeting doubt
That there may be one of us whose ethics is not too strong.
Didn't you say, Dig, you were shooting craps,
[*The angel on* Dig's *shoulder turns to a grinning green devil as* Cig *makes this accusation.*]
When you saw that student shooting craps?
Dig.
Well, I—er
But I—er
Cig.
You said it all right, as well you know;
You're a gambler all right, and you've got to go!
All.
He said it all right, as well we know;
He's a gambler all right, and he's got to go!
Dig.
Now wait a minute, Cig, you're not so pure yourself.
[Cig's *angel likewise turns to a leering little imp.*]
When I went in your room, didn't I see some Scotch on your shelf?
Cig.
Well, I tell you—er
It was this way—er

ALL.
So honest yourself?
Scotch on the shelf?

CIG.
Well maybe it was, but you, Fig, there—
I saw you cheating at solitaire.
And you, Mr. Hig. What were you doin'
[FIG'S *and* HIG'S *angels are transformed into sneering Satans.*]
In the arboretum? Tryin' to ruin
Some girl's reputation? What's your reply?
You scoundrels are not a bit purer than I!
I'm not a single bit blacker than you!
If I get thrown out you'll go too!

FIG & HIG.
Out with that liar, that scandal-monger,
Libeller, cheapscate, pure-name-wronger!

OTHERS INDIVIDUALLY.
That scandal-monger!
What were you doin'?
So honest yourself?
Walking on the grass?
Pure-name-wronger!
Tryin' to ruin?
Scotch on the shelf?
Talking in class?
Standing on head?
I saw you drinking!
Smoking a cigar!
No necktie!
An unmade bed!
At girls winking!
Necking in a car!
Swatting a fly!
Dissembler!
Woman-beater!
Gambler!
Cheater!
[*By now all the angels with harps have turned to little grinning green devils, thumbing their noses and making vulgar noises with their lips, brandishing pitchforks.*]

OTHERS *continue:*
Out you go!   Not a cent!
You're expelled!   Broke a rule!
Through the window!   Not a gent!
Go to hell!   Out of school!
[*And so they all go out, fighting and cursing each other, all the students, including themselves, having been kicked out of school.*]

EPILOGUE.
[*All the council come out in front of the curtain and sing:*]

ALL.
Oh, we're Carolina gentlemen.
How do we know we're gentlemen?
Because we say we're gentlemen.
What is a Carolina gentleman?
Whatever we say is a gentleman!
Whatever we do, be sure, you,
That's the thing for a gentleman to do!
Oh, we're all gentlemen, Carolina gentlemen!
Oh!
Things are in a terrible condition
Get out your sword! Put up your shield!
We will fight to preserve tradition
Till every student is dead on the field!

END.

Tranquility

The Ivy trembles on the linden tree,
Like bits of copper burnished in the sun.
The wind, a wanton rhythm flowing free,
Pretends the ivy and the tree are one.
I listened to a wind that passed in state,
And trembled to its sweet compelling tune.
I must forget that loveliness too late,
And make remembrance pay the debt too soon.
The ivy quivers. Let the south wind blow!
It will turn eastward with coquettish dawn.
When leaves are still, only the tree shall know
The song that lingers ever, surging on—
Shall know the dream, that dreaming cannot be—
Shall know the real and silent part of me.

—MARY LOUISE BOYLSTON.

Critically Speaking

THE GRAPES OF WRATH. John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press. 619 pp. $2.75.

A pet theory of mine—that John Steinbeck will one day be recognized as the greatest living American writer—seems well on its way toward establishment. "The Grapes of Wrath" looks like a work of genius. It looks too a great deal like what we have always wanted to call The Great American Novel. It will be a long time, however, before that is decided; suffice it to say now that fundamentally the book is a social novel, exposing social injustice, calling for social redress, and written in a style that makes each character sparkle with life.

Though a very long novel, possibly a bit too detailed, it doesn't strike the reader as longish or needlessly drawn out; it seems merely a short and vivid scene of America. For its setting it has the sweep of a continent; for its characters, the people of the earth, whose time is today but whose heroic history never seems to begin nor end.

This is a book about a people of old American stock, the Joads of Oklahoma. Their land is dispossessed, their pitiful homes are destroyed, they are lured to California by false hopes. When they arrive there, after unbelievable hardships, they are exploited and reduced to virtual slavery. If they rebel, they are beaten and tortured. And if they do not rebel, they are hounded, tormented, and finally made to admit defeat. Industry and politics do these things. Of course they can't be forgiven.

It is the author's large interest in the whole lives of his Oklahoma farmers that makes "The Grapes of Wrath" more than a novel of propaganda, even though its social message is what will stick with most readers. Probably no one but Steinbeck has so exact a feeling for what is uniquely American. This feeling he shows in his careful notation of the speech, myths, obscenities and incidents that belong to his folk.

His characters, and there are many, typify a whole culture on the move. Off the front pages of your newspapers come these people—these disinherited in their rickety used cars. Driven off their farms by the draught, dust, or the juggernaut of the tractor, the small farmers and sharecroppers of a half-dozen states, but mainly Oklahoma and Arkansas, have been staking their salvation on the possibility of work in the Far West. When they reach California, the promised grapes have turned into grapes of wrath might come to fruition at any moment.

The book is not perfect. Casey, the ex-preacher who is killed because he is a strike-breaker, is only half real. Sometimes the folk note is forced a little. And, finally, the ending (a young girl who has only a day or two before given birth to a dead child offers the milk of her breasts to a starving man) is nothing but a vulgar kind of fake symbolism. But occasionally Steinbeck's imagination overleaps itself and you get some pure, or impure drama.

Its power and importance lie in its intense humanity, its grasp of the spirit of an entire people traversing a wilderness, its kindliness, its humor, and its bitter indignation. It may be exaggerated, but it is exaggerated by an honest and splendid writer.

—RAYMOND LOWERY.

THESE ARE OUR LIVES. Federal Writers' Project. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 421 pp. $2.00.

The ingenuity of the government in taking advantage of the talents of young writers whose services cannot be fitted into the economic system is brilliantly illustrated by this latest book from the University Press.

These Are Our Lives, a fragmentary picture of those North Carolina folk who do not know what it is to be educated and comforted by modern civilization, but who manage to have a little happiness now and then, shows the people of this state struggling, but with spirit.

On the farm a Negro family of "sharecroppers" don't hold with people getting aid from the government. "De gover'ment's got no business a-payin' out relief money and a-giving WP and A jobs to farmers. . . . Every lander ought to raise his somethin' t'eat de whole year round and some to sell. . . . Dere's plenty o' land."

But by and large those people love and revere Roosevelt. On the farm and in the mill village the constant note of respect is sounded. "Hit do make even an empty stomach feel better to hear him talk." Roosevelt is the first President in their estimation who has ever really felt it his duty to care for the poor people.

In the mill as on the farm, self-respect is strong. And their faith in Roosevelt is not that of a people waiting for a free handout, but of a people expecting something to be done that is fundamental to the problem expressed in one renter's words: "We's always been poor and I reckon we always will."

Throughout the section devoted to sketches of life in the mill village there is one conspicuous note that is not sounded. Organization of workers into labor unions is a strongly growing thing in the state. Omitting a sketch of a strong union family is omitting a glance into the future of the entire working class.

The professional class are a fascinating group. The Negro dentist who cannot convince his clients not to have gold fillings and the country doctor who, on delivering the eighth baby for a family which has never paid him a cent for his services, was offered the eighth "in payment" are all typical scenes of a fascinating survey.

The last group of essays deals with those on relief, the WPA workers whom the system has caught and held. But still there is room for Southern laughter.

These Are Our Lives is a glimpse at the soul of the South—the uncomfortable, unmistakable truth.

—JOHN CREEDY.

PURSLANE. Bernice Kelly Harris. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 316 pp. $2.50.

This story of simple folk and simple ways is Margorie Rawlings *Yearling* in North Carolina. Miss Harris writes of people she knows—their little troubles and their little happinesses, their eating and baptizing and lovemaking. This is the story of one family—the Fullers—and their friends, of which there are many. There is both humor and tragedy in the story. Young Fuller tries in vain to win the hand of Milly Pate whose mother considers her daughter too good for the boy. The death of Miss Charity verges on the sentimental but escapes through the expert writing of Miss Harris. The reader feels instantly sorry that Letha Fuller did not marry Victor when she had the chance yet cannot help condemning her for crying so much over the spilt milk.

The book is episodic to an extreme and yet seems to retain a certain unity through the close family ties of the characters involved. The reader cannot help feeling that this story is the story of any farm family anywhere in America. The language they use, their little sectional peculiarities are only incidental. We have all met John and Dele Fuller. They live in Maine and in California as much as in North Carolina. Marriages, church picnics, parties at Christmas time with the whole family assembled and baptisms are universal pursuits.

Purslane could not be called a great book but it is a first rate story which needs telling in this day of rising tenancy, poor lands and heavy mortgage. The conception of an entire population infested with hook worm and debts is perhaps not as true as we are so prone to believe. —HUGH FOSS.

HISTORY OF AN AUTUMN. Christopher Morley. New York: Lippincott. 81 pp. $1.00.

The fall of the year nineteen-hundred and thirty-eight was a different fall. The air held more than the tang of autumn; it was also an all-pervading, heavy air of suspense. The trees still modelled their flaming, riotous garments in the same old way, and the geese still honked their familiar goodbyes, but nature was not pampered as she had been in previous years. A fretting, anxious world looked to Central Europe and wondered.

Christopher Morley has tried to capture some of that suspense, indifference, and humor that the ordinary American saw and felt during those weeks that threatened to shake the world into another conflagration of hate and killing. He mixes the reaction of the average man with his own and presents a most pleasing history. The American people are seen by Morley as hard-pressed to keep their attention on serious or tragic matters, and Morley, himself, seems a bit on the light side even with the rumbling of arms to the east.

Another unusual feature of this "history" is Morley's stirring defense of Neville Chamberlain. Calling attention to Chamberlain's trip to Munich as "one of the greatest personal efforts in history" and telling the world "of the man who went out into the most threatening sky the world has ever known, with no weapon but a furled umbrella," Morley has certainly placed Chamberlain on a rather doubtful pedestal.

The reader who glances at this book cover may imagine that only a regular, dry history awaits him within the cover. In imagining this, the reader will have done himself an injustice because if ever any book was jammed with such a mixture of indifference and suspense while a world was trembling, this one is. —EDWARD MEGSON.

Ultimate Irony

Pondering inscrutabilities,
Imbued far-faint with time's entelechy,
He sat and thought: "The greatest philosophs
Quash peaceably the urge to write and teach,
Knowing that earth is witness fair enough
Of their cosmologies. Be tacit, heart."
—WILLIAM MICHAUX.

●

For a Woman Weeping

Pretty morning blushed and smiled
And wooed inconstant sleep.
Evening gathered up her robes
And bowed her head to weep.

And when she turned and flew away
On dusky, wistful, wings,
She left the dew to testify
That tears are lovely things.
—MARY LOUISE BOYLSTON.

●

I See the Nervous Quiver of the Grass

I see the nervous quiver of the grass, while clouds
glower above and darken the land:
the chilled elm becoming still, the uneasy crowds
of larks and starlings, the dark pine stand.
Apart, I observe the internal approach of storm
with misgivings at its constancy,
while the silver reeds of the sudden rain form
a coordinated team of obstinacy.
Over the countryside the rain-reeds flail the grass,
splinter the elm, split the lily petals.
I watch the interrogation of the life mass,
watch as death settles.
I feel rather than see actually the repeated rain
again loose with its brutal whips:
again a storm, again, again, and repeatedly the pain
of beaten fingertips.
This is the ejaculation rising from fear,
that continual beatings shall win:
that the grass and I shall not hear,
be unheard in the din.
—SIMONS ROOF.

SKIN DEEP

(*Continued from page twenty-one*)

GEORGE. Don't you want me to, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON. No, George.

GEORGE. All right, Mr. Wilson. [*He slowly releases the dazed* LEE.] But I wouldn't let him talk like that 'bout you.

WILSON. That's all right, George. You don't have to be afraid, white boy. He's not going to hit you. Although I know very well that you would have hit me, just now, before the tables were turned. But that's the white man's privilege, to hit the colored man, when he's down, and then not let him hit back; to discriminate against him, to work him as you would a mule, to force him into disease of mind and body, to spit on him every way you can think of, to keep him so ignorant he won't know he's being exploited and oppressed, and then to cry Bolshevism whenever a colored man tries to raise his head above the mud and be a man. That's the white man's privilege. And all because of those few layers of skin.

MARTIN. I'm sorry about this, Wilson.

WILSON. No, don't pity me. Pity this boy, rather, for his blindness.

MARTIN. Well, some day he'll see things differently. He'll realize sooner or later that a really loyal Southerner doesn't want to see suffering or injustice among any of its people, for the good of the South as a whole. Some day he'll realize that. It takes time, I reckon, but you got to go slowly in things like this.

WILSON. But in the meantime? Human life and human dignity are at stake while this boy is making up his mind. How long do we have to wait?

MARTIN. I don't know that. [*A slight pause.*]

JEFFREY. Which way you going?

BRANT. I'm going down town.

JEFFREY. Let's go. Can I give you a lift, Martin.

MARTIN. Thank you. That'd be fine.

[*They leave.* LEE *stands frozen to the spot, fists still clenched.* GEORGE *smiles at him disdainfully and begins to sweep.* LEE *relaxes and begins to head for the door.*]

FREDDIE. Stick to it, Lee. I'm all for you.

LEE. Damn that Wilson anyhow. Ought to be lynched for talking like that.

FREDDIE. You tell 'em, boy. [*As they head for the door.*] Let's go to a phone. I'll get you that date.

LEE. That's O.K. with me, damn'f it ain't.

FREDDIE. The gal I'm thinking of is a good dancer, drinks like a fish, necks up a storm. . . .

LEE. Is that all she does?

FREDDIE. Is that all she does? Just ask the Thetas, that's all. . . .

[*By this time they are out the door, laughing.*]

[WILSON *gets his books together, pats* GEORGE *on the shoulder affectionately, and with an understanding nod from side to side,* WILSON *leaves.* GEORGE *shakes his head sadly and goes on sweeping.*]

CURTAIN.

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Riddle

Here is a riddle—
a four-year sleep
in a cozy bed
around which cluster
insouciant nurses
shooing away
the flies of thought.

—ALMON BARBOUR.

VISITOR TO THE CITY

(*Continued from page fifteen*)

other in crowds where all of them were scared. Anyway I think he wanted to be alone."

A woman with no hat and hair that wept in blond rushes had walked silent through the thinning crowd. Harold saw the men stand and look at her with those same faces of the blankness of ages. The opened life blotches passive before every new scar. And when she wept to them in the expressionless dried-up sadness of themselves, he knew that this was the woman Lilac accidentally born of dirt. And he knew that the man Charlie was dead.

Lilac carried a small bundle and stood before the wall. For a long time she only looked at the library, where Charlie had helped to dig a hole that held the city greyness. Harold had never seen a grief so still. Then she turned to the men and cleared her throat and raised her body straighter. Her tone was even, like a little girl reciting a painful piece.

"I left him with my coat over his face. He said he liked the smell. Charlie knew he was dying. Said he didn't mind where they dumped him, cause he was buried for good in the hole underneath the library. Charlie asked me to remind you to make a speech for him here by the hole. He said you promised him. I don't want to hear no speech. I know how white Charlie was. So long".

The big boy asked Lilac where she was going. The woman turned in the lamplight to look back. The dullness of her lip droop was ripping itself into a staring smile. Her blond hair was hanging loose in dangling flirtations while her body had relaxed into gushy invitations. Lilac ran her hand over her stomach and around her breasts and left it lanquid by an ear. Then she turned and strutted away through the crowd and into the nights that soothe a million lies.

Harold heard one of the men. "Charlie asked to have a speech. You're a smart guy, Professor. Say some of them words again. We'd like to hear it before we go away too."

He saw the crowd come closer, afraid of his fist and wanting to laugh. Harold knew that they were waiting for the final madness of an inexpensive evening. But the three men on the wall were quiet and waiting. It was for them that he spoke, feeling like a fool and not caring.

"I never knew Charlie and I knew him. I've never seen Charlie and I've seen signs of him in a hundred cities. He's the dreamer man who can even love the stupidity that is all of us while dreaming hopes for all of us. We sit on and spit on men like Charlie everyday. So busy with our own little fears that we're afraid to let anyone in on them. And we hate each other and kick each other into the muffles of the grave. (The big boy was rubbing his eyes and playing with the bottle. Some one out there was smiling.) Charlie might have hated us for making him holes and then chasing him away when the holes were finished with this, your grand grey city power. But he loved us all for the ideas we might have for the happiness he imagined. He had a hope that hurt couldn't suffocate. Charlie died in dirt singing of cleanness. If some of us

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sing now we may help to clean the dirt. I never knew Charlie and I know him. He's the shabby little brother in the minds of all of us. The simple ideas of right that are forgotten in the races with our mostly selfish selves. But he's in us and we're alive. And so is Charlie alive."

Harold had half-closed his eyes when he spoke. Now they were open and it was all the same. The big boy said that he hadn't understood, but the Professor made him feel better. Then the three left the wall and walked away. The crowd had let them pass and now it followed. And it was no longer a crowd. Just people who worked in big buildings and were alone now in the night. Their steps were tired sounds that wailed in weariness and finally sobbed still.

Only the darkness and one lamplight and his bag of books were with him now. A timid wind was whispering moist sprays into the emptied air. The dust of men's feet was settling down among the cakes of century dirt. Smells of people sweating and smoking was filtering passively into the blended city odors. Only the darkness and calm now. And his heavy bag of books.

All of a sudden Alma was with him. She kissed him and there was peppermint again on his lips. Her heavy sticky faith was fumbling with his hands.

"It was a wonderful movie, dear. About a couple who lived in a suburb and had a green lawn and a child to play on it. I cried for the sweetness of it. That will be us tomorrow, with your new job and my first home."

As they walked through the shadings of dozing city strength Harold sighed a little for a green lawn and a son who would have been stronger than himself.

But he could only be a visitor to a city where even shadows could not hide the dirt.

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